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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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MY WINDOW PANE.

BY N. W. H., '73.

THAT was a mistaken notion of the ancients, the building the windows of their houses to open into a court, turning their backs upon the street as it were. In the fashionable city of Pompeii they did place a few windows on the street side, but these were so near the ceiling as to be of no use whatever except to admit light and air. No wonder so many of the dwellers in these houses were overtaken by the ashes of Vesuvius. Many of the victims of that catastrophe might have lived to tell the story to their grandchildren if they could but have seen from within doors what was going on without. The most valuable lessons are learned by the bitterest experience. Much knowledge is gained through observation. So long as windows were made simply to supply light and air, mere bodily comforts, ignorance and superstition prevailed. These were the Dark Ages of the world.

It was not until the notion was conceived of locating and arranging the windows of a house principally with an eye to enjoying the outlook they afforded that the work of education through observation actually began. Of late years a great deal of attention has been paid to this subject. Literary men especially, the few who have been able to gratify their wants, are represented to us as seated in rooms lined with books before vine-draped windows that open upon broad stretches of landscape,—hill and vale, forest and plain, diluted with watery expanses of sea or river or lake. And we are given to understand that much of the inspiration for their work is gathered from this source.

The manufacture of glass has played no inconsiderable part in the

world's history. It is one of the chief tests of a country's claim to civilization. The Egyptians and Phœnecians have gained much in the world's estimation for their knowledge of this art. Glass was not used for window purposes until the third century of this era, and glass windows were not common in dwelling houses until the twelfth century. Then again glass windows were out of fashion in England for some time on account of the tax that was levied upon them. It is not until very recently, however, that the theory of glass has begun to be understood. We have now but to know the size and quality of window glass a man looks through from within to be able to tell his condition in life. As zoölogists when shown the tooth of an animal can tell its genus and habits of life.

The little 7×9 pane is now only found in old houses built before this generation swung the hammer. And if I were to tell you my window pane was one of that size you would at once locate me in some old farm-house on a country road, nestled at this time of the year, in the snow its wooden lips latched to the cold and breathing contentedly through its nose in the roof. And if you chanced to be driving by you would doubtless expect to be gazed at by pairs of bright eyes clustered behind each individual window pane, a custom religiously observed in the country, as you know. It is almost a pitty this custom was not in vogue when Raphael painted his Sistine Madonna. Some profound critic, on that account, has lost the opportunity of discovering that the idea of the cherubs' heads was suggested to Raphael while passing a country farm-house. This leads us to another proposition: Not that you can tell accurately the size of a man's family by the size of the window panes in his house. The philosophy of window glass has not yet reached that stage of development. But it is safe to state that the size of a man's family is liable to vary inversely as the size of his squares of window glass.

How does the reader know my window pane does not fill a whole half sash, and is not of plate glass imported by Semon, Bache & Co., through which, as he passes by on the street, may be seen a curtain of Antique lace, a statuette of The Three Fates, and if it be in the evening, myself and family seated beneath a brilliant chandelier, an aristocratic picture of domestic bliss? Prosperity changes people's ideas amazingly. What effect it would have on me remains to be seen. Those who berate the fashions are the ones who are not able to follow them. There are those to whom white gloves, white ties, and swallow-tail coats are an abomination. And the wearers of these in their turn believe it for the welfare of society that no crowns or titles or purple be worn. Perhaps I, too, should leave my window pane uncurtained of an evening, if statuary, gilded

walls, and fair daughters were to me. But at present I regard it as a violation of the eleventh commandment: Thou shalt not parade thy virtues in the face of the wicked, nor boast of thy prosperity. What are Lazarus' feelings, with the wind and cold about his ears, as he gazes in from the street upon Dives' bald head and gold-bowed spectacles shining under the gas jets? His muttering lips breathe no prayer for your soul Dives. His pockets and stomach are both empty, and he shivers with the cold. In the light of your prosperity he sees his own distress revealed. O Dives, draw your curtain! be it ever so fine a texture, let not a ray of light reach the street, and Lazarus will pass by unmindful of your riches and his poverty, and you will both live longer and be happier.

In truth the window pane behind which fortune has placed me is of ordinary size and quality, but it conveys as accurate information of what passes before it, and affords as much pleasure as a larger and a better. An old cobbler of my acquaintance, who had spent his life thrusting bristles through awl holes, said it amused him as he sat at his work to watch the crowds of people hurrying to and fro past his window seeking the very thing he had found, contentment. To watch all the various manifestations of life and action in a crowded city, the endless variety of pursuits which people busy themselves about, and the different means employed to gain similar ends is of perpetual interest. Prosperity and misfortune, ignorance and learning, love and grief, and greed and charity jostle each other soberly and go on their way. A nod of recognition, a gesture, and the actors are gone. This is the pantomime continually in progress upon the little stage my window overlooks. It is a busy scene. The coal carts, day after day, up and down distributing warmth and sunshine, and heavy teams dragging about merchandize of all sorts. Slow, plodding, step by step this work of distribution goes on, and men are toiling and striving to make some part of all the wealth they handle their own. Early in the day, with more dash and speed, the grocery wagons tear down the street with numberless parcels, and return with empty baskets bouncing and dancing about.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon the scene changes. The work horses are still tugging away at their loads, their drivers sitting patiently behind them, but the more genteel quadrupeds and bipeds of the town are now astir. The general movement is faster and the colors brighter. The ladies are out shopping, and carrying on the distribution and exchange of civilities of the social world. Gentlemen of leisure with their fast horses, sporting men, young fellows driving by with pretty bonnets and gay ribbons fluttering beside them. Very con-

fidential conversations may be carried on in a vehicle that seats but two. No matter how crowded the streets are no one hears but the intended one. It is Cupid's favorite device to place his victims side by side behind a fast horse that he may bring them both down with a single arrow. No less a man than Dr. Johnson has expressed himself on this point. "If," said he, "I had no duties, and no reference to futurity, I would spend my life in driving briskly in a post-chaise with a pretty woman, but she should be one who could understand me, and would add something to the conversation."

But darkness gathers. The panorama fades, the colors grow indistinct, the figures flit by and vanish. How short the days are. Maria, light the tapers and draw the curtain.

A NIGHT WATCH.

BY THOMAS H. STACY, '76.

NO flashing lances, golden bright,
No mellow waves of flowing light,
Where Phœbus reins his steeds of white,
To course the morning sky;
But deep, dun darkness everywhere,
And chilly frost is on the air:
As bells proclaim the newborn year,
While bells and bells reply.

I reach my palms out anxiously,
But empty come they back to me;
Athwart the somber vapid sea
I cast my eyes in vain.
The way—what way? I see no way.
My feet move not, lest they should stray,
And rest in darkness, e'en when day
Breaks bright, and clear again.

I con the morrow's yield; the year
So young and sweet to-day,—now here
But soon no more,—the opening year,
What all its pages reck
I do not know; if hope shall die,
If love, and life shall bruised lie,
If peace, and joy shall wander by,
And clouds the sky befleck.

How bright the west on yester-night!
The clouds wrapped round the sun how bright!
And 'mong the stars in streaming light
I watched the afterglow.
The kind old year,—the dear, dead year—
Poured out its costly treasures here,
And blessings answered doubt and fear,
E'en more than now I know.

His voice was whispered in the air:
His hand was gracious everywhere:
His feet—but hark! His feet all bare
Are nearing unto me;
O wicked heart! O hollow heart!
That could from Him one moment part;
To wake and look, and looking start
That He is close to thee.

When ceased His love to flow for all?
When did He slight my troubled call?
When did the timid sparrow fall
Unnoticed, and alone?
E'en though the way winds darksomely,
The morrow never counsel me,
If in His own my hand may be,
Enough; "Thy will be done."

Awake, my soul! my soul, awake!
He comes as summer mornings break,
To scatter shining rays; to make
In thee a vestal fire.
Awake, and breathe across the lyre
Thy softest breath! Thy faint desire
For lofty strains, shall lead thee higher,
And lofty strains inspire.

Awake, my heart! let incense rise;
Let pæans meet the melted skies;
Let garlands, rich with purple dies,
Bestrew the way He goes;
Pour forth thy grandest ministry.
Whatever in the year may be,
Whichever way He leadeth thee,
It matters not; He knows.

OUR TWO WORLDS.

BY G. A. BURGESS.

MAN dwells in two worlds. In this outer world he finds fields and mountains, rivers and oceans, sun and stars, bird and beast. But there is to each of us a hidden world. How did you recognize that familiar scene of your childhood that you had not thought of, perhaps, for a score of years? How did you know that old friend whom you had not recalled for ten years, and with throbbing pulse press his hand, and with sparkling eye look into his? Where do memories rest to be called forth afresh at a moment's warning? Not in the hidden folds of the brain, for that is constantly changing; every particle is gone and a new has taken its place in less than seven years. You have not the same brain to-day that you had yesterday; each thought wastes it. Yet memories remain the same for fifty years. And these sentiments of love, hate, honor, dignity, which never had a material form, whence do they spring? We hide their source under a vague term we call mind, which to many has no distinct meaning. What is mind like? Look within and tell me; do you not find a world there,—a world where memories appear and vanish and are kept,—where our noblest aspirations breath and live,—where we live?

We are of two worlds. The outer is full of change. Darkness covers it, and we see only the bright gleams of the stars above, till slowly the trembling light of a new day draws the line of eastern hills sharper against the sky. The day breaks, and hills and fields and sky are touched with rosy tint. The noontide throws around its light and shade, or the storm-cloud settles down and shuts out everything. We ourselves can change our outer world. We can bid farewell to these snow-bound fields, and the city of spires and roofs, and the grand, pure mountain overtopping all; and see to-morrow's sun sink down to meet our native land, while our straining eye can spy nothing but the blue restless sea below, and heaven's deeper blue on high. We can gaze on lands now distant and cities now strange. We can even place new groups of stars above us. But in all these changes we look within and find ourselves the same. There are the same influences, the same yearnings, the same sad, sweet memories,—our inner world has been unchanged.

But we can change it though. Some do change it to a cheerless waste. Every bright bud is nipped; every bloom is crushed; the green fields are scorched and brown; the trees, whose branches shield many a rill till they can pour their waters together to form a river, are felled,

and the rills are dried up. No longer do the mists rise from the land to form the sun-set cloud. The burning sun rolls through a brazen heaven, and a hot breath as from a furnace parches every thing below. To conceal this inner ravage and hide it from self, the man buries it beneath a salt, bitter sea whose waves are tossed and torn by tempests over which he has no control. And then, as if this restlessness furnished too great diversion, the waters are dried up, the salt bottom appears, and from the sky the last cloud melts away. The drifting sands fill up every hollow and smooth down every height, till one dead, monotonous level of Sahara sand, over which hot sand-storms break and above which bends a rainless, cheerless tract of blue where the very stars seem fiery demons' eyes, make up the inner life. Some view the wreck, and, while "too late" trembles on the lip, despair plucks up by the root the last flower, whose name is hope, and the waste remains forever fixed in its fearful barrenness. Here and there one sick at heart at his own folly, scans his inner world with hope. With strength that is given him he stills the loud roar of his baser self, unfixes his sight from everything selfish, and discovers there, where all else has perished, his God ready, waiting to commune with him face to face. There He sits longing yet hindered, chilled by the man himself, immovable, mute, like Egypt's sphinx half hid by drear sands, while sun gives place to stars and stars to sun, always with that same patient look. Happy man if in that hour he comprehends that sphinx-like form whose absence would leave his desert desolate indeed, and lays hold with all his strength upon that word which alone can make his desolation bud and bloom.

Dr. Johnson, when asked by a young man what he would give to be as young as he, replied: "I would almost be willing to be as foolish." He had fitted him up a world which he would not willingly leave. Wordsworth's benediction on a young lady reveals what he found in his inner world. His kindest wish for her was,

> "An old age serene and bright
> And lovely as a Lapland night."

Socrates listened to an inner voice chanting sweet music, to which the voices of his friends urging him from duty seemed like the far-away murmur of the waves. By faithfulness to duty, by communion with nature, by poring over the thoughts of the best minds we become sufficiently educated to be able to endure ourselves. Till then we return from every inner ramble with misgivings. Come what may we cannot afford to do anything but our best. We may well pause and consider our progress often and thoughtfully. Everything is at stake. So nothing in life can be trivial. We can blush with pride

at the priceless charge entrusted to our hands, and vie with each other with honest emulation in fitting up the world in which we are to dwell forever. Angels stop in their flight to view the work, and God is ever near to strengthen the right.

THE NEW YEAR.

BY KATE HANSON.

ALL on a rosy winter morn
The happy stars at play,
Before the sun had scarcely worn
His pathway to the day,
A merry Elf, in gay attire,
Sped from his lurking place,
As tho' intent with the desire
That joy his steps should grace.

But looking backward he espied
An aged form bent low,
Whose locks of silver only vied
The whiteness of the snow.
"My Sire," the merry youth outspake,
"Thy blessing ere we part!"
"'Tis here, my son, for thee to take,
The bounty of my heart."

With that, the elder laid his hand
Upon the youthful head,
And murmured forth his blessing grand,
Then was the old year dead.
And solemn bells began to toll
Thro' all the feeling air,
While muffled music seemed to roll
A chorus of despair;

Until it changed to one grand hymn,
One anthem of delight,
As o'er the silent fields so dim,
Broke the glad morning light.
'Tis so the New Year came again,
With frolic, joy, and mirth,
Bringing a promise no more vain,
To life and time new birth.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

"This world is but a stage,
And all men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances."

WE do not quote this because it is new, but rather as the aptest expression of our feelings. Never did we feel more theatrical, more decidedly scenic, never more like a troop of green artists, who, for the first time, toe their marks, strike their attitudes, and tremblingly await the rising of the curtain, eager to catch the first intimation of their auditors' decision, as to whether their performance is a farce or a tragedy.

'79 has made its exit; '80, its entrance. Our predecessors retire from their labors with well-earned applause. To them we, too, would offer our heartiest congratulations, believing that the relations existing between us will rescue whatever commendation we may offer, from the charge of flattery. Their patient labor and well-merited success deserve recognition. Their management has given to the STUDENT a higher tone and more positive character than it formerly possessed. They have emancipated it from class servility, and invested it with a spirit of juster liberality. They have increased its vigor without compromising its character.

Relatively, so much has been done. But we would not be misunderstood as asserting that perfection, or even the highest attainable degree toward perfection, has been reached. The range of college journalism, though somewhat circumscribed, is not narrowly bounded. What avenues of improvement yet lie open, it might seem forward in us to specify. It is our first duty to hold the vantage ground gained; to make the STUDENT as comprehensive, entertaining, and liberal as it has been: and we may well leave it to the future to dictate a revision or enlargement of policy.

The STUDENT exists as a medium of communication between the Faculty, the graduate, the undergraduate, and the friends of the College, and as a representative in collegiate literature.

In these two distinct offices, it is our duty to maintain its character. As a collegiate representative, it should express the thought, aim, and spirit of the College. Its literary pages should be open to the best talent the College can command. Nothing ought to be admitted which does not represent its foremost spirit. If this rule be observed, its career can not fail to be positive and progressive. Then will it meet the just hopes and rightful expectations of its friends.

But it is its first and foremost duty to afford an easy communication between all friends of the College, to be a messenger from all to all, uniting mutual interests, enlisting mutual sympathies, promoting harmony of thought and unity of action in all enterprises of College welfare.

Its efficiency, however, in both directions will be largely commensurate with the interest manifested, and aid extended by the graduates. It is to be hoped that those from whom articles will be solicited will generously respond, and deem it, if not a pleasurable duty, at least a matter of deserving charity to give to the columns of the STUDENT a few of their best moments and best thoughts.

To the "Correspondence Column" we invite special attention. In every issue we would have that column full. Our Alumni and Alumnae, though not mighty in numbers, are quite widely distributed. They have a great variety of interests, and we doubt not that the surroundings and labors of each would be a matter of interest and regard to all. The community of feeling which such a correspondence might induce would result, we can but believe, in mutual benefit. It shall be our wish and labor that this benefit, with all other benefits, may be experienced by our readers in fullest measure. We are one more in number than were our predecessors. To the College and Class we represent, we promise our best fidelity. And indulging the hope that all our readers will generously employ that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," we surrender ourselves to their criticism.

In the days of "Auld lang syne" the rural pedagogue was the intellectual cobbler of New England civilization. He was a mechanism of many parts, "fearfully and wonderfully made." In him, with nice diversity, were embodied those qualities of character, and that picturesqueness of person, which are well adapted to excite veneration and inspire fear. He was a long, lean, cadaverous personage, with a highly developed bump of individuality. He wore long hair, and triangular siders. His nose always assumed a criticising attitude, while a pair of keen, gray eyes above, and an economically-shaped mouth below, lent additional impressiveness to the facial scene. His coat, like Joseph's, was one of many colors. The veteran of a dozen winters, it yet survived to tell the story of its glory and decay. Deft fingers had often been employed to resist the aggressive spirit of his too ambitious elbows; while from the sleeves protruded that length of limb which had been the gift of Nature since its christening. His pantaloons, also, had acquired an antiquated aspect, due partly to age, and partly to that unexplained tendency, which panta-

loons always have, toward consolidation. The avoirdupois of this individual was supported by two legs that seemed expressly designed by Nature to sustain a wavering centre of gravity. Capacity was their first characteristic. Such was the external man. His psycological mechanism is hard to describe. Wise enough to be respected, ignorant enough to be pedantic, witty enough to be laughed at, he continued to be talked about without being understood. Goldsmith well describes him in the Village Schoolmaster:

"A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned;
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even, though vanquished, he could argue still,
While words of learned length and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame; the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot."

As we turn from the schoolmaster of the past to that of the present, what a striking contrast do we behold! Civilization has, indeed, rounded away "the sharp knobs of character," even in schoolmasters. He of tradition is long, sharp, angular, full of individuality. The living schoolmaster is wiser in books, smoother in manners, more accomplished, equally adapted to teach susceptible minds, and attract susceptible hearts. The respect paid to the former was won through the austerity of his demeanor; the popularity enjoyed by the latter is founded on the pleasure of his knowledge, the entertainment of his accomplishments, and the deportment of his person. Each, in his sphere, is the representative of his times. We cannot survey the multitude of pedagogues annually sent forth by our *Alma Mater*, without being compelled to witness fresh proof of that ill-omened declaration so often made, "We are drifting away from the old Puritan virtues." Alas! Whither have faded those lines and angles of Puritan character? Whence has gone that severe simplicity, that stoical glance, that smileless face, those determined lips? Traces of Puritanism may faintly linger in the faces of a few; the most are but Epicureans.

The lofty forehead, the high cheek bones, the keen, wiry frown, and the straightened smile have softened into a meaning-full countenance, suggestive of a hearty appetite, waited on by good digestion, of serene resignation to the untoward dispensations of Providence, of a thankful spirit, and of the full acceptance of that Utopian theory

which declares the universal brotherhood of the race. Their personal appearance is faultless. The threadbare coat exists but in tradition. Only laundered and tailored robes are deemed proper vestments to their corporeal intelligences; and the faultless set of a collar, and the elegance of a cravat, awaken livelier thoughts and warmer sensations than all the facts that bristle from the latest encyclopedia could possibly excite. We forbear longer to pursue a comparison which must be repulsive to sensitive minds. The imagination of our readers can easily carry it farther. We will not. But we beg our readers not to turn thoughtlessly from the contrast, but to allow the reasonable reflection of their minds to form the only just conclusion.

At the fire that occurred near the College toward the close of last term, it was remarked by one of our Professors, that as far as the College itself was concerned, or the dwellings in its vicinity, there might almost as well be no fire engines in the city, as that they be kept so far distant. The few fires that have already occurred in this part of the town have established the truth of this remark. The flames are sure to get beyond control before engines can arrive, so that it has come to be generally acknowledged that a house in this quarter is "sure to go" if once it gets on fire.

In this case, it is certainly the part of prudence to act in accordance with conviction; and if the citizens of certain portions of the First and Second Wards are convinced that there is no protection for their property in case of fire, it is at least their privilege to petition the City Government to locate an engine within available distance. As this is not likely to be done at once, we respectfully invite the attention of the College authorities to the hydrant recently placed on College Street, opposite the end of Parker Hall. And no doubt they will agree with us, that as now the City Water Works have been put in operation, a sufficient quantity of hose should by all means be purchased to admit of using the hydrant in case of fire in the College buildings.

We trust that the College fathers will heed our suggestion and pardon our forwardness in urging it on the ground of a certain dislike, that would be felt by those of us dwelling in the third story, to waking up in the night and finding our way to the ground cut off by flames.

College journalism has increased to an extent of which few are aware. There are in the United States two hundred papers, magazines, etc., issued by colleges. No one that is well acquainted with these publications can deny that college journalism is an important factor in the

American collegiate system. These organs of college thought powerfully influence the manners and morals of college life. And, though emanating from students, they are active agents in shaping the college curriculum and government. American colleges have partaken of the spirit of the government under which they exist; they are to a certain extent democratic. There is a student's side as well as a Faculty's side to college affairs. While the American student extends to his instructors all reverence due, he is sure that he has feelings that they cannot fully appreciate, and he claims the right to give expression to those feelings. He knows that from his standpoint he has a view of college government and college work different from that of his instructors, and while he does not claim equal wisdom with his instructors, he does claim that his view demands consideration. Thus the American student influences and shapes the college. And the chief medium through which he does this is college journalism. Through this medium, too, he learns of the advantages offered and the improvements made in other colleges, and advocates them in his own. And thus college journalism not only influences colleges severally, but conjointly: it binds together widely separated institutions.

Such is college journalism in general. And now a publication different from any at present in existence is proposed, a *Pan-Collegiate Review*. This would be something distinctly new in college journalism; for, although there was before the war a publication professing to be *pan*-collegiate, it never was such. Now the first question to be decided is whether such a publication would benefit our colleges. Many of our exchanges have taken up the question, and have argued various reasons why it would be useful. And we hope such a publication may be started and sustained. It would exert an influence such as few, if any, other publications can exert. And, further, it would be a new bond of union between our colleges, a stronger one than any we now have. And it would be a benefit to our own, and to every other college, even if we should do nothing toward sustaining it; for it would be a sort of arbiter to college journalism. A higher authority in criticism than any we now have, it would be a benefit to every college publication, and hence, indirectly, to every college in the land.

There are, doubtless, obstacles in the way of such an enterprise. But if a *Pan-Collegiate Review* would really be beneficial, and our leading colleges think so, the battle is half fought. We feel far more sanguine of its financial success than do some of our exchanges. We believe that if made what it should be, Alumni *will* support it. The real difficulty is in having the magazine so con-

ducted as to be truly *pan*-collegiate. But if advantage be taken of the previous failure, success will follow. Yet we are well aware that it is utterly useless for us to be sanguine of success, unless our leading colleges become interested. The question is not *Can* we have a *Pan-Collegiate Review?* but Will we have one?

Hereafter, it is to be hoped, our Literary Societies will be active during the Spring and Summer Terms. They cannot fail to be of interest for the present year, on account of the public exercises with which they are to be connected. The public meeting of the Polymnians, sometime in this term, and one by the Eurosophians, in the Summer Term, as well as the Prize Debate by members of the Societies, the second Friday in that term, will give zest to the society work for the rest of the year. And if a good beginning is once made, a good deal is done towards helping the work for next year.

In the meantime there is work for every member of each society. Half a dozen cannot run a society successfully. But forty can, and can have a weekly exercise so pleasant and profitable that few will absent themselves.

It may be proper to make a suggestion as to the method of giving interest to all. The work has not generally been fairly divided. Some who wished to take part have been neglected. Again, some have been overtaxed. This could be easily remedied; and our executive committees are trying to do it. Then there is too much sameness. More thought should be given to the manner of conducting the exercises. Let us have a little more enthusiasm, a little more method, a little extra effort, on the part of all, and we shall get ten times the good out of our societies.

One of the Trustees of Harvard College has, in the *Boston Advertiser* of December 12th, an article on "Reading and Writing in the Preparatory Schools." It is a forcible showing up of the great need of more thorough instruction in the English language, in those schools whose aim is to fit boys for college. The writer urges on the Principals of High Schools and Academies the need of taking time for drill in writing, spelling, and reading aloud.

In the first place, in regard to writing he warns the teacher against being—in the words of Matthew Arnold—"overzealous to tell the learner what he ought to *think*." The boy should first be taught to write without blunders in spelling, punctuation, and the use of language. Compositions, in which the pupil is expected to write out his own thoughts, should be required, when he is able to do so with a reasonable degree of correctness. The writer remarks that no pupil should be

offended by corrections in spelling or punctuation, since the rules governing both are arbitrary: and that, for the same reason, absolute exactness should not be demanded of the boy applying for admission to college. But he adds that in the examination papers of more than one-fourth of the candidates for admission to Harvard College in 1878, failures in spelling the commonest words, and blunders in punctuation even to the ommission of full stops between sentences, were so frequent as to bring the rank of the student in that department below the required standard.

In regard to the need of practice in reading aloud, we are reminded how few there are who read intelligently and correctly; and are told that a part of the time spent in the schools on declamations might be, on the whole, more profitably employed in learning to read. For, as he says, speaking of fitting schools, "Few if any of their pupils will in after life be expected 'to shake listening senates,' or even 'to fulmine over' a caucus; but every boy should know how to read a paragraph from a newspaper or a chapter from a novel without committing serious blunders or failing to make himself understood." He concludes, moreover, that the average graduate from preparatory schools cannot so read, from the fact that by far the larger part of Freshmen at Harvard read, on entering, "in a manner that would be disgraceful to a boy of nine."

After expressing the opinion that in many schools much time is misimproved, that should be used in teaching English, the writer urges upon the teacher the necessity of always correcting mistakes in English in every recitation and every written exercise of whatever kind.

It is surely a disgrace to a college graduate, however skillful he may be at "gerund grinding," or however well he may write and speak foreign tongues, not to be able to read, write, and speak his own language properly. And is it not a serious defect in the prevailing preparatory course of study, that English receives no more attention? The article of the "Harvard Examiner" cannot fail to arouse New England teachers on this point.

Overworking and underpaying a corps of teachers is about the poorest economy ever heard of. Another thing, it may be, is more deplorable than that, namely, that exalted positions are often given to teachers who have no qualifications for them. Whether a teacher's too numerous duties are wholly in the college, or whether he must work outside to earn his bread, he inevitably loses a great part of his interest in his work.

We lay claim to but little wisdom or experience, but it seems to us a poor policy that cripples a faculty in numbers and efficiency, in order to

give to its students a few dollars with which to purchase luxuries. We thought it a long-established fact that the more you give a man the less he has. If the colleges of small funds are finding out in these days that such is not the case, they do not learn it from the record of their graduates. It is a question worth considering whether a charity giving college is not a nursery of beggars and ingrates. However good the disposition may be, it is utterly impossible to provide as much for nothing as for something. We notice that when the class ride comes round every man has plenty of money. Class riding is not here condemned, but giving a student his honest debts *is* condemned.

Just a word as to incompetent teachers. They are a curse to the country. They swarm in the common schools. How to get rid of them forms the subject of a deal of the talk at every Teachers' Convention. Is it not possible that such teachers get into professors' chairs? Something more than a common place man is required in a college professor. He should be a man of scholarship, and tact, and enthusiasm; and if greatly lacking any one of these qualifications he ought to make room for a better man.

It is to be regretted that the usual debates of the Sophomore Class did not occur during the Fall Term. However, the year is not half gone, and we believe there is too much emulation and enterprise in the class to let slip such an opportunity for improvement. We can say from personal experience that there is no one thing in the whole course, taking an equal amount of time, that begins to inspire one to do his very best so much as a public debate. If there is any originality in a man, such an exercise will bring it out. A student is often careless in the recitation room; but he must be ambitionless indeed who will face an audience without preparation.

It will be seen among our locals that public declaimers are hereafter to be restricted to seven hundred words. This law will certainly be appreciated by our audiences, who will no longer be kept listening to the "dulcet symphonies of rhetorical eloquence" toward the small hours of the night. It will, however, be no less acceptable to the *participants* in the Prize Declamations; for every declaimer makes his best impression by the time he has repeated seven hundred words, and, in general, this impression is weakened rather than strengthened by remaining longer on the stage.

We wish to call the attention of our readers, and especially of the members of '81 and '82, to the advertising columns of the STUDENT.

Upon the advertisements depends, to a considerable extent, the finan-

cial success of the STUDENT; and Sophomores and Freshmen can do nothing so likely to insure them success, when they assume the editorial duties, as to patronize the present advertisers. Business men will not use our columns unless they get some return from it, and if you let them see that it is a source of profit to them, your own work will be made easier, and your success more sure in the management of the STUDENT.

Another reason why you should patronize our advertisers, is because they are reliable firms; so that you will only be consulting your own interests by giving them your custom. '79 and '80 already appreciate the importance of giving their trade to those who ask for it in these columns, and we hope that the rest of the students will patronize those whose assistance as advertisers will be important to them hereafter.

LOCALS.

Au revoir, Jord!

'81 and '82 have each received a new member this term.

About seventy-five of the students taught during vacation.

The term began on Tuesday, January 7th. Trot out your hosses.

Instructor Stacy spent his vacation at the Boston School of Oratory.

Shattuck, of '81, has gone to Lisbon to finish a school for another teacher.

Tut says, if this cold weather holds he'll have to get one of those ulcerated overcoats.

Tom and Kink have kept house alone in Parker Hall for the most of the time during vacation.

The Faculty have recently made a law restricting the length of public declamations to seven hundred words.

Gray, of '81, after an absence of a year, has returned to his former class, instead of to '82, as reported by the Catalogue.

Miss Clark, '81, will continue assistant in the Rockland High School during the remainder of the school year, which closes in March.

J. F. Parsons, '80, has resigned his position as assistant teacher of Latin, in Nichols Latin School; and is succeeded by J. E. Holton, '81.

The city snow plow has this winter taken a new departure across the College Campus. This is highly commendable in the snow plow.

At the recent State Teachers' Convention, held in Brunswick, a paper was read by Prof. Stanton, on "Ornithology in the Common Schools."

Tarbox, '80, who was out during the whole of the Fall Term on account of very serious illness, has

recovered his health and is back at College. He has already made up the most of last term's work.

The college bell-ringer is to be congratulated on his punctuality. It is a comfort to feel that all hours of the day are to be of the same length.

Jordan, '80, has been obliged to leave College on account of poor health. His loss will be sorely felt by the class, who can ill afford to lose him.

The Sophomores and Freshmen rejoice in an enlarged Mathematical Room; but they would suggest to the Janitor that he "*wood up*" a little more.

Donovan, formerly of '80, reported as having gone to Bowdoin, is teaching a very successful school in Raymond. He has decided not to return to College duties immediately.

Three divisions of the Juniors have chosen the following question for class debate: "Is it for the interest of the United States that Immigration should continue unrestricted?"

LOST.—Through carelessness and neglect the College Glee Club. Any person or persons restoring the same, will supply a much felt need, and receive the hearty thanks of the students in general.

A letter was expected from President Cheney for the Correspondence Column of this number, but it failed to arrive. The President is now in Naples, whence he will soon sail for Athens, and thence return to Rome.

The College Christian Association will hold its weekly meetings this term, on Wednesdays, at 6.30. The Sunday afternoon meetings will probably be resumed when the students have more generally returned.

Charles A. Gilman, so well known to the students as an obliging and competent clerk at Robie's Furnishing Store, is now to be found in the Ready-Made Clothing Department of Richards & Merrill, Merchant Tailors.

The following public exercises will probably occur at the College Chapel during the term: Prize Declamations by the Sophomore Class, in three divisions; and, it is expected, Prize Debates by three divisions of the same class.

One of our country pedagogues, after reading to his school the story of Pocahontas and Capt. John Smith, required each of the older scholars to write him a letter containing what was remembered of the story they had heard. The following is a specimen of the epistles he received:

"Mane Jenery.

1879. 12. i thort that i wood write you a letter A Bout john smith the indiens took john smith to there tents An desidede what they wood due with him they thort they wold Beat his Brains out with A club And Pocohontis ran and said dont you kill him kill me so the old chieve Dident."

The Juniors have no lecture this term on Wednesday afternoon. The Faculty need have no fears that the time will be wasted; for the class seriously need more extra time than was given last term in order to do justice to their rhetoricals.

A young man in this city, having just become a father, walked into one of our bookstores the other morning, and leaning over the counter was asked by the proprietor, anxious for a trade: "Well, what is it?" "*A girl,*" he replied.

A postal-card was brought up in the college mail the other night printed with a pen so fine as to admit of 500 words on the single card. Many of the words had seven, eight, and even nine letters, but the whole was as plain as the page of a book.

Owing to the recent renovations in Hathorn Hall, hereafter Prof. Hayes will occupy what was formerly Prof. Rand's room, and Prof. Rand will occupy the rooms of Profs. Hayes and Stanley, which have been thrown into one. This arrangement makes it necessary for Prof. Stanley to hear recitations in each of these rooms.

Something business like must be done by the "nine" this term in gymnasium practice, if they expect to hold their own next spring. The fact that work in a cold Gymnasium is "monotonous" will not do away with the need of muscle on the part of those who would go into the field in the spring in good trim. Do not let the warning of last fall's defeats pass unheeded.

Those students who were here at the opening of the Winter Term, together with quite a number of the Alumni who regularly attend the Maine Street Church, had the pleasure, on Jan. 5th, of hearing a representative of the College discourse to them. On that day Dr. Bowen exchanged pulpits with A. T. Salley, of the class of '74,—now of the Theological School,—who is at present supplying the pulpit of the Roger Williams Church, Providence, R. I. His text was from I. Corinthians, xii. 28, 29, 30, and his sermon one of the most practical and eloquent we have lately heard. Bates has no reason to be ashamed of that sort of preaching, and we are not surprised to hear that Mr. Salley is in demand.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—EDS.]

Editors of the Student:

I wish to call the attention of the students, through your columns, to a matter that I fear is in danger of being forgotten. Last fall certain of the boys, encouraged by the majority of the students, took upon

themselves the responsibility of procuring base-ball suits for the nine. Only a part of the money necessary to pay for them was, at the time, secured. The result is that somebody is in debt for them. At the outset the understanding was that the suits were to be purchased by voluntary subscription, because the Association, being already in debt, was unwilling to take an additional burden. Now the Association is, at present, as much in debt as then, and certainly we should not allow it to bear the remaining debt for the suits, neither should we let it come entirely upon the boys who have made themselves responsible. The point, then, is, shall we not make some effort to raise this money? If it is not done by further subscription, shall it be done by some sort of an entertainment to be given by the students? The latter method has been suggested by some. *Think of it.* B. B.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'67.—The *Morning Star* says: "Rev. A. Given and wife (Greenville, R. I.,) observed the tenth anniversary of their marriage on January 1st. There was a pleasant gathering and some choice presents, among which was a nice limp-covered Bible from ministerial friends in the State."

'67.—Winfield Scott Stockbridge, in addition to his duties as Principal of Lapham Institute, at North Scituate, R. I., has assumed the pastorate of the Free Baptist church at that place.

'69.—G. B. Files recently read a paper before the Maine State Teachers' Convention, on "The Place of the Classics in the High Schools."

'72.—C. L. Hunt has recently been at his old home in Auburn. Mr. Hunt is Professor of Natural Sciences in the Normal College, at Myerstown, Penn.

'72.—Alonzo M. Garcelon has recently returned to Lewiston to continue the practice of medicine in company with his father, Governor Garcelon.

'72.—Geo. E. Gay, who has been suffering from a long-standing illness, is now much improved in health and is engaged in teaching at Concord, N. H.

'72.—F. W. Baldwin delivered on the 17th, one of the lectures of a course, at North Anson: subject, "British India."

'74.—F. T. Crommett is studying at the Boston University Law School.

'75.—A. T. Salley (Bates Theological School, '79,) is supplying the pulpit of the Roger Williams church, in Providence, during the absence of its pastor, Rev. Mr. Kirkland.

'76.—J. O. Emerson is studying at the Yale Divinity School.

'76.—George Fish Adams is studying medicine at the University of Vermont, in Burlington.

'76.—Died, of diphtheria, at Mechanic Falls, on the 21st of December, John Prince, and on the 23d, Thomas Rich,—second and third sons of Rev. F. E. Emrich.

'77.—J. A. Chase is pursuing his studies at the Harvard Divinity School.

'78.—C. F. Peaslee is teaching in Augusta.

'78.—J. W. Hutchins, Principal of Lebanon Academy, made us a visit at the College last week.

EXCHANGES.

Well, here we are with fifty or more exchanges of all sorts piled upon our table. Most of them are attractive in their appearance and interesting in their contents. To read them is a most pleasant pastime. To be sure, our pleasure is marred by the thought that we must occupy the position of critic; but we are, in a great measure, reconciled to our lot by the belief that most of our criticisms will be favorable. Feeling such cordiality toward all our exchanges, we take up the one that lies nearest us. Ah! the *Amherst Student.* Well, *Amherst Student,* we greet you, and, if it is not too late, wish you a "happy new year." Surely, if your contents are as agreeable as your outward appearance, we shall not find in you a disagreeable acquaintance. And, on perusal, we are not disappointed with the contents of the *Student.* The Editorial Department contains articles of interest. We wonder if, as the *Student* indicates, there is one college in America where class feeling is "a thing of the past." We hope not, for no college can well spare it. It is perfectly natural, and, under proper restrictions, is healthful and beneficial. When class feeling subsides it is apt to be followed by society rivalry, which is not always attended by so favorable results. But we suspect that even Amherst will witness a revival of class feeling. The "Locals" and "Personals" are well sustained. The Exchange column is chiefly occupied with foot-ball quarrels. Many publications, however, put this column to a worse use. We are sure we shall find in the *Student* a pleasant acquaintance.

We heartily congratulate Union College on being represented by so well-ordered a publication as the *Concordiensis.* This paper consults the true object of college publications in making the Literary Department short. We were interested in the Editorial Notes; think their discussion of the college studies is of practical value. The editors get indignant and eloquent over "red-headed police." We appreciate their indignation, if not their eloquence.

We were much interested in the

article appearing in the *Cornell Review* for December, on "Inspirers and Organizers in History." It is well written, and contains interesting and instructive thought.

In the *Dennison Collegian* we find an interesting article on "Co-education." The writer takes a very candid position on this question. He argues not from the standpoint of any intellectual inferiority of woman, but from the "different characters and prospective pursuits" of the sexes, that their higher education should be different. While he considers mixed schools productive of much good, he believes that those of a different character are productive of more good. And it seems to us that the writer is mainly right. That there are arguments in favor of co-education, we are well aware. Yet, it seems to us, those advantages which co-education supplies can be chiefly supplied by other means; but the intrinsic difference in the sexes is an obstacle that the advocates of co-education will hardly surmount. Higher education is, in the truest sense, a preparation for one's life work. The occupations and duties of man and woman in well-organized society, are not the same, but are *supplemental.* Should, then, their preparation for life's work be the same? We must believe that co-education can never be a complete success, at least until the American collegiate system materially changes. Yet mixed schools supply, in part, a present and urgent need that could not otherwise be supplied.

From Kansas comes the *University Courier* requesting an exchange. The *Courier* contains many interesting articles, but to a stranger presents a somewhat confused appearance. It could be improved by the use of a table of contents and a spool of thread. The somewhat peculiar article on "Students," we would indorse because it contains many good thoughts. The *Courier* will ever be welcome.

The *Syracusan* for December contains quite a variety of literary matter. The articles, however, are all short. Brevity is generally a virtue. This number of the *Syracusan* is favored, or otherwise, with another of H. O. Smith's letters to his grandma. These letters occasionally contain quite sharp hits on college customs; but we must confess that nonsense usually prevails over wit. The following quotation is an example of the *better* portions of these letters:

"We have had our examination on history. I passed. I had the House of Stuart on one cuff, the crusaders on the other, and no end of prime dates and things in my watch case. Once I thought the Professor was coming for me, and I had to chew up and swallow the Plantagenets, the Roman Emperors, and several other handy but indigestible fellows. I have not been quite well since."

The *Dartmouth* is, to say the least, a novelty in college journalism. It

is, so far as we know, the only weekly paper published by an American college. We suspect that there are very few colleges that need a weekly publication to discuss college matters and tell college news. Perhaps Dartmouth does. Surely the editors are to be congratulated for being able to prepare so readable a sheet each week. Their paper is *weekly*, but there are many others that are *more weakly*. We cannot help wishing that the energy of the editors might be expended on a semi-monthly, feeling sure that their publication would be of much more importance. We notice in the number before us (that of Jan. 3d) the local department has a sort of languid, tired air, as if it were overworked.

OTHER COLLEGES.

BROWN UNIVERSITY.

The *Brunonian* indignantly denies that Manton Marble is a graduate of Brown.

An Athletic Association has been formed and bids fair to be a success. A day for field sports has already been appointed.

BOWDOIN.

The Reading Room has lately been improved by the addition of seats and lights.

Pres. Chamberlain also reverently addresses Prof. Packard as the "teacher of us all."

The *Orient* very justly condemns the custom of "wooding up."

The venerable Prof. Packard has passed his eightieth year. It will be remembered that he is the "one" to whom Longfellow pays tribute in the lines:

> "They all are gone
> Into the land of shadows; all save one.
> Honor and reverence, and the good repute
> That follows faithful service as its fruit,
> Be unto him whom living we salute."

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

Recently ex-Gov. Hendricks delivered a short but admirable address to the laws. His audience was an immensely large one.

There are one hundred and twenty-eight girls in college, seventy-two of whom are lits. Should a graduate of some ten years' standing pay a visit to Chapel, we venture to say that a sorrowful change would come over his feelings when the female element of the singing struck his ears.

Class distinction in future calendars will be abolished. The position of your name in the list will depend upon your fortune or misfortune in having your name commence with one of the first or one of the last letters of the alphabet. Fourth-year men and Freshmen will be mingled in a most democratic manner.—*Chronicle.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Joseph Cook's education cost $15,000.

Edenburgh University has 2,560 students.

Syracuse has 250 students; Williams, 268.

The total attendance at Michigan University is 1,347.

Union has 43 Freshmen; Rochester, 50; and Yale, 210.

The first college journal was published at Dartmouth in 1800.

Iowa boasts thirty-five colleges and the largest law school in the West.—*Ex.*

Dempster Hall, Evanston University, is burned. Loss, $25,000.—*Lewiston Journal.*

There are ninety-seven colleges in the United States with co-educational principles.—*Vidette.*

More than 9,000 students have been educated at Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., which recently celebrated its centennial.—*Ex.*

One of the college girls recently received a present of two hundred sticks of gum. How are you now, old Vassar? Hey? Ha! Ha!—*Vidette.*

Oxford University, England, is over ten centuries old, has an annual income of about a million of dollars and a library of five hundred thousand dollars.—*Ex.*

A Harvard Instructor in German has been dismissed from the Faculty for selling examination papers.

College Faculties are everywhere becoming severe against hazing and general college disorders. Public sentiment has become clamorous for this reform.

Princeton College flourishes under the presidency of Dr. McCosh. Since he became President she has received gifts to the amount of over $2,000,000, and the number of students has doubled.—*Spectator.*

In the United States there are twenty-one Roman Catholic theological seminaries, having in all 1,121 ecclesiastical students. Under the auspices of the same religion, there are 74 colleges and 519 academies. —*Ex.*

The Yale Professors and Tutors have voluntarily relinquished five per cent. of their salaries, in order to make up for the deficiency in the college income, caused by the shrinkage in the value of properties and securities held by that college. —*Ex.*

Having had our attention called to the fact that "Michigan University has abolished Commencement Orations," some 44,729 times during the past year, we feel that the time has arrived in which we may give the statement our cordial assent, hoping that the matter will be laid aside—temporarily.—*Chronicle.*

CLIPPINGS.

Phonograph is feminine gender, because it talks back.—*Ex.*

The financial cry of the college press: "Help us, Cash us, or we perish!"

A Yale student to another who is unwell and in bed: "Well, old chap, are you sick?" "*Sic sum*," was the quick response.

Smart Sophomore—"What fruit would you most resemble when riding on a jackass?" Innocent looking Freshman—"Give it up." S. S.—"A beautiful pear." I. L. F.—"All right, come outside and I will try it."—*Williams Athenaeum.*

Positivism and Evolutionism: Instructor—"What does Condillac say about brutes in the scale of being?" Student—"He says a brute is an imperfect man." Instructor—"And what is man?" Student—"Man is a perfect brute."—*Crimson.*

The following evidently applies to Freshmen and Sophomores:

"Full many a roll of pony leaves serene
The dark, unfathomed sleeves and text-books bear;
Full many a crib is born to blush unseen,
Yet shed assistance, hidden by the chair."
—*Columbian.*

A Junior proposes to place the following inscription over his private library:

"The Lord helps those who help themselves,
The ancient poet sang;
The Lord help him who helps himself
To books in this chebang."
—*Index.*

"What made the ark to move along?"
I've pondered o'er and o'er;
At last I have the riddle solved—
'Twas paddled by a *Noah!*

Instructor—"Who is this Brutus referred to?" Soph. (whose idea of Roman History are rather vague)—"I suppose it is Cæsar."—*Ex.*

Talkative usher at the Lunatic Asylum to visiting student—"Do you live in town?" Student—"Yes, I am attending college over on the hill." Usher—"Ah, indeed! How many *inmates* have you this year?"

Abou Ben Butler (may his tribe decrease!) awoke one night from slumbers not of peace, and saw in the dim gaslight in his room, filling it with a supernatural gloom, a printer's devil setting types of gold. Now wickedness had made bad Benny bold, and to the devil in the room he said: "What printest thou?" The vision raised its head and answered with a broad malignant grin: "Those names which on November fifth shall win." "And is mine one?" said Benny. "Nay, not so," replied the vision. Benny spoke more low, with muttered oath, and answered: "Print me then as one who dearly loves the working men." The imp obeyed and vanished. The next night it came again and showed, with diabolical delight, those names which on November fifth were not elected, and lo! Ben Butler's name the sad list just bisected.—*Round Table.*

The following will awaken a thrill of sympathy in many a heart:

Maid of Adams, ere we part,
Tell me if thou hast a heart;
For so padded is thy breast,
I begin to doubt the rest.
Tell me now before I go
Art thou all made up or no?

Are those tresses thickly twined
Only hair-pinned on behind?
Is thy blush, which roses mocks,
Bought at three and six a box?
Tell me for I ask in woe—
Art thou all made up or no?

And the lips I seem to taste
Are they thick with cherry paste?
Gladly I'd the notion scout,
But—do those white teeth take out?
Answer me, is it not so—
Art thou all made up or no?

Maid of Adams come—no larks
For thy shoulders leave white marks—
Tell me quickly—tell to me
What is really real in thee?
Tell me or at once I go,
Art thou all made up or no?

—*Williams Athenaeum.*

We recommend to all college pedagogues to carefully peruse the following, and to draw their own inferences:

She danced with most enchanting grace,
  She wore the richest dress;
She had the cutest little hand
  I ever dared to press.

My vague ideas of Western life,
  That I had reckoned wise,
I made a willing sacrifice
  To the brightness of her eyes.

I led her from the crowded room,
  I told of busy years
At college, of my future life,
  Of all my hopes and fears.

I pleaded for some keepsake true,—
  The rosebud from her hair,—
Memento of the parting hour
  That we were passing there.

"And must you go so soon?" she sighed,
  "Dear me! I wonder who'll—
Who'll talk so nice to-morrow night,
  When you're at boardin' school."

—*Advocate.*

PHONETICS.

Onion garden bed reclining,
Beets a youth his aching head;
"Cauliflowers, low weeds confront me;
Lettuce hence," he sadly said,
"Carrots out the stoutest manhood,
Peas my weary soul doth need;
Bean O! strife for me hereafter,
Else my heart will go to seed."

PRONOUNCED THUS.

On yon garden bed reclining,
Beats a youth his aching head;
"Call I flowers, lo! weeds confront me;
Let us hence," he sadly said,
Care rots out the stoutest manhood,
Peace my wearied soul doth need;
Be no strife for me hereafter,
Else my heart will go to seed."

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

THOMAS H. STACY, A.B.,
Tutor in Elocution.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Æneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: in Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

Tuition, room rent, and use of libraries free.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VII. FEBRUARY, 1879. No. 2.

THE DIFFUSION OF TRUTH HINDERED BY ITS SUPPOSED FRIENDS.

BY T. H. STACY, '76.

JOSEPH COOK has said, "The truth works well, and what works well is truth;" but man is not the author or master of truth, and this grand proposition is so far from giving any immediate test that truth-seeking men may never experience the truth *of* it until old age, and die without knowing the truth *in* it, while at the same time the truth is working well.

Truth, in the absolute, exists independent of consciousness or experience; man is capable of imagining objects impossible to exist, and objects do not exist of which man has no conception. Here, then, are two possibilities of delusion in respect to the truth,— misconception and lack of conception. There was once a discussion in respect to the truth personified. Some said: "We know this man, whence he is; but when Christ cometh, no man knoweth whence he is." If Pilate could have asked Saul of Tarsus, and Paul the Apostle, "What is truth?" the answers would have been very different, but the zeal of Saul was not excelled by the earnestness of Paul. Intensely religious both, and when Saul found the truth it was working well.

It is difficult for one to estimate his own age; let history help us. It is said that the temple of Janus was closed when the celestial choir proclaimed, above the plains of Bethlehem, "Peace on Earth." Peace, alas! it was not then. Peace is in unison with the truth. If open hostilities had ceased for a while, there were bitter antagonisms and conflicts within men's hearts.

Greece and Rome, imposed upon by religious mysteries, and the corrupt Jews claimed to be heralds of the truth, but were so far from it that

they did not know it when it came to them, and Nero and Antonius did less than they to hinder its diffusion.

Gnosticism, which sprung from heathen philosophy and aimed to solve the problem of the origin and destiny of sin, early came into the Christian church. Sophistry, rhetorical evasions and falsehoods were recommended to advance the truth; and, prompted by Platonic artifice, that spirit unworthy of politics, that "To the victor belongs the spoils," came into a nominally Christian conflict.

The Inquisition was proclaimed for "the cause of God and the church." Fire and sword for the Waldenses, sword and flame for the Huguenots, Crusades for the Infidels. While Paris was filled with dead and the rivers ran bloody, the instigators of St. Bartholomew's massacre had no part in the truth although it was working well. These events show nothing in their origin or results able, in itself, to propagate truth—even the search after truth is absent. It is an exhibition of crime, for a man can be selfish for his church as well as for himself, and selfish devotion to the church is bigotry and bigotry is crime.

History recounts that Gnosticism flourished 150 years and then died, but Gnosticism was hydra headed; to-day men fondly quote Plato and Socrates for religious authority; the gauntlet to prove, on scientific principles, God's existence, is thrown down and the theologians accept it; but when the round is over we get little beyond Plato and Socrates.

Science and religion have clashed swords as though one part of truth could contend with another part, or an advance in one direction would not advance the whole truth; as though God were not the author both of religion and science, and himself the essence of truth.

To what an extent it is profitable to carry theological discussions I do not know, but if Dean Swifts' saying be true, that "Orthodoxy is one's own and Heterodoxy is another man's 'doxy," it might be well to compare both with the doctrine of him who said, "I come not to destroy but to fulfil."

Theological discussions have evil tendencies now as formerly: they divide into hostile parties those who should be united against sin. Powerful intellects spend themselves in evolving, not practical, but abstract notions; disputation is contagious; delusions do not come singly—one from the plaintiff is met by two from the defendant. And what is the result? Nothing tangible by the hearts of the masses, scarcely to their intellects; to the hearts of the disputants only embitterment, and to their intellects *theological gymnastics.*

Recently enough has been said in discussing the origin and destiny of sin to fill a respectable library, in quantity, and too often the most prominent objects were the author

and his little theory, while the urgent need of lifting humanity from sin and its consequences has so far been neglected. To help men directly to live better is a nobler work than to befog them in difficulties and perplexing theories.

The truth requires little metaphysical discussion for its promulgation. Less intellectual demonstration must make the world better, for only as applied Christianity prevails can the truth fill the earth.

If it seems impossible to know the truth, it is only a *seeming* impossibility; for, although truth exists independent of judgment and reason, it is comprehended by judgment and reason. The conception of impossibilities furnishes no reason for believing them realities—man is convinced of realities beyond conception. The key that unlocks the door is labeled *judgment and reason*, and if the highest evidence fails to produce conviction, it is not so necessarily.

Aristotle said, "By nature man is completely organized for truth, and the truth in general is not beyond his reach."

Can we, the progeny of a Christian age, believe the light of truth different here from that at the gates of the universe, far out and nearest to the eternal throne?

God has not left us without a witness. Here is no ambiguous flight of birds, no sibylline responses, no history on forest leaves, but one proclaiming, "I am the truth and the life."

Let the contentious sword be broken, it has been "baptized," baptized in blood; blood untainted through generations, flowing bright from the noblest of hearts; blood of the

> "Lord's slaughtered saints whose bones
> Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

Eighteen hundred years is a long morning, and the day heralded by the epiphany has hardly dawned, but that "Peace on earth" *shall* come, —God hasten it—and as when the morning light, seen first by those upon the mountain tops, nearest unto God, comes streaming up across the dun mists of the sky, till the gates of day are opened wide and the world is full of light, slowly and noiselessly the shadows flee, we know not when or where, and with darkness fly dark deeds, so comes the day of truth dissipating error.

"Lift up your heads, O, ye gates, even lift them up ye everlasting doors; and the king of glory shall come in."

YESTERDAY.

BY EDWIN F. NASON, '72.

O HAUNTING shade that flittest down the past,
Dim ghost that shuns the day-star's rising beam!
Art thou the type of every cherished dream?
Dost always hint of joys that may not last?
I see thee crouching 'neath Time's chilling blast;
Gone are thy vestments, and thy jewels sheen,
Withered thy roses, O once stately queen,
Fled the illusions life around thee cast.
Alas! I can do naught save weep to see
Such piteous ruin of my heart's delight;
Fairest wert thou of all the fair to me,
And now I sadly give thee to the night;
Still ling'ring for a moment near to pray
That Morrow's shade be not like Yesterday.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHÂTEAUBRIAND.

ONE evening I wandered in a forest at some distance from the cataract of Niagara. Soon I saw the day fade out around me, and I enjoyed, in all its solitude, the beautiful spectacle of a night in the deserts of the New World.

An hour after sunset the moon appeared above the trees. Upon the opposite horizon a perfumed breeze, which she brought with her from the Orient, seemed to go before her like her fresh heart in these forests. The queen of night rose slowly in the heavens. Now she followed her azure course peacefully; now she reposed upon groups of clouds, which resembled the summit of high mountains crowned with snow. These clouds, folding and unfolding their veils, rolled out in transparent zones of white satin, scattered in light flakes of foam, or formed in the heavens, banks of dazzling tow so smooth to the eye that one seemed to feel their softness and their elasticity.

The scene upon the earth was not less transporting. The bluish and velvety light of the moon descended into the openings of the trees, and thrust sheaves of light into the depth

of the profoundest shadows. The river which flowed at my feet soon lost itself in the woods, and now in turn reappeared all brilliant with the constellations of the night, which she reflected in her bosom.

In a broad meadow upon the other side of the river, the light of the moon slept motionless upon the grass. Some birches, stirred by the breezes and scattered here and there in the field, formed isles of floating shadows upon a motionless sea of light. Near at hand all was silence and repose, save the falling of some leaves, the swift passage of a sudden wind, and the rare and interrupted hootings of the owl. But far away, at intervals, one heard the solemn rollings of the cataract of Niagara, which, in the stillness of the night, prolonged themselves from desert to desert, and died amid the solitary forests.

The grandeur, the astonishing melancholy of this picture cannot be expressed in human language. The most beautiful sights in Europe can give no idea of it. In vain, in our cultivated fields, does the imagination seek to express itself. It meets on every hand the habitations of men; but in these wild countries the soul delights to bury itself in an ocean of forests, to wander upon the shores of immense lakes, to hang over the abyss of cataracts, and, so to speak, to find itself alone before God.

THE SONG OF THE FIRE.

BY M. K. P., '81.

I AM the elf of the hickory fire;
Be gay! be gay!
I am dear to the heart of the hoar grandsire
Alway, alway.
I dance and sing from fall to spring,
I make the house with laughter ring,
Care flies away.

I am the sprite of the hemlock fire,
Be gay! be gay!
I fright the ghost of Sadness dire
Away, away.

I tell with a dash and a leap and a flash,
Of the day I fell with a sudden crash
And prostrate lay.

I am the wrath of oak-wood flame,
Be sad! be sad!
The dearest friends that I could name
Are dead, are dead.
With voice sad and low, where'er I go
I tell a tale of human woe,
My joys are fled.

I am the god of the kitchen fire,
O hear! O hear!
I am a cloaked and hooded friar,
Good cheer! good cheer!
Though small my sphere, imprisoned here
To high and low, to poor and peer,
To all I'm dear.

I am the soul of the cheerful grate;
O see! O see!
Castles I build and halls of state
For thee, for thee.
I warm the nose of good dog Bose,
And watch the mother as she sews
And sings by me.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

HORACE GREELEY once said, "Of all horned cattle deliver me from a college graduate." The remark, so often quoted, tersely expresses the contempt which many feel for what they style the "aristocracy of intellect." This contempt, however, is oftentimes just; for we cannot deny that many graduates betray an intellectual and moral character, disgraceful to themselves, and unworthy of their advantages. Possibly such tricksters in truth exercise themselves with the reflection, that "Where little is given, little is required," and that "Grapes can not grow on thorns, nor figs on thistles."

We hardly know which of the two reflections is the more pleasing, the reflection that our ignorance and stupidity are the gift of nature, or a product of our own labor. Neither, we think, is calculated to administer much comfort.

But outside of the intellectual discipline of college life—the discipline which one may leave or take as his inclination and habits shall direct—there is a moral discipline, which, willingly or unwillingly, all experience. It is the discipline which comes from the friction of man with man, of interest with interest, of ambition with ambition, of power with power. It is the unwritten ranking of his fellow-students, where cheek and obsequiousness play no part.

In college life, as never before, will be found raging that war which Byron styled

> "The war of the many with one."

Before entering college, in his own little neighborhood, the student may have been looked up to as an oracle. There, no appeal was taken from his judgment. To listen was to believe.

It is not strange that such surroundings should unduly cultivate the students self-esteem. "Men," says Cæsar, "easily believe what they wish." Flattery is sweet, and never sweeter, than when it greets the ears of youthful self-esteem. Fancy plays, and imagination soars with reckless flight among the possibilities of the future. Visions of power gained, of rivals humbled, and of honors won, pass and repass in the student's dreams until he fairly believes that he is the "coming" man, and that, in some mysterious way, his own circle of revolution and that of the earth will finally become concentric.

We doubt very much if we have exaggerated the amount of self-esteem that exists in some boyish

minds. We think we have seen it. And we know of no quality which, in social life, is more disagreeable or detestable. For such, college life furnishes just the discipline they need. Placed in competition with rivals as confident and as selfish as themselves, they very quickly discover that superiority which they both courted and feared. Scarcely any can excel in every department of study. Superiority will be found somewhere. Superiority! Ambition! What words! And yet they are the condensed history of six thousand years. To be first is the labor of man and beast. Not an ox enters the yard of stranger cattle without throwing down the challenge, and deciding the question of precedence. Not a student enters the class-room but to win a stated place, granted by the tacit judgment of all his classmates. Not a practical player goes on to the base-ball ground without feeling the spirit of competition, and he sweats and puffs and blows with might and main to make a handsomer catch or a better strike than his rival. It is nature. "Better be first in an Iberian village than the second man in Rome." We are all Cæsars.

Right here, I repeat, comes in this peculiar discipline of college life. All cannot be first. None can be first in everything. To be second is small ambition. What then? The only honorable resource left is to choose some branch of study adapted to a prescribed plan of life, and make it a specialty. Or what is no less honorable, to labor equally in every branch of study with zealous and unselfish motives, knowing no mean spirit of rivalship, harboring no envy, cultivating no malice.

Thanks to any education or any discipline, easy or severe, within or without college walls, which shall crush an over-leaping ambition, and annihilate a lordly self-esteem.

If there is one discipline necessary to a useful and satisfactory life, we believe it to be that discipline which teaches a man to see worth in a rival, and virtue in an enemy. This is the teaching of policy and religion. And if college life teaches us to be truly magnanimous, let the teaching be never so harsh, if we but receive the instruction.

Times are changing. People and things grow different. "Old things have passed away. Behold, all things have become new." In the by-gone days, college matrimony was forbidden. One of the thirty-nine articles in the old editions of college by-laws was its prohibition. Then he who left his father and mother to cleave unto a wife had to leave college also. Old men sighed and old women wept over the degeneracy of the times. Few there were who dared to become the target of ridicule and scorn. Awful were the prophecies of their future. Terrible were the auguries of their destruction.

Now, how different! The victim

dares no withering curse of society. No social ostracism debars him from the blessings of social intercourse. Old men joke him, and old ladies wish him "God speed." The bonds of custom have been torn asunder. And now the under-graduate who has a smitten heart and a capacious pocket-book, can bask to his heart's content in the "mild sunshine of domestic bliss."

We do not propose to argue the question of college matrimony in a scientific or exhaustive manner. If we tried we could do justice to but one side. Only one side do we know by experience. Like Moses we have ascended "Nebo's lonely mountain," and have fixed our longing eyes on the Canaan beyond. But we have never enjoyed the salubrity of its climate or partaken of its "milk and honey."

But some have; and we feel it to be our duty to extract from their condition as much comforting philosophy as their circumstances will admit. The Rubicon has been passed. The tender, anxious advice and warning of Freshman year has been ruthlessly disregarded. Whatever philosophy is adapted to calm their fears, to excite their hopes, to summon their strength and courage for matrimonial trials, so far as it lies in our power, we gladly afford them.

It was once thought that, on no condition, could any under-graduate but a Senior get married. But this was a mistaken idea. Those who entertained it had crude notions about the whole subject. They had never analyzed the question in all its bearings or they never would have formed so foolish an opinion. Why should not a Freshman get married as well as a Senior? What conditions of married life do not apply as well to the study of the ancient languages as to the study of logic and the mighty generalizations of Astronomy? Of course only one answer could be given to such a simple question. That answer was given, and we all can behold the result.

In truth, we can but believe that the Freshman has as great inducements to get married as the members of any other class. His condition is peculiar. Custom, justly or unjustly, has seemed to lay on him special burdens, "grievous to be borne." Now what could be more natural or fitting than that he should seek one whose ears would be open to his every trial, disappointment, and mortification, and whose heart would beat in loving sympathy with his own. To all the idea must appear very beautiful; to some it does appear irresistible.

But we fail to see why a Sophomore has not inducements to marriage equal to those of a Freshman. His trials, though different, are no less severe. He has even more leisure. He is wilder and needs more restraint. Now, would not the attractions of domestic life be well

calculated to keep him from midnight prowlings, and give him that balance of mind which Sophomores are supposed to need?

Of all classmen in college, the Junior has the least inducements to a married state. His lessons, if well learned, will take all his time. He is, moreover, supposed to be possessed of a calmer and more quiet disposition than other classmen. He has, therefore, less need of restraint. There may be exceptions to this rule. We imagine we have seen them. For such matrimony has all the attractions that it has for the Sophomore and Freshman.

But to the Senior, married life is peculiarly adapted. The rougher trials of his course are passed. He has more than reached the summit, and has begun his descent. His mind is engrossed in the loftier contemplations of collegiate study. He needs a companion; one who will listen to his bursts of admiration, to his dreams of coming fame, to his hopes of lofty distinction.

In view of all this, what shall we say of those who would willfully deprive the student of the varied pleasures of married life. They must be hard-hearted indeed. They are behind the times. The world has left them.

But there is another feature of college matrimony, often overlooked, but not less important than its pleasure. We mean its discipline.

Discipline is the war cry of those who are fiercest against the marriage of under-graduates. Greater mental and moral discipline is that for which they sigh. Now, pray, what could be more disciplinary, both to the mental and moral faculties, than married life? Our observation is, that for pure, unadulterated discipline, nothing can be found more efficacious.

We contemplate then, with pride, the courage and resolution of those who have consented to be pioneers in this great educational and disciplinary undertaking. To such, and similar, the progress of the world has been attributed. Every great enterprise of the past has had its martyrs. Why should not this? History repeats itself. Could we expect such a cause to be less exacting than other similar reforms?

Let us not be foolish. Let us not censure without reason; let us not condemn without proof. When sufficient time shall have elapsed, and fair trial shall have been made, we can make our dispassionate decision.

"It seems to be quite the rage at this time, to resort to the Gymnasium in the afternoon, especially Wednesday and Saturday, to see the ball nine go through the course of training. It cannot wholly be attributed to mere curiosity that the students go in to see the men train, day after day. There must be some little interest in the subject. This is as it should be."

The above is quoted as a type of

reports that have been coming to us through the columns of exchanges for the past month, from all parts of the country. It is universally considered indispensable to future efficiency, that prospective base-ballists go through a systematic course of training during the winter months. At Bates so many of the boys go out teaching, that it is impossible to get the nine together, until late in the term, so that there is special need of hard work when once they get under way. Simply training is not enough, but *regular*, *systematic* training is needed. An hour's practice occasionally, or upon two or three stated days in each week, is not altogether useless; but in order to obtain any high degree of proficiency in any athletic sport, two things are requisite,—vigorous muscular exercise *every* day, and every day at the *same time.* At other colleges these requisites are recognized, and aspirants for positions on base-ball nines practice accordingly; is there any good reason why the same should not be the case here? Our Gymnasium is not extensively furnished, but it has the apparatus most used by base-ball trainers,—namely, clubs and weights; it affords also a reasonable chance for running. It is not the variety of exercise but the regularity, that brings the good results.

But this regularity of training will not be attained without an energetic and determined leader. The best player on the nine is not always the best man for captain of the nine. The present state of affairs with us demands that the one be chosen to that position, who possesses the requisite energy and influence for enforcing rigorous discipline. There are doubtless men enough in College who would be willing to be subject to his directions, and such men had better be put in training in preference to more skillful players, who have not the disposition or the time for the needed amount of practice; the success will be the greater for it in the end. Much is possible to our nine through rigid practice. Without it the place held last year among the nines of the State, is sure to be lost during the coming season.

There is a popular saying very much like this, "The success or failure of any movement depends upon its leaders." The proverb, with some modifications, is undoubtedly true. Applying it to colleges, it would have to run something as follows: "The rank of a college, and its success in fitting young men, mentally and morally, for after-life, depends upon its professors." This also would need to be changed, to suit especial cases, but in the main it is true. Quite a strong proof of its correctness is the fact that few, save persons of good character are admitted to the colleges, all come with the highest respect for the instructors, and they, the instructors, have every

advantage in respect to government. It ought to be quite exceptional, therefore, for a man to graduate without strength both in mind and in morals. Whatever a student, on entering college, may imagine himself to be, he is merely a boy, incapable of thinking entirely for himself. He needs to be led. In the formation of a student's character I do not believe there is another thing in the whole course more imperative to him than guidance in thinking. He has a mind, and must think. He ought to think; but experience and reason show that his mind is as likely, if left alone, to take the wrong as the right course. Thinking leads to character, and the number of crooked characters in a college indicates the amount of incorrect thinking.

Dr. Dwight was conscious that it was one of the chief functions of his office to lead personally the minds of the students. When he became President of Yale, he found nearly all the students on the way to infidelity. He at once began to discuss with them such subjects as this: "Is the Bible the Word of God?" He reasoned with them, giving respect to their opinions, and it was not long before unbelief had fled. The young men became very much attached to the president. Lyman Beecher, in his autobiography, exclaims in one place, "Oh, how I loved him! I loved him as my own soul, and he loved me as a son." Able as Dr. Dwight was, it was not so much his ability as his efforts and sympathy with the students that gave him such success.

I wish to be understood. The teachers necessarily direct most of the intellectual thinking of the students; but in most colleges they do little to guide the moral development. Some of the finest minds, by being allowed to take a wrong start, become so bent and deformed as never to recover rectitude. It is true that most men become more or less righted, after years of struggling alone; but who can estimate the loss to them, in the best years of life.

Some youth enters college full of life and ambition, with a good opinion of himself, and at the same time troubled with unbelief, more or less honest, or may be led into even worse errors of thought. More than all things else, he needs guidance from a wiser mind; but it must be a loving guidance, like Dr. Dwight's, or it will not be received.

Some one says that when a man is prepared to become a college professor, he is prepared to enter into sympathy with all the interests of the students, to take offense very slowly, and even be willing to be misunderstood; but he should persistently and kindly try to assist the students, and let time, a sure witness, prove his excellence. The truest dignity is last offened. He that is most desirous of being helpful will suffer the longest.

There are certainly two sides to this question. Students have something to do. It is shameful, the way they sometimes come to look upon their teachers. How a man can remain under the instruction of teachers whom he thus regards, and respect himself, I cannot understand. But I honestly believe that it is mostly the fault of teachers that there is not more mutual regard between them and the ones they are over, and that the difficulty could be almost wholly obviated. The fact that students have not more of such guidance, and that there is not more mutual esteem between them and their professors, may be due to over-modesty on the part of the latter, or it may be due to carelessness. If to carelessness, nothing need be said of it. It tells its own story. If to over-modesty, then over-modesty in a college professor is not only absurd, it is wicked if it interferes with his work.

Ye Fates, hasten the day when there shall be more sympathy between faculty and student, when the vicious only shall be punished, and when those who would go crooked if left to themselves, but who could be directed straight, shall be guided by love and reason into perfect development.

Hazing at Bates? Who ever heard of such a thing? What was our surprise, then, to learn from Mr. Thwing's article in the January number of *Scribner's*, that "at Bowdoin, Bates, Princeton, and many other colleges the evil [hazing] still lingers with a considerable degree of vitality."

Hazing "still lingers with a considerable degree of vitality" at *Bates?* But when did the practice ever *gain* that vitality? We confess, after a thorough canvass of the College record, that we do not know. Mr. Thwing speaks as one having authority: *he* cannot be *wrong*. But when has this outrageous hazing occurred? 'Tis true, there have been in the history of the college several instances of Sophomores' waiting upon ladies of the Freshman class. Why did not we think of these instances before? Mr. Thwing is correct, we confess. O Sophomores, what have you done? Behold how you have sullied the fair name of Bates. But seriously, Bates has never known hazing in the character it assumed at the older colleges. It was never the custom of Sophomores at Bates to enter the rooms of Freshmen and to make them go through the performances mentioned by Mr. Thwing under the head of hazing. During the history of the College there has been, so far as we can learn, but one instance of Sophomores' entering a Freshman's room for the purpose of hazing. To be sure, the Sophomores have occasionally shown a disposition to play jokes upon the Freshman class; but this is nothing peculiar to

college life, or to the two lower classes in College. Once or twice, too, the Freshman have seen fit to challenge the Sophomores by appearing with canes. Such challenges the Sophs have naturally accepted, and slight contests have ensued. These contests have been similar in character to the annual base-ball game between the same classes,—merely trials of strength; and the two classes have come out of them with the same friendly feelings towards each other. And to-day we can congratulate ourselves on the union that exists between the different classes. Hazing cannot be established at Bates, for the great majority of students in all the classes are opposed to it, and any attempt to establish the foolish custom would meet with decided disapproval. The tenacity with which hazing clings to the older colleges is chiefly due to its being a college custom. But the day of hazing has gone by. It is too late to establish the custom in the young colleges, and it is fast dying out from the old.

In view of the fact that almost the only exercise taken by a large number of students is found at the bowling-alley, we think more care should be taken to have it kept in repair. During the last two or three years it has not been in a condition suitable for use more than one-half the time, to say the least. At present a very slight outlay for balls and pins is all that would be necessary. But it is not altogether the fault of the College authorities that it is out of order so much of the time; with a little more care on the part of those using it, the alley would remain in repair much longer, and would, perhaps, be more willingly refurnished when necessary.

LOCALS.

"Now you see at once."

And now the stern-eyed pedagogues return.

McCollister, '79, has gone to Alna to take a school.

Ten girls in the next Freshman class? Who said so?

The Senior Exhibition will occur near the end of the term.

The Freshmen are wrestling with "Cicero de Immortalitate."

The Juniors are getting much interested in Political Economy.

The Seniors have finished the Clerk's Tale, and are reading Othello.

How unfortunate that Washington's Birthday comes on Saturday this year.

The Eurosophians held the first Society meeting of the term, February 7th.

Don't forget the meetings of the Christian Association, Wednesday evenings, at 6.30.

One of our musical Freshmen has gone to Bangor to take part in a concert.

M. P. Judkin's, '80, with the aid of assistants, is to teach the Spring Term of Monmouth Academy.

Ranger, '79, who has been out teaching since early in the fall, is back at his college work again.

Two members of the Freshman class have each received, this winter, for teaching, $50 per month besides board.

A word to the wise: Freshmen, don't try to go out from Chapel exercises ahead of the Sophomores. —*Soph.*

Twad is the most skillful manipulator of the snow-shovel that has ever yet practiced upon the college walks.

The last Thursday in February, will be the day of prayer for colleges observed here; no recitations in the afternoon.

O. W. Goss, who left '80 at the close of last year, was at last accounts, studying medicine with his father, at Lake Village, N. H.

When a Sophomore would express the opinion that there is a prospect of fine weather for the day, he says, "It's goin' to be a big day to-day."

The "ladies' man" of the Senior class, after a longer absence than usual, has returned from another of his annual depredations among the fair sex.

"What are Foreign Ministers?" asked a college pedagogue. "Missionaries," shouts a small boy at the foot of the class. The small boy is promoted.

Brown, '81, is teaching in the Lewiston High School. He takes the place, temporarily, of one of the regular teachers, who is out on account of sickness.

For the benefit of some members of the Faculty, we would give notice that Chapel exercises are held every day, except Saturdays and Sundays, at 7.50 A.M.

E. H. Farrar has resigned his position on the editorial staff of the STUDENT, to take effect with the March number, and M. T. Newton has been appointed in his place.

Prof. (to student who has just returned and is present at recitation for the first time)—"Mr. M., have you learned the lesson to-day?" Student—"That remains to be seen."

We would say to the young school-marm who exclaimed to her inattentive scholar, "Look at your book and not at my face," that we think he won't repeat the offense; we shouldn't.

The Professor in Psychology remarked to his class, the other day, that the students ought to come into the recitation with confidence, and go out with satisfaction. Mose suggests accordingly, that they all go in with Mayor and go out with Kink.

A Sophomore thus renders the sentence, "*quae omnia diversa Sarmatis, sunt in plaustro equoque viventibus*—all which are different from the Sarmatians because they live in horses and in chariots."

Miss Harris, '80, recently gave a reading at an entertainment at the Elm Street Church, Auburn. A few evenings previous, Miss Pike, '81, also gave one, on a similar occasion, at the Main Street Church, Lewiston.

The choir took their seats in the Chapel on Monday of the fifth week of the term. The same members compose the choir this term as last, with the exception of Shattuck and Perkins, of '81, who have not yet returned.

Professor (to Mr. B., who sits on the back seat)—"You see you made a great mistake in drawing that line." Mr. B. (innocently)—"Yes, sir, I saw my mistake after I took my seat." Query, *where* did he see it?

J. W. Nichols, formerly of '80, who left us during last summer term on account of illness, has recovered sound health, and is now making up the studies of the last part of Sophomore year. He will not attempt to catch up with his former class.

The father reading history to his family; subject, "Religious Settlement in England"—"'Soon after they were deprived of their sees'—What does that mean, my son?" Sonny (promptly)—"It means they had their eyes put out." Sonny is presented with a sugar-plum.

This is the way a Freshman began to translate the line, "*Mento summam agnam attigens siti enecatus Tantalus?*" "Tantalus touching the water with his *long chin*—" Before he could read farther the class had to unbutton their collars and give vent to their feelings.

There was quite a little breeze in a Geometry recitation the other day. While reciting, one of the students said, "A Geometric line cannot be seen." Prof.—"What kind of a line can you see?" Student—"A chalk line." Wicked boys in back seat—"A fish line," "A clothes line," etc. Sensation.

The Christian Association have engaged Rev. A. C. Hogbin, pastor of the Pine Street Free Baptist Church, to preach before the students on the day of prayer for colleges. The sermon will probably be delivered in the College Chapel, at 2.30 P.M. A prayer meeting will be held in the evening.

The following committee was chosen to engage the Commencement Orator: from the Senior class, F. Howard; from the Polymnian Society, R. F. Johonnett; from the Eurosophian Society, M. T. Newton. It is to be hoped they will commence operations sufficiently early to avoid the experience of last year's committee.

Through the commendable strictness of the Assistant College Librarian in allowing no student to restore to the shelves the books he returns, it has become less difficult to find desired volumes. The labeling of the shelves would be an aid which we hope at no distant day to enjoy.

Now that pedestrianism has become so popular, wouldn't it be appropriate to have a track measured in the Gymnasium, and introduce the custom here? The cold weather would be no hindrance to this sort of exercise, which would afford good training, especially to base-ball men.

At Chapel exercises the other morning, the Professor was reading the passage, "and behold a greater than Jonah is here." At that instant the Chapel door opened, and in stalked a tardy six-foot Freshman of massive bulk. The students straightway acknowledged the truth of the passage.

For the benefit of the forgetful: The College Library is open Wednesdays from 1.30 to 3.30 P.M., Saturdays from 9 to 11 A.M., and other week-days from 1.30 to 2.30 P.M., unil the afternoon recitation hour is changed to 4 o'clock. Then the Library will be opened in the afternoon half an hour later.

The female element no longer looks lonesome at Chapel exercises. The time has now come when two settees are required for its accommodation; for, owing either to a fondness for the stove, or to a praiseworthy desire to abolish class distinction, the girls of the College sit together at prayers, during the winter months.

At the house of one of the Professors, a few evenings ago, a Prof. Goldberg demonstrated by a series of experiments that most of the marvelous things done by so-called Spiritualists, by which they apparently prove their connection with the Supernatural, are not marvelous at all, but only the result of ingenious trickery.

While a certain Junior was making a call one evening not a great while ago, his curiosity became aroused by a picture hanging in the corner, a short distance from where he sat. On approaching it he found that it was the picture of *two* donkeys, with this inscription below it, "When shall we *three* meet again?" Imagine the amusement of the young ladies present when he innocently and wonderingly inquired, "Where is the third?"

About nine dollars a year are now paid for the rent of the organ used in the Chapel. By the aid of the STUDENT a new organ, from one of the best manufacturing establishments, can be purchased for a trifle over sixty dollars. At the end of seven years that amount of money will have been expended for organ rent. It would certainly be far more economical to expend the sixty

dollars at once, and have an organ that would last three or four times seven years.

Twice during last term, it was publicly announced in the Chapel that students who could not get into prayers before the bell stopped tolling might just as well stay out, since they would be marked as if absent. But almost daily, just after the Prof. has got well under way in his reading, the door opens and two or three puffing students rush in. It is evident that such students do not expect to be marked as if absent, else they would stay out; and we have reason to believe that they are not marked, but we should like to be certain in the matter; if students are not marked for being tardy, we should like to hear from the desk the rule of last fall—and indeed, nominally of all previous time—publicly rescinded.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—EDS.]

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Feb. 10, 1879.

Editors of the Student:

There is something peculiarly mild in the temperature of this part of Rhode Island, compared with many parts of Maine. It is very appreciable to one who has a predilection to comfort in out-of-door life. This mildness does not arise wholly from a difference in latitude. Old Ocean fans the shores of Rhode Island with his warmer Winter breezes. The weeks of unbroken cold, which are experienced in Maine, do not reach Providence. A few cold days, then follows a rapid change of temperature.

The intellectual and social advantages of life in this city are very great. Schools of all grades are numerous, and facilities for culture abundant. Among the well-stocked libraries, the most important, perhaps, is the Athenæum. This, however, is beyond the reach of the poor. Its shares are $15 each, upon which a yearly tax of $5 is imposed. This defect is largely supplied by circulating libraries, and by the newly organized public library. This is free to the use of any resident. The only drawback here is the complicated arrangement of catalogues, class books, etc. After spending an hour in trying to solve the mystery, I gave it up in disgust.

Brown University is now provided with a very beautiful fire-proof library building. It was erected by the munificence of John Carter Brown, and was dedicated Feb. 16, 1878. It is a model of beauty and neatness. It now contains a nice selection of 50,000 volumes.

The external dress of Providence is being rapidly beautified. A magnificent city building has recently been dedicated. As one stands in

front and gazes at it from its most imposing point of view, he does not wonder at the exhibition of a little pride in public spirited citizens, as they point out its excellences to strangers. The city has erected a new High School building, which is said to be one of the finest in the country. The standard of scholarship is very high, I am informed, and the citizens take genuine pleasure in such a fine addition to their educational interests, and to the architectural attractions of the city. The only unpleasant feature about this department of the city's policy is the heavy permanent debt incurred. The question of paying as you go, must, before long, become preëminent in the municipal administration of our country. If you raise any objection to the present method of doing things, you are met with the triumphant reply, "O, it is the fruit of the progressive policy of our city, and must be patiently borne."

It is strange, however, that with all her public spirit the City of Providence has not had a Park of any consequence; the want is now partially supplied by the gift of two hundred acres of land to the city, by one of the descendants of Roger Williams. The work of improvement has already begun, and portions of the Park really look very beautiful. A very fine statue of Roger Williams has been erected upon the grounds, the workmanship of our own Simmons. The possibilities of the Park are wonderful, and time will doubtless transform it into an earthly paradise. One can see, as he walks about, the germs of a zoölogical garden. They have a bear, some peacocks, a few ducks, a collection of rabbits, and a small herd of deer. The possibilities of the zoölogical garden are as vast as those of the Park itself.

In looking over the family burying-ground of Roger Williams, I found the following inscription upon the tomb of Joseph Williams, son of Roger Williams. I will subscribe it for its age and the beauty of its rhythm:

"In King Philip's war he courageously went through,
And the native Indians he bravely did subdue,
And now he's gone to the grave and he will be no more,
Until it please Almighty God his body to restore
Into more proper shape, as he sees fit, to be,
Perhaps, like a grain of wheat as Paul sets forth you see.
Cor. 1 book, 15 chap., 37 verse."

A. T. S., '75.

LEWISTON, Feb. 13, 1879.

Editors of the Student:

Your correspondent would take the liberty to suggest that some measures be taken toward the reorganization of the College Choir. As it exists at present there is no acknowledged leader; and no one wishes to take the personal direction of this organization without some authority for so doing. To see that good music is furnised, is therefore left with all; and what is the business of all is looked after by no one.

What we need then is some one whose business it shall be to see that the music is well rehearsed before it is sung at devotional exercises. The best music possible will thus be secured.

A word might also be offered concerning the resuscitation of the Glee Club. We have lost the Quartette of '78 to be sure, and with it our former leader; but this is no proof that another cannot be found amply qualified to fill the position. There is an abundance of musical talent in College, which, if properly exercised, would render us an immense amount of pleasure, from the interest it would awaken in college songs, and at the same time give us as good a Glee Club as Bates ever had. Let us hope therefore that the Glee Club may be revived once more, and that we may soon hear some of those old college songs again ringing through the halls. SINGER.

[Notwithstanding the college conundrum: Why have we not a Glee Club?—"is stale, flat, and too often unprofitable." We are glad to receive this indication that the students are disposed to propound it. There is no good reason why in this case it should be unprofitable. There are a good many singers in College and a good deal of singing; but all this singing does not exert one tithe of the influence nor afford one tithe of the pleasure that it might, were it concentrated in some organization. Simply writing and talking about it, however, will not bring about the desired end: somebody must act, and is not this the way to act? Let some officers or officer of last year's Club at once call a meeting, either of all students interested, or of the former members of the Club, and put things in operation immediately. Do not let this case go to prove that the "conundrum" is unprofitable.—EDS.]

Editors of the Student:

It seems to me that something ought to be said concerning our Reading Room. The first part of the term we had a careful man to take charge of it, and the competent manner in which he fulfilled his duties is attested by all. Within a week or two things have changed. About half of the papers, when brought from the mail, are thrown upon the table and left there, instead of being placed on file. When a person wishes to find one, he is obliged to sort over the whole, and, in two cases out of three, fails to find the periodical he wants. Now it is certain that we ought to have pride enough to keep our room looking orderly. We desire to obtain all the benefit possible from our papers; but if one must spend ten or fifteen minutes in searching for a paper which has either been carried to the Gymnasium or buried beneath a stack of old numbers, much of this benefit must be lost.

It is also noticeable that very few of our magazines can be found in the Reading Room. Some students, forgetting that there are other men in the College besides themselves, carry the magazines away to their rooms. We don't know who these students are,—nor do we care. If they consider themselves gentlemen we must say in the words of Lowell, "We beg lief to differ." If we cannot keep our periodicals in any other way, let's put in a chest of drawers, and lock them up. BAXTER.

[Our correspondent puts it rather strong; but it cannot be denied that there has been a change in Reading Room matters within a fortnight. It is something new to have to find this sort of fault with the Reading Room, and we trust the occasion for it will not continue.—EDS.]

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'67.—Rev. H. F. Wood, Bates Theological School, '72, not long since delivered an interesting lecture in Pittsfield, N. H., on "The Force of Habit."

'68.—Prof. O. C. Wendell, mentioned in the STUDENT for December, as practicing civil engineering at Lowell, has accepted an appointment as Assistant at Cambridge Observatory, and has already removed his family to that place.

'69.—L. C. Graves is in much better health than formerly. He has been teaching during the past year, and is now at his home in Vienna, Me. He contemplates entering, in the coming fall, upon a course of professional study, according to his original design.

'69.—C. A. Mooers, after leaving his position as tutor in the College, took a course of study at the Homœopathic Medical School in New York, and then practiced for a while at Vienna, Me. He afterwards removed to Lawrence, Mass., where he is now having a flourishing practice.

'70.—A "Maine Letter" to the *Morning Star* contains the following: "Our schools here in Lewiston are justly the pride of the town. The High School has never been so well conducted as since Mr. Jordan, the present principal, has been at its head, now nearly five years. Mr. Jordan, as is well known, is one of the early graduates of Bates, a member of the Board of College Overseers, and a man of large influence, both in his profession and as a citizen."

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford, Bates Theological School, '75, formerly of Providence, R. I., has become pastor at Farmington, N. H.

'72.—Born, Jan. 24th, to the wife of F. W. Baldwin, a daughter. [Alice Mary.]

'72.—E. J. Goodwin is principal of the High School at Farmington, N.H.

'73.—J. H. Baker, of Denver, a short time since read, before the Colorado State Teachers' Convention, a paper on "The Essence of Learning." He is at present preparing a lecture—subject, "The Rocky Mountains."

'75.—It is generally known that about a year age N. S. Palmeter was compelled, by ill health, to leave the Theological School, where he was pursuing his studies. Mr. Palmeter, who has been spending a part of the winter among his friends in Auburn, made us a call the other day, and reported considerable improvement in health. He has now returned to his home in Nova Scotia, and intends, in the spring, to take a trip to Europe or the far West. We have strong faith that Mr. P. will come back from his journey sufficiently renewed in health to warrant a return to his studies in the fall.

'76.—Rev. A. L. Morey, pastor at Gonic, N. H., recently received a donation of $75.

'77.—The family of Mr. F. F. Phillips, principal of Rockland High School, was increased on Feb. 2d, by the birth of a daughter.

EXCHANGES.

The January number of the *Beacon* is the first issued by the present Board of Editors. This number is a success, and a promise that the *Beacon* will maintain its former standard of excellence. We were interested in the article entitled "The Wrong Side." It urges the importance of making even the *wrong side* of our lives as comely as possible. "Friendship of Obstacles" is such an article as might be expected from the subject. "Printers' Errors" is quite an amusing article showing the importance of writing plainly. The editorial matter is interesting.

The *Hesperian Student* is a very neat journal hailing from the University of Nebraska. It contains twenty-seven pages of reading matter, thirteen of which are devoted to literary articles. These articles are generally interesting, and moderate in length; yet we doubt if any publication that hopes to perform the highest functions of a *college* paper can afford so much of its space to literary matter. Cut down the literary department; give place to the editorial and the local. The last words of the *Student* give us exchange fellows "fair warning" that we shall meet no mean antagonist in the lady reviewer about to take charge of the Exchange Department of the *Student*. Glad of it; and we shall feel slighted unless we feel the "lance" of our fair critic. But what we wish to remark is the gallantry of the editors in giving us "*fair warning.*" "*Cave puellam.*"

The New Year number of the *Undergraduate* presents a very creditable appearance. The following

little poem struck us as quite an odd bit of rhyme, well adapted to a college paper:

"A Freshman enters the classic halls,
A leaf from the tree-top gently falls:
With an earnest gaze he scans his book,
The leaf floats down in a mountain brook.

"A Sophomore trifles with college rules,
The leaflet lingers in stagnant pools,
He shuns suspension and labors well,
The leaf floats on in a shady dell.

"A Junior treasures a golden curl,
The leaflet plays in an eddy's whirl,
He leaves his love for a brighter face.
The leaf speeds on with a swifter pace.

"A Senior yearns for a blooming bride,
The leaf is at last on the river wide,
His manly worth by the world is tried,
The leaf is tossed on the ocean's tide.

"A hero striving for fame we see,
The leaf bears seed from its parent tree,
The victor's crown of success he wears,
An isle of the sea a forest bears."

The various literary articles are of interest and the other departments well sustained.

In the *Wittenberger*, for January, we enjoyed Prof. Wynn's article, entitled "Art Admonitory." The writer shows that "art consists not simply in a susceptibility for the beautiful, but *mainly* in the *power* of *reducing* it to a *concrete form;*" that "all art is pre-eminently a thing of the *will*," and that no great work of art has been wrought out without the utmost persistence. After showing what energy and determination have been spent upon all great works of art, he closes thus: "Let us take heart. These unrivaled monuments of ancient classic art admonish us that, after granting all that is claimed for the inner kindlings of inspiring impulse, the pledge and promise of a high mission to the world are discovered at last in the patience and persistence of him who would undertake it; and that, with suitable qualifications, genius is a genius for work." The *Wittenberger* is a well conducted magazine. It has, however, fallen into that popular but absurd way of shingling the top of the local column with items as senseless as they are ornamental. That Mathematical Department is well enough if a paper has plenty of room for it.

The *College Olio* is a very neat magazine. The article, entitled "Burke as an Orator" is quite interesting. The writer's enthusiasm, however, often gets the better of his style, and, as a natural result, the latter is somewhat mixed. We give one or two short quotations by way of illustration: "He [Burke] stood upon an eminence and with broadened view *drank in* the complex connection of affairs." Wonderful man! "*Burke*, as an orator, was instinctively the defender of the oppressed, and it is this that causes every true American heart to throb at the name of *Edmund Burke*." Awkward. "When despotism overshadowed us with her black wing, and breathed upon us her fiery breath, then did Burke, with all his power, with all his eloquence, fearlessly face the king in his own parliamentary halls, and was there a beacon to guide and encourage us, a shield to protect us." Decidedly

mixed. Yet, despite its errors, the article contains many very excellent thoughts. The Editorial Department is rather short.

The *University Quarterly* is devoted chiefly to literary articles, although it has quite an extensive and interesting department devoted to editorial notes and the class of matter usually found in college papers. The article on "Howard and the Prison World of England" concisely and graphically describes the abuses of the prison system during the reigns of George the First, Second, and Third, and the mighty work of John Howard as a prison-reformer. It follows him as with heroic self-devotion he visits the wretched prisons of every land, descending even to pest-houses and Lazarettos that he may relieve the wretched and teach the world to escape its greatest misery, and as, finally, he devotes himself to martyrdom in a foreign land. This article is in every way admirable, clear in its treatment of the subject, spirited and vigorous in style. "Punishment as a Preventative of Crime" is in some respects such an article as would naturally follow the preceding. It advocates education as a preventative of crime, and urges that barbarous punishment is injurious in a civilized community. So far, all is well. But its conclusion, "that punishments do not diminish crime," we suspect it can hardly sustain. Although punishments are often wrongly administered, when we consider what would be the result of abolishing all punishments, I think we shall all agree that they do diminish crime. The article entitled "The Political Equality of the Sexes" might have had almost any other title as well. We obtained from reading it a profound conviction that we didn't know what the writer's opinions were.

The *Bowdoin Orient*, our nearest neighbor, is an agreeable acquaintance. In the last issue we enjoyed the editorial on hazing. The editor candidly presents the various methods of dealing with hazing, and seeks to find the most reasonable and effective method. "Quatier Latin" is a letter from Paris, occupying five pages of the *Orient*. This letter, though somewhat rambling, is interesting and instructive. The writer speaks of the church of "The *Pantheon*," which, he says, we might expect to "resemble the so-called building at Athens." But there is no "so-called building" at Athens. There is the *Parthenon* at Athens, but the *Pantheon* is at *Rome*. The Local Department in the number before us is quite short, but we trust this is the exception and not the rule with the *Orient*.

OTHER COLLEGES.

DARTMOUTH.

The Glee Club has been reorganized.

The nine are taking regular exercise in the Gymnasium.

The B. B. A. propose to give some entertainments for the purpose of procuring new uniforms.

A professorship in the *Anglo-Saxon* and *English Language* and *Literature* is to be established. An endowment of $35,000 has been procured for the purpose.

AMHERST.

The Glee Club is to give concerts at Brooklyn, Worcester, Westboro', and Amherst.

Candidates for the base-ball nine are training, in preparation for a successful summer.

The Faculty at Amherst College has taken the unwarrantable liberty of inflicting demerit marks upon certain collegians and suspending others for participation in a mock duel, and there is "considerable indignation among the students." They are showing the most praiseworthy moderation, however, in dealing with the offenders, confining themselves to the presentation of petitions for the reversal of this action, and so far none of the Faculty have been expelled.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

HARVARD.

The new Gymnasium will cost $100,000. It is rapidly approaching completion, and it is thought will be ready for use by March.

A statue of Josiah Quincy, former President of the college, has been placed in Memorial Hall. The sculptor was W. W. Story.—*Ex.*

A finance club has been started by the students in Political Economy and is now in active operation.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A son of one of the Siamese Twins is a student at Chapel Hill, N. C.

Yung Wing, a graduate of Yale, has presented to that college 1,300 books in Chinese.

It is said that among the 40,000 volumes in Cornell's Library, there is not a single work of fiction.

In the United States there are 358 colleges and universities, of which 186 admit both sexes, 7 are exclusively for females, and 274 are under the influence of religious denominations.—*Ex.*

There are over 7,000 Americans studying in German schools and universities. The American Consul at Wurtenburg estimates that over $4,500,000 are thus annually expended by Americans in Germany. —*Ex.*

CLIPPINGS.

The Medic calls the yellow dog;
In confidence he comes.
The Medic takes the yellow dog
Into the Medic's rooms.
The owner seeks the yellow dog;
He seeks for him in vain.
Alas, alas, the yellow dog!
He'll never smile again!

—*Reporter.*

"Will you name the bones of the head?" "I've got 'em all in my head, professor, but I can't give them."—*Ex.*

Recitation in Geology. Subject: Eruptions of volcanoes. Prof.—"I think a great deal of sympathy has been wasted on the people destroyed at Pompeii, for they would probably all have been dead by this time if there had been no eruption." Great sensation in the class.

Teacher—"Isaac Gregory, rise and recite on the spur of the moment, a pleasant paragraph on an execution." Isaac—"The drop fell, and the horrified spectators shuddered as the poor girl bounded into the air; but investigation disclosed that she was a seminary girl, while the drop was a gum-drop that had gone down the wrong way."—*Hamilton Lit.*

A recent advertisement contains the following: "If the gentleman who keeps the shoe store with the red head will return the umbrella of a young lady with whalebone ribs and an iron handle to the slate-roofed grocer's shop, he will hear of something to his advantage, as the same is the gift of a deceased mother now no more with the name engraved upon it."

"The equinox now goes round, goes round,
The earth begins to spin;
The celestial sphere turns on its ear,
And raises a horrible din.

"The planets roll, the comets fly,
Like skiffs upon the ocean;
No living man, whose life's a span,
Can comprehend their motion.

"The fickle moon jumps round the earth,
In a manner quite amazing;
It's now in eclipse, but out it slips,
And is gone while still you're gazing.

"The whole universe turns about
As if it all were drunk;
My brain is reeling with an awful feeling
That I am going to flunk."

—*Brunonian.*

With zeroes frequent and grim,
With standings full of despair,
A Freshman stood in Geometry class,
Flunking with pitiful air.
Flunk! flunk! flunk!
Too lazy to study or work,
He took his seat with faltering steps,
And dreamt this "Song of the Shirk."

"Cut! cut! cut!
When the chapel bell rings high.
And cut! cut! cut!
When tutors their miseries ply.
It's oh! to be a slave,
Or a senior 'prep' instead.
When Freshmen have never a pony to save
Their marks from zeroes dread.

"Cut! cut! cut!
Till the profs. begin to scowl.
Cut! cut! cut!
Till tutors rage and howl.
Cram and pony and crib.
Crib and pony and cram,
Till over my lessons I sigh and wish
That I were a full-fledged man.

"O, profs., with visages stern!
O. tutors, with merciless eyes!
It is not Freshmen, you're wearing out,
But innocent ponies' lives.
Flunk! flunk! flunk!
Too lazy to study or work.
Learning at once from the need of excuse
To lie as well as to shirk."

With zeroes frequent and grim,
With standings full of despair,
A Freshman stood in Geometry class,
Flunking with pitiful air.
Flunk! flunk! flunk!
Too lazy to study or work.
He took his seat with faltering steps,
O, that the sight might reach the preps,
And dreamt this "Song of the Shirk."

—*College Transcript.*

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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A CROWD.

BY W. P. F., '81.

HERE we are in the crowd! Caught; drawn in, struggling, by the ebbing tide. There has been an impediment in the venous circulation of the city, and this is the result. It was a wicked snare that lay hidden around the corner of the street,—and here we are. What a surging and bearing on in one steady stream! A resistless pressure sweeping all before it! We are no longer ourselves. We have become a part of a great myriad-headed monster; one limb among ten thousand. The proudest of us is of no more account here than a butcher's boy. One more round ball on top, an additional pair of feet upon the sidewalk, that is all. We have lost our individuality completely. We are an "I" no longer; only part of an "it." We are hemmed in on all sides. Our will is but one among ten thousand wills. We are caught in the stream of humanity, as resistless for the moment as the march of time. Let us struggle no longer! Let us be borne hither and thither by the ebb and flow of the mass, a particle of salt in the sea!

Here we are, a myriad of representative Americans! How many of us are fit for the Presidential chair? How many would make good Congressmen? How many John Smiths among us? How many Joneses? How many Benedicts, bachelors, widowers, honest men, thieves, gamblers, and blacklegs, all in a bunch? Some one has said that every four hundred and fiftieth man whom we meet is a criminal.

"A crowd," says Leigh Hunt, "is but a reduplication of ourselves,—our own connections of wives and children,—our own strengths, weaknesses, formidable power, pitiable tears." We, one crowd, pushing

and surging down the street this bright day, are related to half the world. Every man is a center toward which invisible strands of tenderness and home-ties converge. What numberless lines of love's telegraph wire radiate, then, from this crowd! Suppose, friend, that whenever we emerge from this bath in a human sea, you step into my place and I into yours; you shall gather up the cords of affection which I hold in hand, and I will become the center of your circle of friends and relatives; you shall be called Snooks, or whatever my name may be, and I will apply your title, like a new label, to my individuality. So, perhaps, our flagging interest in the game of life may be renewed. What a hinderance it is, and how great a factor in the joys and sorrows of life that men are not as like as peas! And yet, to the superficial observer, there is but little difference. But the fond eye magnifies this dissimilarity until it appears measureless. On such trifles as an eighth of an inch in the length of a nose, a trick of speech, or a squint of an eye, depend all the joys of home and affection.

See the heads, little round balls rolling on, the "rotundorum corporum" of which the world is made. Brown heads, gray heads, black heads, bald heads, red heads,—every tenth ball is a red head. What a crush of broadcloth, and linen, and human flesh! Ten thousand wonderful machines, made after a single pattern. The representatives of ten thousand homes; ten thousand different interests, hopes and fears, anxieties and pleasures. Ten thousand souls gathered together, each with its burden of sorrow and sin, its insanities and its sanities.

A crowd has an attractive power, as a great city has over the surrounding country. Like most other animals, man dislikes to be alone. He fears solitude as the voice of God. He will go anywhere, do anything, face any danger, if other men are to do the same thing, face the same danger.

There is something terrible about a crowd. Its crushing power, its weight, its density, its excitability. A few mad words, a wild idea, may possess it with electric swiftness and render it a raging, uncontrollable monster. A storm-cloud scattering destruction on all sides. Men are influenced by contact. Madness is contagious. No man can predict what it will do. Its obscurity is terrible, too. There is a darkness in it, like the darkness of night. Thieves know it. It affords them protection. Pickpockets ply their trade in its shadow. Evil-minded men creep into it and revel in its security. I might scream out any treason here, and not a half dozen men in all this company could swear it was I. I might cry, Down with the King, or, Down with the Republic, and be safe. I fear there are

none of us entirely sane. We should watch each other. Let not too many madmen collect together.

Hear the feet upon the walk! Hear the echoing of the feet! Coming, coming, coming! Thicker, faster, blending with each other, innumerable. Thicker than the echoes, which, in Dickens' story, came to the home of Madame Darnay. A crowd! There is something terrible in a crowd. There was something terrible in that crowd upon which Louis XVI. looked ere his head fell from the guillotine. There was something strong and sustaining in that crowd which walked with Cranmer to the stake. And along the way, it is said, friendly hands came forth to clasp that of the aged prelate. It was an awful crowd which gathered about the Bastile, one July day in sunny France, when it seemed to its Governor that "all Paris had come out against himself." There was something terrible about that crowd at Rome on the day in which Caius Gracchus slew himself in a grove consecrated to the Furies. That was an awful crowd which filled the streets of Jerusalem on the day when that sorrowful-eyed man, whom DeQuincy calls "shadowy above all things, yet real above all things," hung dying upon a cross. We almost see him, a dark, pain-drawn figure raised against a dull sky; and the fierce faces of the maddened Jews below, and, beyond, the towered city over which he wept, with its many blending sounds borne in music to his fast deafening ears. Many an awful picture has the sun looked upon, never one so awful as this.

As we are hurried on in the crowd, we come to think of ourselves as, perhaps, the drop in the river thinks of itself. What are we but a drop in the river? On either hand, green trees and fields, sunny sky and clouds glide by. Rains fall upon us; winds blow over heavy with the scent of flowers; fragments of bird-song come to us. Still we float on, we cannot stay. Our thoughts thicken only for a moment into form; then all is vague again and swimming before us. The waves of sleep rise high; the hum of the water is in our ears.

Let us dream! Oh, this world, so full of grief and tears, of sobbings, and chokings! This world with its noisy crowd borne through endless silences! Is not all humanity in line behind us? Surely we are the crowd of the dying. We are taking our last look upon the green earth. This is the grand *exit* from the world toward which we move. The gate of horn through which every man must pass. Each minute, sixty of us reach a certain point and disappear in Eternity. And, as we approach with measured pace, now and then one dissatisfied with our step, hurries by. Now and then a drinker goes reeling ahead of us, or a suicide, with wild eyes, passes swiftly and is lost.

Are we a crowd of ghosts borne

on in a windy river, or are we a crowd of men? The air never clears, the cloud never lifts. We have dreamed, but have never seen that "the gods are still sitting around us on their thrones,—they alone with us alone." Toward the one great Mystery we hasten together; and when the spell is broken and we see clearly, shall we not perceive that we ourselves are the gods, and that what we have taken for the rocking of the universe and the storm of time was but the shaking of Olympus beneath our own tread?

STUDENTEN-LEBEN.

BY S. T. B.

BY the windings of the Neckar,
Slow and still, ah! slow and still,
Drifting with the lazy current
At its will.
We were borne through shade and sunlight,
Waving trees on either side,
All the cliff above with brightness
Glorified.

High aloft, the green heights decking,
Rose the gleaming turrets fair;
Streamers fluttered gaily through the
Dim blue air.
Ah, brave heights! Ah, mossy turrets!
Hangs there still a mist of gold
And a breath of Eden round you
As of old?

On we slid in dreamy quiet,
Leaning idly hand in hand,
Echoing the songs that floated
Out from land.
"On the green banks of the Neckar,
Stand its towers bold and high;"
So they chorused as we slowly
Drifted by.

Ah, *weh mir!* Familiar measures!
Through my soul they vibrate still,
And while Neckar waves ride eastward,
Ever will!

By the green banks of the Neckar
Sweep its waters strong and free;
Ah, but what a distance severs
Them from me!
Happy days on that old river!
Happy boys who now are men!
Life was endless, Hope was boundless
To us then.

Flowers, music, wine, and laughter,
Sped those early years away;
We who sang and drank and jested
Now are gray.
But in hearts that still are youthful
Ring the songs we used to know,
Bloom the flowers that fringed the Neckar
Years ago.

COMMUNISM.

BY M. T. N., '80.

EVER since the beginning of time the world has been ruled by the few, while the many have been down-trodden and oppressed. The wealth of the world has been monopolized by the few, while the many have lived in poverty and wretchedness. The knowledge of the world has been in the possession of the few, while the many have been sunk in ignorance and degradation. This state of things has been known and deplored. Philanthropists have exhausted their ingenuity in their efforts to raise men to a higher grade of existence. It was thought that the difference of condition was occasioned by the inequality of political rights. Therefore, when Jefferson wrote "All men are created equal," and an eight years' war had established that

"Declaration," the world expected to see all the inequalities of condition removed. But the fact that poverty still exists in this country, plainly proves that there is an element in circumstances that legislation cannot control. Nevertheless, every decade sees some new movement, the object of which is to equalize arbitrarily the condition of men.

The movement of the present time, which claims for its object the elevation of the many by limiting the power of the few, has styled itself Communism. Its spirit is hostility, Its motto destruction. Its arguments are hatred and prejudice. Its moving spirit is envy. Communists assume three facts as the basis of their position: First, the world owes every man a living; second, property is robbery; third, capital is the enemy of labor. Without any argument they take these statements for granted. True, nature may have sufficient for all, but the soil yields its bounties only to intelligent labor. There is neither place nor sustenance in the world for the man who has nothing to do. The world may owe him a living but it is only by his own vigorous efforts that he may collect the debt. The world owes every animal a living, but all day long the deer must feed upon the meadow, the lion must stalk forth in the darkness to catch his prey, or they would soon perish of hunger. Let no man say the world owes him a living, till he, by honest labor, is able to prove his claim.

How much attention should be given to those who say property is robbery, when those that raise the cry are moved by envy or jealousy? There are few men but have a desire for acquisition, a love of money. There are very few men who do not desire opulence. But the reason they remain in their present condition is, they are not willing to undergo the labor, the self-denial which is the price of wealth. In this country, where every man may have wealth who is willing to pay the price, the cry against men of wealth is both senseless and absurd.

The appeal made by communists to the prejudices of the laborer against the capitalist has been very effectual in stirring up strife. These agitators are not, as a general rule, reasoning men. They do not seek to know how men have become capitalists. They do not recognize the fact that every dollar of capital is the product of talent,labor,and economy. They do not see that, as day laborers, capital is their best friend, and that they must starve were it taken away. They consider only one side of the question; or rather they do not consider at all. They see what seems to them an injustice. Moved with envy they raise the cry, "Down with capital."

The history of communism plainly demonstrates the impossibility of

raising all men to an equality by mere arbitrary law. You must effect a radical improvement in men themselves before you can much improve their condition. Were all the wealth in the country equally divided to-day, in ten years you would never suspect the fact. Money does not move at hap-hazzard, but it accumulates or is dissipated in accordance with definite principles. Not one man in a hundred knows how to use money. To give money to one who knows not how to use it, is to injure rather than benefit him. As a general rule, he who knows how to use money knows also how to get it.

It is not the fault of society that some are rich and others poor. It is not the fault of the government that there is a disparity in the condition of men. Such a disparity is inevitable, it exists in the nature of things. It is in the men themselves. All may have equal rights, but their condition will always depend on their ability and disposition to live up to their opportunities.

But under a government like ours, where every man is measured by his character and capabilities; where every man who will labor may be assured of an honest living; where the disabled and unfortunate are well provided for by the beneficient laws of the state; there can be none to wish for a change, except those unwilling to labor. The present form of society has existed for hundreds of years, and the condition of men, instead of growing worse, has steadily become better. It is well adapted to the disposition of man.

It allows free scope for all the various powers of mind and body. It recognizes and rewards individual excellence in whatever direction. Why then change? What ground can there be for a change? There can be none. We have the best organization of which we are capable. Not until men lose all individuality and personal ambition; not until all the charms of proprietorship have been dispelled; not until every selfish propensity has been removed from the heart of man, will he who labors consent to divide his wages with him who sits idle. Not until human nature itself is changed, will Communism be a very popular movement.

MY LOVE.

BY K. H.

MY love is like a flake of snow,
Sweet, and pure, and fair,
Kiss it, and 'tis sure to go;
Seek, and 'tis not there.

My love is like the new year,
Coming now to me,
But where, in some short months and days,
Will love, and new year be?

My love is like the crocus bloom,
In ling'ring snow-beds hid;
Because the summer finds no room,
It dies the snows amid!

My love is like a breath of air
That fills the pulse with joy,
Then vanishes an essence rare
So frail, so swift, so coy.

My love; I think it was, but yet
Ah me! I cannot tell,
It came, it went as it was let,
Like some unbidden spell!

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

WE are glad to see that the Faculty attach so much importance to debate. We wish that they attached more. We wish that every debate, which is now tributary to the inclination or laziness of the student, were made obligatory. Great advantage would result.

In our opinion, no specific college study possesses half the discipline that may be derived from debate. No specific study demands the exercise of so many faculties, or so intense concentration of thought. And leaving out the discipline, no study is so practical.

The need of all students is originality. The want of the world is original men. If we amount to anything as men, we must do something, and do it in our own way. Originality is the first element of character. A discriminated collection of every body's faults and virtues is not, in any view, an enviable structure of mind.

It is just this quality of mind which debate imperatively demands. Without it, we know of no exercise that is more of a farce. If the materials be at hand demanding no original labor in their search, the compounding of them into a compact and logical argument can be effected only by original thought and labor. But if these materials have to be gathered from different sources, as is the case with most debates, the utmost ingenuity is called into action, and every original resource of the mind is exhausted. Here is room for the amplest play of all the stronger mental faculties. The reason and judgment must always be employed. Comparison, discrimination, analysis, and decision are the incessantly exacted operations of the mind. It is hard enough to be original; but, if a half-respectable debate is produced, it will be harder not to be original.

Debate likewise furnishes the most liberal opportunities for research and study. Many have a holy horror at the term "plug." There is a vibration in its sound which they do not like. Work on debate is not "plugging," if by that term is meant the confining of one's powers to a mental rut; but is a sort of labor well adapted to enlarge and expand the mind, and give it to contemplate all kinds, and all sides of truth. There are scarcely any truths or facts, which a broad and symmetrical argument upon a generalized question will not justly include. There is no confinement, but the widest expansion.

But debate does more. It gives oratorical culture. To write what we think is well, to say it is better. To learn to speak requires the greater effort. Every impulse should, therefore, be afforded to excite the adequate effort. We know of no stronger impulse than debate will excite. It has, in its very nature, that idea which has always stirred men, mastery. It is thus calculated to awaken true oratorical feeling, so much different in spirit and effect from that which excites the monkey evolutions of the ordinary school boy.

We confess to little experience in study; but nothing that we have ever attempted has yielded, for the time and labor spent, such ample and satisfactory returns as debate. Nothing has ever seemed to us, at once so disciplinary and so practical.

We feel particularly interested in debate, and this interest has prompted what has been said. The reputation which has been enjoyed by the College ought to be maintained. Among her earlier Alumni, are reckoned several whose talent for debate was of a high order. Let not the impulse imparted by them cease. Let the debates which are now elective become obligatory. We believe it will give an impulse to scholarship and study throughout the College.

A recent issue of the *Morning Star* contains a very interesting letter, written by President Cheney, from Athens, in which occur these words: "So far in life I have had no use for a cane. Canes are for old men—Sophomores for instance, who alone have the right to use them, as they would have certain other persons, younger and less wise than themselves, distinctly understand."

That canes are for Sophomores (among others), and that Sophomores often deny to certain "younger and less wise" persons the right of using them, we are not disposed to deny; but with the notion that is evidently implied, and which certainly is quite generally held in this corner of the world, that canes are exclusively for old men, our grandfathers and grandmothers will please allow us to take issue. But wait one moment: do not be too shocked before we have time to add that we have no plea for that dapper little stick, so closely associated with the tight kids and the plug hat, and which makes its appearance only on state occasions. It is owing entirely to the obtrusiveness of this meddlesome little genus, that the whole family of canes has fallen into so much disrepute.

We have no disposition to pout at the remark of the President, as quoted above, or to offer a formal argument in favor of carrying canes, but only to demur to the impression that if any but old men "support" a cane it is from a desire to make a show. Nobody ever offers any dis-

agreeable insinuations in regard to grandfather's motives in carrying a cane. Of course not: grandpa is old, and a cane is an assistance. To be sure; but so it is an assistance to the younger man, although not one of which he is so much in need, except when he meets a big black dog. But it is not simply for the support it affords, nor for the fine addition it will make to his personal appearance, that the boy saws off an old broom-stick to take with him when he is about to set out for a tramp through the fields: it is for the sake of its companionship. A desire to have something for the hand to do is common to every one. It is evidently this that prompts ladies to carry a fan or a parasol long after there has ceased to be any real need for it. With most people the hand, unless occupied, is in the way; and so it comes about that the pocket is such a favorite resort of the hand.

The fact that one appreciates such companionship as a stick affords is not a sign of childishness or a silly and empty head. Bayard Taylor, who gave ample credit to the cane for the assistance it rendered him in walking, said that, irrespective of such assistance, a stick would afford him, on a tramp, almost as much company as a companion.

This unwarrantable prejudice that canes are only for the use of the old and the lame is not common to the world in general. In some countries, Germany for instance, canes are carried by males of all classes and of all ages from the time they once learn to walk. Germany would certainly be a fine place for Freshmen, and I am inclined to think that if the popular opinion that indulges such a custom were prevalent in America, there would be no loss to all concerned, provided it did not so raise the price of canes as to deprive any of the lame and the old of their former means of facilitating locomotion.

Has the Library a Catalogue? Why not? These are questions that our Librarian has been called on to answer about one hundred and twenty times this year. He is expected to receive these questions in the most affable manner, and in answering to go well into details. We think he has performed this branch of his duty in a satisfactory manner. We have never heard anything to the contrary.

But seriously, we think these important questions. One reason is, those who are asking them are the ones who most use the Library. During the present year the Library has been re-arranged. The present orderly and more systematic arrangement has greatly facilitated the finding of books, still much time is spent in what is sometimes a fruitless search. A good catalogue would be of much service. As a general rule, those who patronize

the Library are those to whom time is worth something. The time spent in searching for volumes is so much taken from their reading hours.

Probably there are wise and good reasons why the Library has not been catalogued, otherwise it would have been done long ago. We have the utmost confidence that the authorities are doing all in their power to render available to the students every possible privilege. We presume the pecuniary reason is the principle one. The Library needs its whole fund to procure books. The authorities are unwilling to burden the students with the expense.

It is truly desirable to increase the number of books; but may it not be that its usefulness would be as much increased by making easy of access the subject-matter of those already in it, as by increasing their number? As regards burdening the students with the expense, there has seemed to be no hesitation in taxing the students when it has been considered necessary. For instance, every student pays one dollar for having half a dozen College Catalogues laid on his table. For our personal every-day use, we should prefer one Library Catalogue to about three dozen College Catalogues, though a College Catalogue is convenient occasionally. A dollar and a quarter per term is what it costs each student for having the Gymnasium re-glazed every year. Breaking glass in the Gymnasium is a luxury in which only a few students habitually indulge, yet all pay the "repairs" without grumbling. We think, if the required funds could not be otherwise obtained, that the students would be willing to practice self-denial, at least for two or three terms, in the matter of glass-breaking and door-smashing, provided the proceeds could be expended on so worthy an object.

The interested manifested by the base-ball men is, doubtless, pleasing and satisfactory to all. Base-ball is our specialty. It is indigenous to the soil. The students take as naturally to base-ball, as ducks to water. And we believe, too, that base-ball has flourished among us without serious detriment to scholarship. In fact, it has been our observation that the best players in the diamond have been fully average, and perhaps more than average scholars.

Base-ball has done one good thing in keeping up our college pride. The handsome record of the nine, we all review with feelings of hearty satisfaction. Very rarely have we had occasion to find fault. Almost invariably we have been more than satisfied with unlooked-for victories.

The nine enter upon the present season under some disadvantage. The closing games of last season were unfortunate and discouraging. Difficulties were experienced in paying

for the new suits, and great dissatisfaction was felt at the way in which they were made. Added to all this, the Association has, for some time, been burdened with a debt which has taxed and exhausted all the financial ability of the managers.

This combination of disadvantages need not, ought not, must not, mar the prospects of the present season. The ground lost by the disastrous games with the "Skowhegan Reds" must be won back. And the nine, we believe, have the pluck and ability to do it.

The debt, too, must be paid. It seems to us, as we believe it seems to many, that the incurring of so great a debt was unwise and injurious to base-ball interests. Many, probably, feel that there have been foolish expenditures. There may have been. The dues, also, have not been properly collected. In short, the financial interests of the Association have suffered from the lack of good business management.

We hope and trust that these evils will be speedily remedied. All dues ought to be immediately collected, and applied to the liquidation of the debt. When that is done, means to raise extra money may be employed. The exact financial condition of the Association ought to be ascertained. The students all want to know exactly how the Association stands. When they see that the ordinary means of raising money has failed to liquidate the debt, and that a given effort on the part of every one will do it, that effort will, doubtless, be made.

The students ought not to feel that the Association is a very heavy burden. We venture the opinion that no college base-ball association in the State has taxed its members more lightly. And we know that no association has maintained a better nine.

These facts should silence a good deal of croaking. It is not the time for useless censure. Grant that money has been wasted, and that the nine have not done what was expected of them; such reflections will not meet the present crisis.

Let the Association be henceforth run according to the interests of all who support it; let the "pay as you go" principle be adopted; and there will then be no just reason why the students should not give it liberal support. We believe they will.

It has occurred that members of the Alumni, who took an interest in base-ball while in College, or who have, heretofore, taken pride in the maintenance of a good nine, have voluntarially contributed to the Association. If there yet remain such generous spirits, we would say to them: Should the spirit of your college days return, reminding you of the time when you swung the bat, amid the applause of the multitude, and should you, among your pleasing recollections, catch glimpses of a depleted association treasury,

which can neither issue "fiat" money nor resume specie payment, we hope your generous feeling will find full expression.

Our Reading Room, notwithstanding occasional slight evils, has always been one of which we could justly be proud, and is at present yielding means of acquiring information and entertainment, of which no student can afford to deprive himself, of which, moreover, few do deprive themselves. But, according to the statistics published in the December number of the STUDENT, the Reading Room Association has a membership of only 63—13 Seniors, 15 Juniors, 28 Sophomores, and 7 Freshmen. Nearly as many more students enjoy the privilege of the Reading Room without paying for it. They cannot really be blamed for this, because the Association book has never been presented to them. There are students now in College, who were daily in the Reading Room till near the close of their Sophomore year, without once being asked to join the Association, or having heard a word about a Reading Room tax. The probability is that there is not a man in College who would, if asked, refuse to join the Association, or to pay the annual assessment. It is certainly not to be wondered at that students do not put themselves to the pains of searching out the treasurer and requesting the privilege of paying him a dollar and a half; and there are few men mean enough to continue the use of the Reading Room after refusing to subscribe to its support. With a little reasonable effort, then, the Association debt can be paid, and the reading matter in the Room largely increased.

What is the object of studying the modern languages? Some of those studying them will have occasion to speak, others to teach them, and still others will patronize them as the receptacles of important literatures. To the first two of these classes, an accurate pronunciation of said languages is indispensable; and none can fully enjoy the benefits of the literary works they contain without a ready pronunciation. If, therefore, one has any object at all in studying modern languages, he must regard the pronunciation as of primary importance. But since the early part of our study of French and German, pronunciation has been neglected, and recitation time has been devoted wholly to grammar and reading. As a result, many have become careless of their pronunciation. It is somewhat bewildering until one learns, for instance, that *dich*, *dick*, and *dish* are all the same word. We know it is difficult for an instructor to crowd into one little hour all that he would like to do, but we think pronunciation has as good a claim upon the recitation time as any other part of the study.

LOCALS.

"Now the lusty Spring is seen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view."

All respond.

Perk has returned.

Have you made up?

'82 has a new member.

"There is music in the air."

Who says we can not have an Orchestra?

The illuminator of Parker Hall has performed a deed worthy of Edison.

The "maker up" misquotes and reads:

"A little cheek now and then,
Is needed by the wisest men."

Seniority, as well as familiarity, breeds contempt. A Senior, in the class-room, quotes "Joe" Cook.

Elegiac reflections in Parker Hall:

Full many a pail of unpretending mien,
Perchance its downward way doth fiercely tear,
Full many a hod is born to start unseen,
And waste its contents on the sounding stair.

The Prize Declamations of the Sophomores for this term are to occur at the Chapel, on March 21st, 25th, and 27th.

A Sophomore translates, "*Ostrea callebat primo deprendere morsu*"—"He was sufficiently skillful to catch oysters at the first bite."

1st student (singing uproarously),

"Where, O where is my little dog gone,
Where, O where can he be?"

2d student (gruffly)—"He can't be ar off. I hear him howling."

C. F. Peasley, '78, was in town some days since and favored us with a call. He had just completed a prosperous term of school in Augusta.

If a few more pencils of light were to be converged upon the mental retinas of the Juniors, it is thought that their optical knowledge would be increased.

The Glee Club is still a real corpse. No one need be afraid of it. Its ghost is a harmless apparition. We presume it will soon retire to other shades. Let it retire.

A Sophomore in the French class thus renders the sentence, "*Ils avaient toujours quelques sous dans leur poche*"—"They always had some soup in their pocket."

Small boy, with an inquiring mind—"Who is the Widow Smite?" Father, in reply—"She is that benevolent widow that is always giving to charitable objects."

Kink is holding a concert in Rod's room. Rod (who reads Othello) suddenly enters. Taking in the situation at a glance, he exclaims:

"O! Now, farewell,
Farewell the tranquil mind, farewell content."

The Sophomores report great interest in General Geometry this term. An almost universal "flunk" is the daily order of exercises, and rarely, when called upon to recite, does a man answer "here."

The Senior Exhibition will occur on Friday, March 28th.

On the 8th inst., the Latin School "Union" held a public meeting. It was pronounced, by those who attended, an excellent entertainment. A great deal of interest prevails among the members.

Class in Mechanics are considering the camera lucida. Prof.—"Mr. ———did you ever hear of seeing with half an eye?" Student (who isn't posted on the lesson)—"I have painfully experienced it."

The High School bill, suspending the operation of all high school legislation for one year, has passed the "reform" legislature. No more shall the avaricious pedagogue inflate his pocket-book out of the State Treasury.

The closing lecture of the Auburn Court Street Course, was delivered by President Robins, of Colby. The subject was "Character and its place in Education." The lecture was highly appreciated by the goodly number of students who attended.

Politics, at the late municipal election, raged with even more than customary violence. Several of the students, we are glad to learn, by the correct exercise of "the grand prerogative of American citizenship," contributed to the election of the Republican canditate for Mayor, J. H. Day, Esq.

A CORRECTION.—The first verse, third stanza, of the "Song of the Fire," published in the STUDENT for February, should read, "I am the *wraith* of oak-wood flame."

The Y. M. C. A. are doing a good work. Prayer meetings have been held daily after the last recitation; also on Wednesday evenings, and Sunday afternoons. A better religious interest is being awakened in College.

Plum, '80, as a reward to his pedagogic fidelity, was presented by his pupils with an elegant silver clock. The presentation exercises were very "affecting," so says the *Gardiner Reporter*.

The following item, clipped from a Maine newspaper, recounts one of the greatest day's works that was ever performed:

"Mr. Joel Hodgman, of Camden, on Saturday, at the ripe age of eighty years, passed an active and useful life and won the esteem of all who knew him."

We are requested by the Secretary, Geo. E. Brackett, of Belfast, to give notice of the annual session of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars of Maine, at Lewiston, April 9th and 10th. Reduced rates, to members of the Order, over the railroads. There are nearly 250 Lodges and 17,000 Good Templars in the State, and the Order was never in a more flourishing condition.

A College Orchestra has lately been organized. The following are the members: Leader and 1st violin, Kincaid, '79; 2d violin, Cook, '81; violoncello, Tuttle, '79; clarionet, Hobbs, '81; cornet, Goding, '81. Feb. 28th they discoursed some excellent music to the Eurosophian Society. March 7th they favored the Polymnians in like manner.

Quite a delegation of the students attended the Free Baptist sociable at the Poor Farm. We were glad to learn that, when the "Gen. Grant" capsized among the drifts, the students made themselves very useful in holding the horses, helping the weaker though fairer sex out of the snow, and in many other trifling but necessary services in which young men of self-denying public spirit can employ themselves on such occasions.

A Joke-*osus:* During a recent recitation a loud crash was heard in the hall. The Professor, of course, thinking some student must be at the bottom of every disturbance, remarked rather ironically, "Some one is evidently trying to cover himself with glory." The disturbance, however, proved to be only the falling of a portion of plastering which, becoming dislodged from the ceiling, had alighted upon the stairs. The "glory" still awaits its owner.

It often happens that students make much more rapid advancement in the college course when absent than when present. For instance: A Sophomore goes out to teach a term. About his third week the local journal announces him as a Senior. A Freshman becomes a Sophomore or a Junior in an incredibly short time. But the most notable instance of rapid promotion that has come to our notice, is that of a Junior prep, only five weeks from the "Barn," who had obtained his second degree, and wrote his name with an A.M.

Scene (Senior club room): 1st Senior (lognaciously)—"Kink has got the bull fiddle fixed. I was with him when he brought it up from down town. The yaggers crowded around with mouth and eyes open. I told Kink, if he would stop and play, I would pass round the hat. He concluded not to, however." 2d Senior—"Had good reasons. Probably wanted a better monkey."

The Base-Ball Association appointed as committee to select a nine: Tuttle, '79; Richards, '80; Rowell, '81; Merrill, '82. At a subsequent meeting they reported: First nine, Tuttle, Ranger, Lombard, Given, '79; Hoyt, '80; Foss, Sanborn, Wilbur, Parsons, '81. As Second Nine, Perkins, '79; Gilbert, Tarbox, Richards, '80; Nevens, Rowell, Roberts, Cook, Goding, '81; Norcross, '82. The players are going through a regular course of training in the Gymnasium, where they spend considerable time daily. They have

had their enthusiasm much warmed up by a stove which the authorities have placed in the office. An addition has been made to the apparatus in the Gymnasium and more is promised speedily. The nine are anticipating a good summer's work.

Why can't we have a walking or running match? Enthusiasm is high now, and there are hosts who are aching for pedal distinction. To be a Rowell, an Ennis, or even a Harriman, is a quite general ambition. We trust the betting would not be morally damaging; while the increased physical exercise in this best of all directions would be healthful and entirely beneficial. Besides, such a race might be the forerunner of Field Day sports. Who will make a start?

The power of music, which is said to have "charms to soothe even the savage beast," was never more strikingly shown than at Chapel a few mornings since. The bell had ceased tolling, the students were all in their places, but no Profs. put in an appearance. The Seniors assumed an injured dignity, that the law enforcing punctual attendance at Chapel exercises should be violated in such a manner by the law-makers themselves. The Juniors felt that it was a piece of inexcusable neglect. The irreverent Sophomores began to "wood up." At this critical juncture the choir struck up:

"O, where are the reapers?"

The effect was magical. The swelling tumult subsided, the storm ceased, and there was a great calm.

The long-expected annual publication, *The Garnet* (by the Senior class), will soon make its appearance. It is an hundred-page magazine, finely illustrated, containing an account of classes, societies, organizations, interesting incidents, etc. It is the first publication of this nature at Bates, and in order to make it a success and insure a continuance of the same, we hope to receive a hearty response from all the Alumni and those interested in the prosperity of college journalism. Single copies fifty cents. Where it is possible, orders for two copies can be much more conveniently filled. All desiring copies will be supplied by addressing A. E. Tuttle, Manager of *The Garnet.*

The recent snow has afforded excellent facilities for snow balling. We have known many a one to have both coat tail pockets full of snowballs before he got round the corner of Hathorn Hall at recitation time. We suspect the Profs. do not fully appreciate the discipline of this part of the College Course. But we can say from experience that nothing is more *fitting* to a student. A certain Soph thinks it rather hard, after spending five minutes in shoveling out the back of his neck and digging out his ears, to be told on entering the recitation room that he is to be

marked absent. And then, when the Prof. forgets that he is absent and calls upon him to recite, he thinks matters have been carried about far enough. Another Sophomore, on learning that he was absent from that recitation, to make the matter consistent, took his hat and started to leave the room, but was informed that such a proceeding on his part was unnecessary. That Sophomore wishes some one to demonstrate how a thing can both be, and not be, at the same time.

Thursday, the 27th of February, was observed as a day of prayer for colleges. The usual recitations were suspended. Chapel exercises took place at the customary hour, immediately succeeding which, an hour prayer meeting of much interest was held. Dr. Bowen and Prof. Howe favored the students with some very appropriate and interesting remarks. The morning clouds broke away and gave a very pleasant afternoon for the exercises in the upper Chapel. A goodly audience, composed of the students and friends of the College, assembled. Prof. Hayes presided. The exercises were unusually interesting, as follows: Scripture reading, Dr. Bowen; prayer, Prof. Howe; sermon, Rev. A. C. Hogbin of the Pine St. Free Baptist Church. The speaker chose as his text the 8th verse of the second chapter of Colossians: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." The subject was handled in a logical and scholarly manner. The close attention of the audience showed the favor with which it was received. We wish such a sermon could be preached in the Chapel oftener than once a year. Brief remarks were made by Dr. Bowen and Dr. Dickerman. A stirring prayer meeting was held in the evening.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—EDS.]

Editors of the Student:

You have kindly asked me to contribute to the STUDENT. But you did not say whether manuscript or money will most gladden your heart. As I am in arrears, I will respond by sending both.

A short sketch of my present surroundings may not be without interest to the many Eastern friends whom I left with regret.

The city of Prescott, in which I am laboring, contains 1200 inhabitants. It was once the rival of St. Paul, twenty miles above us, but is now commercially dead. The city is indeed "beautiful for situation." We are posted, like a sentinel, on the high bluff where lake St. Croix unites with the Mississippi. Our chief business is to watch the swift,

silent waters flow down, and the white puffing steamers sail up. At lest, I have found no other use for a city here. Down on the Levee, the principal and only business street winds along the river and up the lake like a bended elbow. On the Plateau, high above the noise and dust of trade, and the odor of lager; high above the wheezing steam ferries, and splashing stern wheelers; the city rests. The quiet, shady streets commence at the bluffs and retreat backwards in all directions over the prairies, as if fleeing danger. Only two have had the courage to look over the edge and go down. None of the traders deliver goods, as it takes a two-horse team to send up a spool of thread or a penny loaf.

For the first time in two winters it is snowing in earnest. But, whether it is a regular "nor-easter," or whether within an hour the sun will lend to the white earth a brighter whiteness, no mortal is permitted to know. By the way, our north-easters come from the south-west. Somewhere in that direction the Storm King martials his forces. Jupiter "Tonans" shakes the earth and terrifies the dwellers on these prairies. Neptune with his trident, who furnishes your storms, Mr. Editor, is a gentleman, compared to him who holds sway over us. The sun *shines* here day after day with a colorless brightness. No humid atmosphere changes the bright glare to soft, mellow, tinted light. The rays seem to shoot down like swift silver arrows. They pierce you through and through.

This is no dream-land. No one is guilty of reverie or abstraction here. The air is ever restless. The leaves of the cottonwood above my window, when there are leaves, whip each other day and night, and night and day, like so many metallic surfaces. Nature herself seems nervous. The sky is not deep blue, nor the mantle of summer deep green. The bright sun and dry winds tan everything. In summer, no gelid shades, no bubbling springs, no murmuring brooks, invite repose. But the clear air and bright sunlight are health-giving. A breath of morning air intoxicates like a draught of champaign. No noxious vapors, no poisonous malaria, sallow the cheek or fever the blood. Many a morning I have saddled my fleet Indian pony, and ridden away over these billowy prairies, when the air seemed too pure and too fragrant for flesh and blood to corrupt. If it had come through the gates of Paradise, and been perfumed with the spices of Arabia, it could not have been sweeter.

In this fertile valley of the St. Croix, overlooking the beautiful lake and great river, and bathed almost continually in the bright sunshine, the little city of Prescott rests. And here I have rested for two years and more. Here I have found

health for the body and work for the Master. Here also I have found many warm friends. And from here I send love to my *Alma Mater*, and greeting to the dearer friends of "Auld Lang Syne."

C. H. DAVIS, '73.

Prescott, Wis., March 1, 1879.

Editors of the Student:

We all delight to see things in their proper place. But when we see the study of text-books carried into church, we think it is decidedly out of place. If such study is of so much more importance than the words of the speaker, then why not stay at home and study, without disturbing those who wish to listen to what is said from the speaker's desk?

A continued whispering by any one, on any subject, while a person is speaking is equally to be condemned. It shows disrespect to the speaker, and is a breach of good manners.

SOPHOMORE.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'71.—The *Kennebec Journal* says: "L. H. Hutchinson, member of the House from Lewiston, is the most brilliant speaker, and one of the ablest legislators in the popular branch. He is one of the rising young men of the State, and is destined to make his mark in public life. Mr. Hutchinson has, for some time, stood in the foremost rank at the Androscoggin bar, and we are not surprised to learn that he has taken the same position in the legislative halls of our State.

'72.—Dr. A. M. Garcelon was, at the recent Municipal election, chosen a member of the School Committee of this city.

'74.—Augustine Simmons has purchased the *Fairfield Chronicle*, and is to assumne the editorial management.

'75.—Dr. F. B. Fuller has been elected Assistant Surgeon in the hospital, at Providence, R. I.

'75. F. H. Smith expects to return from California this spring, and to practice his profession (law) in partnership with A. M. Spear, of '75.

'75.—L. M. Palmer is studying medicine in Harvard Medical College. The position he held for three years as Principal of the Hopkinton High School, is now filled by George C. Smith, formerly of Bates, class of '76. A. T. Smith, formerly a member of the same class, is Assistant Superintendent of the Providence R. I. Reform School.

'78.—D. M. Benner is teaching in Coal Valley, Illinois.

'78.—E. B. Vining recently closed a successful term of school at Bridgewater, Mass.

EXCHANGES.

We have received No. 1, Vol. I. of the *Hobart Herald.* We are glad to welcome a new college paper so promising as the *Herald.*

The *Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduate's Journal* is the most awkward exchange we have. For all this we could not well spare it from our exchange list. It is so thoroughly unlike our American publications as to seem almost like a representative from another world. As one glances at the sporting column he would quite as soon expect to read of certain extraordinary beings practicing gymnastics on Saturn's rings, as of ordinary terrestrial sports. But the way in which a recent number of the *Journal* dissects a certain prize poem is a caution to aspirants in the poetic line. The little poem in the last number attributed to us was taken from our "Clippings," and does not, therefore, belong to us.

The *Argosy,* from N. B., is a neat, attractive paper. The following stanzas are from "Lethe," a pleasant little poem in the last number:

> "So our Past, in tangled fragments,
> Glides adown the treacherous waves,
> Oh, the many, many treasures,
> Oh, the loved and hoarded treasures
> Lost in Lethean caves!
>
> "Onward flow the careless waters,
> But they leave upon the beach
> Countless jewels, pearls of memory,
> Lethe cannot reach."

The literary and editorial matter is interesting.

We like the common sense of our Virginia friend, the *Roanoke Collegian.* We heartily concur with the sentiment of the article from which we clip the following:

"There are some still found among us in the South who apply the term 'Yankee' as an opprobrious epithet to all living north of a certain degree of latitude, regarding them as a calculating, mercenary, overreaching and unsocial class of people. In like manner, many in the North still regard the Southern people as treacherous, insincere, perfidious and ready to precipitate another civil war. They view each other at an unvarying angle, from fixed points of observation. They see one another in one aspect only, and that a very circumscribed one. There should be more change and exchange of position. Had all parts of this land known each other more intimately, the inflammatory and recriminating exaggeration of agitators in both sections could never have produced estrangement and fomented strife. They need to have more adequate and enlarged information concerning each other. And the same need still exists in order to secure that mutual respect and good-will which are the essential groundwork of lasting peace and harmony."

With the number of March 1st, the *Columbia Spectator* passed into the control of a new Board of Editors. The editors elect state it to be their aim "to issue a college newspaper, which shall be a representative of the whole of Columbia, and not of any particular department or class." The *Spectator* has always been one of the liveliest and most interesting of our exchanges, and will, we trust, continue to be such. An editorial of

the present issue states very properly, it seems to us, the relation that should exist between the college press and the college faculty. The serial, "Only a Vassar Girl" seems to us altogether too silly for a college paper. The writer sometimes unfortunately mistakes vulgarity for wit.

The *Berkeleyan* from the University of California, would be a credit to any college in the country. We are especially pleased with the February number. The magazine is so large as to allow twenty-four pages to literary matter, but the articles are so fresh and interesting that we could not wish them less numerous. We especially enjoyed "Wit and Humor." These qualities of style are pleasantly discussed, many apt quotations being interwoven. The remaining literary articles are also interesting. In the editorial department the Editors freely express their mind to the Faculty. Although we believe it to be one of the functions of the college paper to give the student side to college government and instruction, yet we think the opinions of the editors would have more weight, if, in a few instances, their tone were less complaining and more candid.

The *Volante* for February contains a full report of how they celebrated the birthday of "The Father of his Country" at Chicago University. We should say, on the whole, that the occasion must have been a very pleasant one. We noticed, too, that the members of the Faculty had not forgotten that they were once college boys themselves, and did not disdain to take an active part. One of them even took the place of the "Freshman Sage" and read a very pleasant poem. Dr. Anderson, the President of the University, responding to the toast, "Our Future," said "he could not tell the future of the University. Two wings were necessary for a bird, that it might fly, and perhaps this was true of a University. When he saw the cut of the University with both wings represented, it reminded him of the Irishmen who were framing an epitaph to put on a tombstone. They agreed on this: 'Beneath this stone two children dear; one in Ireland, the other here.'" Perhaps we, as well as those to whom it was originally addressed, can appreciate this.

We wish to say to the retiring editors of the *Chronicle*, that we think they have had marked success in representing the manifold interests of so large a University. The *Chronicle* has never hesitated to mention and condemn disgraceful acts among the students, nor has it spared those in power. While it has criticised firmly, it has done so in a manner so candid as to demand the consideration of those criticised. It has never stooped to vulgarity, but has ever maintained a becoming dignity.

OTHER COLLEGES.

COLUMBIA.

There is at present a good degree of interest in athletic sports.

The Freshmen have received and accepted a challenge from the Harvard Freshmen, to row an eight oared race. The race is to take place at New London, Conn.

By means of the Registers of all the Departments, the number of students are ascertained to be 1410, an increase of 70 from last year. The increase is in the Medical School which contains within its walls the largest class it has ever known.—*Ex.*

TRINITY.

The ball nine and boat crew are doing good work in the Gymnasium. Trinity students are notably liberal in their contributions to the support of athletic sports.

The late disturbances were in some respects the most remarkable that the college world has for some time witnessed. They seemed to result from a fixed determination on the part of the Faculty to treat the students as children, and an equal determination on the part of the latter not to be so treated. The refusal of the students of *all* classes to attend College exercises was indeed remarkable. But what was most remarkable of all was the reconciliation. It seems that now the most friendly feeling exists between students and Faculty.

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN.

There is one member of the Senior class who feels justified in stating aud maintaining that he has followed the maxim, "Know thyself," with profit. A few days since he received from one of the promiment Professors an examination certificate which read thus: "Mr. A. has passed his examination in the Mr. A. of the Senior class."—*Ex.*

We take the following statistics from the Calendar: Students in the literary department, resident graduates, 11; fourth year, 49; third year, 67; second year, 95; first year 172; select, 47; total, 441. Medical students, 329; laws, 406; pharmacy students, 71; homœpaths, 63; dental students, 62. Total in the University, 1,372.—*Chronicle*

The proposition made by some facetious member of the Legislature that 4000 cords of wood and 1000 saw-bucks be purchased and forwarded to the University in *lieu* of a Gymnasium, has perhaps more of value in it than would at first blush be supposed. We, after a careful study, figure it out in this manner: That wood might be sold to the students at the rate of four or five dollars a cord, provided it is hickory. And then the saw-bucks would count for something, if retailed at a slight discount. The thanks of the students should be tendered to that legislator, and the Athletic Association should take measures to secure that

wood. The gymnasium question is settled! Rejoice all! Queer that no one saw such an easy way out of the difficulty before.—*Chronicle.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

Of the 375 members of Congress, 191 are college graduates.

Twenty-two American colleges use the Roman pronunciation of Latin.

Some of the Cornell professors give lectures which are fully illustrated—by cuts.

In Italy there are twenty-one universities, the oldest at Bologna, founded in 1119.

In the Latin recitations, all questions, answers, and explanations are rendered in Latin at Trinity.

Two female universities have been recently established in Italy, one at Florence, and another at Rome.

There are twenty-nine colleges in Pennsylvania, and fourteen of them have twelve or more instructors.

The German universities cost the State $2,500,000 per annum. There are 1300 professors, and 20,226 students.

The Seniors at Dartmouth have petitioned the Trustees of the College to limit the number of speakers on the Commencement stage to eight.

The religious interest in Dartmouth College is increasing, and has not been equalled for years. The conversions are largely among the Junior and Freshman classes. Rev. S. P. Leeds, pastor of the College Church conducts the meetings.

The semi-annual examination papers at Harvard, were printed from four to ten o'clock on the morning of the examination day. They were, accordingly, much more interesting and newsy than usual to many of the examined, and the examiners were happy.—*Atheneum.*

Miss Baker, a young lady only sixteen years old, has been appointed a Tutor in Greek in Simpson College, at Indianola. She reads and writes Greek fluently, and at the age of fourteen had made a complete lexicon of one of Sophocle's tragedies. She also reads and writes Latin as well as she does Greek, and has gone likewise into French, German, and Mathematics. Her father was her only instructor.—*Independent.*

CLIPPINGS.

Recitation in Political Economy. Professor —"Does your coat represent debt?" Student—"Yes—yes, I s'pose it does."—*Harvard Advocate.*

There was nothing but a plain slab at the head of the mound, but the simple inscription upon it tells its own sad story: "He was umpire in a close game."—*Ex.*

Prof. H——(translating a clause from Plautus)—"What did you say

you rascal?" Mr. A——(who seems to have just aroused himself)—"Did you speak to me, Professor?"—*College Argus.*

And this time a Junior was left. They were coming home from church, and he thought that on no other night had she been quite so confiding or looked into his face with such a trustful look. The night was perfect; the mellow light of fair *Luna* shed a quaint and ancient beauty over our classic city and lent an indescribable witchery to the scene; and as the silvery beams, relieved by a passing cloud, fell athwart the face of his idol, the following was produced:

He (sentimentally)—"Oh, Lun*ie!* thou art the moon."

She (impatiently)—"Oh, *Spoony, thou art the loon.*"

Cupid has since died.—*College Transcript.*

"Sir," thundered the irate Professor, as his right hand described a parabola in the air, and his eye shot a double-ordinate of wrath straight through the focus of the offending Sophomore,—"sir, how shall I characterize such a definition of the hyperbola as you have just given me?" "I think," meekly responded the wretched Sophomore, convulsively twining his legs around the sub-tangent of the chair,—"I think I should call it hyperbolical." "No, sir!" came the crushing reply, "it is simply diabolical!" And then the stern features of the arbiter of fate relaxed, as he eliminated his victim from the chair, and decribed the circumference of a British duck's egg in the register.—*Acta.*

Junior (parsing)—"*Nihil* is a noun." Professor—"What does it come from?" Student—"It doesn't come at all." Professor—"Doesn't it come from *nihil?* Student—"No, sir. *Ex nihilo nihil fit.*"—*Knox Student.*

Scene in Dr. Krauth's room: Senior—"Professor, I read in the paper the other day that there was a woman in New York who has been unconscious for tweny years, and in that time has taken nothing; do you think that is true?" Dr. K.—"O yes, sir; the graveyards are full of them."—*University Magazine.*

THE FRESHMAN.

How doth the busy little Fresh
Work till he thinks he's hunk,
Then go up to his little "ex—"
And make a beastly flunk.—*Ex.*

Why is the Freshman class like Shetland Island? Famous for its ponies.—*Ex.*

There was a bright Freshman named Blank,
Who studied, but never for rank,
He went into Greek
With great faith in cheek,
And flunked—this bright Freshman named Blank.—*Williams Athenaeum.*

THE SOPHOMORE.

Oh, the Soph, the Soph,
The obstreporous Soph.
Blowing and shooting his big mouth off,
Following, watching, aping the Senior,
Miserable Soph, your running great danger.
—*Ex.*

Oh, the song of the Soph, has no musical rule,
As he howls in the chemical hall;
It is louder by half than the bray of the mule,
Interspersed with a thundering bawl.
What a shaking of the roof as they clatter with their hoofs!
What a bellowing sound, as they grin!
But they stop—short—never to go again
When the Prof. comes in!"—*Acta.*

Swans sing before they die;
'Twere no bad thing
Should certain persons die
Before they sing.—*Ex.*

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Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 26, 1879.

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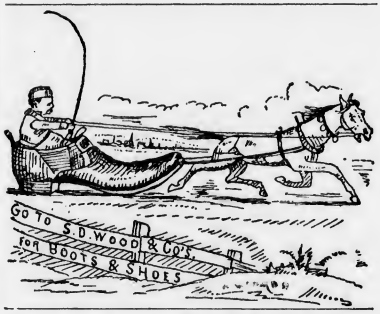
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THE

BATES STUDENT.

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UNION.

J. N., '75.

UNION is the fundamental principle of universal law. Entering its formation and all its complicated workings, union shapes and prepares each element for the performance of its appropriate part in the perfection of one grand whole. Like the air to the human system, it is necessary to existence, and gives strength in proportion to its purity.

Man, as a part of Nature's vast plan, is subject to the same law. The head and excellence of all created things—individually, he is weak, in union strong. Isolated from society, he loses the power of speech and reflection; but through association with his fellow-men, he is capable of acquiring the highest degree of education.

The individual and society are thus interdependent—the individual upon society for the security of his rights and the development of his distinctive human qualities, society upon the individual for strength and the common safety. Union is, therefore, necessary to individual and national prosperity. The firmer the union, the higher the development of the individual and the more powerful the nation.

In what, then, does national unity consist? In the subordination of specialties to a general intention. This is the general law of organisms; and in society it is not repealed, but modified by the "liberty which accompanies human life . . . . bringing with it responsibility to God and man." Not the subordination claimed by tyrants, making man but a slave to their slightest wish, a tool to further their base designs, nor that of those mighty nations of ancient times which silently ate away their very foundations and left nothing but the bruised and broken frag-

ments of their once proud glory; but such a subordination as shall admit of the highest degree of individuality; such as, recognizing the principle that "all men are created free and equal," shall secure to each individual the enjoyment of every right bestowed upon him by his Creator. Liberty is thus the grand secret of national prosperity. And not until we remember that individual qualities can be brought into full action only where liberty is secured; not, indeed, until we recall the vast diversity of those qualities and the inseparability of liberty and voluntary association, can we conceive of the sublimity of those words which still ring in the ears of every patriotic people—"Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable."

But how can such a subordination be secured? From the experience of centuries, it is evident that it can be secured only through the law of love. When each individual, laying aside petty prejudices, shall devote himself to the common welfare; when the spirit of good-will shall pervade all classes, bringing them together as members of a common brotherhood — then shall we see the true embodiment of national unity. Then shall the horrors of civil war be unknown. Then shall arise nations full of prosperity, honor, and the glory of art and science,— nations confident of perfect safety and strong in their power to overcome all oppression.

But is this the highest ideal of union? Far from it. When we witness nations destroying each other, the victors bathing their hands in the blood of the vanquished and raving in idiotic delight over their bodies writhing with agony, and when we remember that much of this had no worthier source than absurd notions of national honor,— we are led to think that national unity is but a stepping-stone to a higher and more glorious union. When all nations, remembering that they are the children of a common Father, assembled under the common roof of the heavens, shall unite in the bonds of brotherly love and decide all disputes by the impartial laws of Christianity; and finally, when the law of love, acting upon nations as upon individuals, shall produce harmony in the constitution and relations of the whole human race, then, and not till then, shall our highest ideal of union be consummated. Then shall the will of God be done; and this earth, so long tempest-tossed, like a clear and peaceful lake, shall reflect the image of heaven.

THALATTA.

"Was it the sound of the distant surf that was in mine ears, or the low moan of the breeze as it crept through the neighboring wood? Oh, that hoarse voice of Ocean—never silent since time began—where has it not been uttered?" HUGH MILLER.

WHAT is this cry of thine, O Sea? This loud,
Hoarse cry that fills the world? In east and west
We hear thee in thy wrinkled, vast unrest,
A liquid, thunderous mass, thick-robed in cloud.
Eternal Mourner, in thine earthquake-plowed
And rocky shores, 'mid storms that to thy breast
Return, as eagles screaming to their nest,
Thou rollest unconsoled. Control thy proud,
Long waves a little time; thou anguish-tossed
And blind, be still! O Titan-father, lost
Is that great age thou mournest and the race
Of gods is lost! The ghost-moon on thy face
Shines bright. The stars, that once were loud with glee,
Are hushed. Why should'st thou not be still, O Sea?

W. P. F., '81.

WIT.

BY S. C. M., '79.

MAN has been well defined as the laughing creature. The benevolence of the Creator's design in giving him this distinctive characteristic is very apparent; for it is not only the way of expressing most forcibly our joy, but also the cause of much of it. It is a feature of our nature that we should be proud of and never suffer ourselves to abuse. Had it not been given us, wit and humor and—foolishness would never have been known. He s justly banished from the society of his fellows, who cannot, upon a fitting occasion, give an earnest expression of his genial, joyous nature in a burst of hearty laughter. Upon a *fitting occasion*, I say; for mere habitual, mechanical laughter is unmistakably the characteristic of the lunatic, the idiot, and the fool.

One of the wisest of men in one of his wisest sayings, has said that there is more of the fool in mankind than of the wise. I am seriously inclined to believe that we shall have to plead guilty to this charge. The

observing and unprejudiced mind is surprised to find in the society man of the present generation an inordinate capacity for foolishness. In our day, wit is indeed a scarce article; but no age or people ever possessed an abundance of it. Yet that there have been times when the excess of foolishness over wit was much less than it now is, when, if people could not be witty, they were at least content to be sensible rather than foolish, I am fully persuaded to believe. But that any radical change is to be wrought in the present condition is not to be looked for, nor is it, perhaps, greatly to be desired. We are content, and it is well. Society, however, should not claim to be what it is not. To say it is the resort of wit and wits is far from the truth. Wit was never made for common society. It is an ornament too rare and costly. Society must be contented if it gets anything even approaching the humorous. Wit is always invited to the social party, but seldom goes. It sends a substitute, infinitely inferior, yet it gives perfect satisfaction to the company. It is a matter of fact that all those world-wide sallies of wit happened by accident—accident hardly ever occurring in society. Wits sometimes, indeed, wait upon society, but masked in soberness. I suppose that this is fortunate and designed; for to give a really sharp joke would doubtless be attended with serious consequences—perhaps one or two deaths, at least, a profusion of hysterics.

But if society has not a constitution favorable to wit, yet it will be urged that we have an abundance of it in books, and our humorous works will be cited as proof of this. True, our humorous works are, at present, numerous and amusing; but humor, although similar to wit in kind, is immensely different in degree. Wit can not be spun out and made to fill volumes. It is produced spontaneously, and generally has but a small audience. So that of the little vouchsafed us, a great portion is lost. Some of our finest specimens have undoubtedly come from the workman at his bench, or the farmer at his plow. We are naturally a witty people; not in the sense that every man is a wit; but we have the faculty of managing wit so as to give the best possible effect. The Frenchman spoils his joke by laughing at it himself; the German is naturally phlegmatic; but the Anglo-Saxon's sober face increases the effect of his joke tenfold.

We have some of the finest specimens of wit of any people. For example, what could be finer than this one of Porson's: A young upstart is lavishly praising the composition of an inferior modern poet. "It will be read," says he, "when Virgil and Homer are forgotten." "Yes," replied Porson, "but not till then."

Sheridan's son said to him one

day, "If I ever get into Parliament, I shall write upon my forehead '*To Let.*'" "Yes," said Sheridan, smiling, "and you might add '*unfurnished.*'"

And this isn't bad from Foote. One day he was walking with Garrick, the actor, who was a very penurious man. While in earnest conversation, Garrick dropped a guinea, which rolled from the sidewalk down through the grating into the sewer. He started back with a troubled look and exclaimed, "There's a guinea gone to h—l." "Ah!" replied Foote, "God knows, Davie, you'll make a guinea go further than any man in the kingdom."

Such are some of the finest specimens of wit. They did not originate in ordinary minds. How often, nowadays, can the man whom society calls witty claim kindred and fellowship with these names? He does not exist. There is a little lesson that may be drawn from the facts in the case, and it may be of profit to many, if heeded. Don't strive to be what you know you never was made to be. Don't think that you possess what is given, at most, to only a dozen in a generation. When this lesson is learned, affectation and foolishness will be somewhat diminished, and people will see that wit, like all other gems, must be rare.

"DO NOBLE DEEDS?"

DREAMING, dreaming, naught but dreaming,
When there is so much to do,
With the fields all white for harvest,
And the laborers so few!

In a world of so much error,
With so many sins to blight,
Who can sit an idle dreamer,
Make no effort for the right?

There is nothing wrong in dreaming
If it has its proper place,
If but prompt and noble action
Ever followeth apace.

Painters work out dreams in pictures,
Poets' dreams produce sweet songs,
Each humanity may better
Help the dawn of peace along.

But earth's lazy, idle dreamers
Are the drones within the hive,
Feeding upon others' labor
Neither dead, nor yet alive.

Dreaming ne'er will lift the fallen,
Naked clothe or hungry feed,
Never light the souls in darkness
Nor bind up the hearts that bleed.

Dreaming ne'er will vanquish error,—
There must come blow after blow,—
Ere the giant tree of evil
Ever will be lying low.

Work, real work, is what is wanted
All this earthly journey through,
And, methinks, in yon bright heaven
Work is the first order, too.

"Hitherto my Father worketh,
And I work," our Saviour said;
And I doubt not all those labor
Whom we mortals count as dead.

Oh, arouse ye dreaming mortals;
Great the work there is to do,
And earth's dreamers are too many
And her workers far too few.

Old Age waiteth just before us,
Death stands ever at our door,
"Well done good and faithful servant"
Be my greeting I implore.

SOCIAL EQUALITY.

BY T. J. B., '79.

WHAT is social equality some one may ask? The question may be answered somewhat after this manner.

It is that condition of life which has been sought after by the human race down through all the ages, from the time when our first parents were driven from the garden of Eden to the present hour, and which has never been obtained.

It is not equal rights before the law, for men may have all the rights the law can give them and then not be socially equal. It is not the equality of riches, for men might be as rich as Dives, or as poor as Lazarus, and still not be socially equal. Nor is it an equality in the simple right of franchise, for the very act of using this destroys the notion of social equality. But why go on enumerating? Social equality is the flower that might indeed have burst into full blossom in Paradise, but which, though budding anew with every summer of the race, has as often been blighted by the selfishness of man. Social equality is the brotherhood of man in every condition of life, and under all circumstances.

And you ask, how can these things be, and do you doubt the possibility of such a change? Then you must doubt the doctrines of Christianity. It has been fitly said that the conditions of life are always changing. From this it may be inferred that the condition of social inequality will give place to the condition of social equality.

The next question to be answered is, how this change may be accomplished? By sending the searching eye of science, and the warm current of philanthropy into the social relations of man, organizing labor so as to lift the yoke of poverty from the millions, and to wrench the sceptre of tyranny and monopoly from the hands of the few; by reorganizing the whole structure of society; consulting nothing but love in marriage, nothing but friendship in the dealings of man with man, nothing but the genuine feeling of paternity in the relations of old and young, strong and weak, patron and client, master and servant.

Do you say these things are impossible? Then is Christianity impossible. Then is man's destiny a mere blustering tale that is told, full of sound and fury, signifying nothing; then the voices that come as from beyond the grave in the deep tones of bards and prophets, and the soul whispers that seem to come from God, telling of future triumphs and unrealized glories, are but from lying lips and a deceitful tongue.

But no, there is a better faith, a nobler hope, a greater apprehension of the future condition of the race. Do you mark that class of men laboring under the galling bonds of human slavery, toiling on day after day, with no hope and in continual misery, scantily fed and poorly clothed, and sending up that perpetual cry of anguish, "How long, oh, Lord! how long?" Now mark the same men since those manacles have been broken, since they enjoy the fruit of their labor. What a difference there is in the tone of voice that is raised to Heaven,—not wailing and lamentations, but praise and thanksgiving. From these things we may reasonably expect that the whole condition of life will be changed, for we believe that such is the destined condition of mankind upon earth. When man shall realize every ideal, every noble aspiration of his nature; when he shall remove every sorrow and degradation that bow down his spirit to the dust; when science and art, philosophy and religion, shall crown his head with glory and imparadise his earthly habitation; when the visions of the prophet, the dreams of the poet, the aspirations of the philanthropist, the sacred hopes of the martyr, shall not only fill with admiration the heart of youth, and quicken the sluggish pulses of old age, but shall stand realized in the full and glorious fruition of an imperishable and noble equality,—then shall the sublime mission of Christianity be fulfilled in the brotherhood of mankind, in a sacred and enduring equality.

Then let us exclaim in the language of Fuller: "Oh, Hope, bear us on thy trembling wings to that sublime future; and let thy sister, Faith, touch our eyes with her heaven-piercing power to see those divine images that ever beckon our souls upward to perfection, and fill its chambers with the far-off music and symphony of a new-created world.

RETROSPECTION.

O'ER the hill, by the mill,
Runs a little river,
Where before, in days of yore,
An Indian lost his quiver.

By the stream, half in a dream,
Stands a lovely maiden,
Where before, in days of yore,
Stood a donkey laden.

E. S. K.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

WE can not refer to the work of our library societies without a feeling of pleasure. They have eminently fulfilled the objects for which they were organized. Their tendency, since we have been in College, has been unequivocally for education, discipline, and culture. Their influence, too, has been gratifyingly salutary; binding the students together by pleasant and cultured association, and giving them, to a certain degree, inspiration and encouragement to study. The libraries connected with the societies have provided easy and by no means limited facilities for reading and investigation. The books are fresh and well selected. They are up with the times.

We can praise, though not in so high a degree, the manner in which the meetings of the societies have been conducted. The general outline of the programmes has been entirely satisfactory. Equitable importance, we may say, has been commonly given to the several branches of society work. Declamations, debate, essay writing, etc., have each received their deserved attention. This is all excellent. But is it enough?

We presume the assertion would not be denied, that the members lack that true, hearty interest in society work which would make every Friday evening meeting a success. Its truth is too evident. Several Friday nights have slipped away when no meetings were held. The members easily excuse their non-attendance. They are too tired; have other work to do; cannot go in to-night. This is all very well for talk.

There is one truth that requires no demonstration: When left to our choice, we always do what we like to; we do what we have an interest to do. If the students could derive more satisfaction in society than elsewhere, could feel that there was the most advantageous place to spend their Friday evenings, of course they would be there. We suppose they have common sense.

There is, then, a reason for their being absent. They have a stronger interest elsewhere. They go there through the action of a greater force. There is nothing strong enough to compel their attendance on society, when inclination is strong enough to attract them elsewhere.

What is the matter, and who is to blame? Doubtless all the members are more or less to blame. The trouble is easy to discover. It is monotony. We, for one, do not

like it. We like a variety in anything. For instance, we think, if necessity demanded it, we could eat baked beans five times a week with a relish; but we should object to have them twenty-one times a week and between meals. It might be better than some board we have seen, but we should call it monotonous.

Monotony is the trouble with our society. Every meeting is alike. You can tell before you go in, who will speak and pretty nearly the order. They are a good deal like some prayer-meetings we have seen. Any regular attendant can predict every tune that will be sung, and can keep ten words ahead in the prayer and exhortation of every good brother. Such meetings are often excellent prayer meetings; for the spirit manifested is good; but they will never do for a society meeting. Society meetings demand freshness, novelty, originality, as well as culture and discipline. When a man is not compelled to do any thing, you must make the work agreeable before he will do it.

Our debates might be more stirring and interesting. As it is now, we have the question given us to discuss, and we are not expected to change it in any way. With this practice we gain no knowledge of parliamentary rules. We acquire no experience in the application of such a motion as the "Previous Question." We learn nothing of "Privileged Questions." We all know how to make a motion and second it. We all know how to vote. But the most of us can proceed no further into the interstices of parliamentary practice.

A knowledge of parliamentary law is, in these days, quite an accomplishment. It is absolutely indispensable to the public man. To know how to conduct a public meeting properly is far more important than to know much that we are trying to learn.

The application of the various difficult motions in our society debates will create excitement and interest and afford instruction. If such excitement and interest were maintained, and such instruction afforded, we should have good attendance. We have great faith in an energetic trial. Increased interest might be awakened in other departments through ingenuity and effort; but we should be especially pleased to see some such change as we have suggested inaugurated in the debates.

Measures have already been taken to bring about this change in one of our societies. The members of that society have unanimously approved of the innovation. We counsel the use of patience, enthusiasm, and charity, and predict for the departure success.

The college is not a heathen institution. Why, then do we so often hear it said that college life is unfavorable to religious development? A strange inconsistency, isn't it, on

the part of Christian men to spend the labors and the accumulated property of a life-time, in order to found an institution that is to develop infidels and skeptics? Yes, we know this outcry about the religious influence of college life comes, in great measure, from outsiders, who know nothing about it. But it don't come altogether from that source. We hear students, great, strong fellows, too, saying, "I can't live a Christian life in college." What is the trouble? Is college life really unfavorable to religious development? It would be difficult to give any reason why the moral part of our nature can not be developed with the intellectual. It is for the mutual advantage of these two parts of our nature that they be cultivated together.

Whether we consider college life unfavorable to religion depends on what we mean by religion. If we mean cant, then, we rejoice to say, the college is unfavorable to it. But if we mean Christianity, the development of true and noble manhood, then the college is no more unfavorable to it than the world at large. The trouble is, there has been too much cant in the religion of the college student, and not enough genuine Christianity. A student is afraid of being called a "good boy," or in some way of meeting the derision of his fellows. And one thus afraid deserves to be derided. But never yet have we heard Christian manhood derided by college students.

Is it said that it is hard to be a Christian in college? So is it hard to be a student; yet who says a college is not a good place in which to get an education? Does any one, who has come to college for the purpose of obtaining knowledge and developing the intellect, complain that the way of the college curriculum is a *hard* way in which to attain this end? Does he seek some *easier* way? Why, every one knows that no intellectual development can be obtained without an effort, without a struggle. What a fool is a man to expect moral development without equal effort and struggle! If one seeks true Christian manhood, and is willing to strive for it, he can attain it in college as well as elsewhere.

Men could use more common sense about their religion with advantage. They are too apt to regard religion as something altogether unnatural. But moral progress is just as natural as intellectual. The student, especially, ought to view religion in the light of common sense, and to meet the demands of his moral nature in the same manner in which he meets the demands of his intellectual nature,—with honest, manful effort. To be a Christian is to be a true man. Then why not stand up in the strength of manhood? But how often do college students regard their religion as something to

be covered up,—something about which as little as possible is to be said. We hear them talk with their fellows about their politics and about their studies; why not talk about their religion?

We are glad to see that cant is being driven from our College, and that Christian manhood is taking its place. Who does not rejoice at it? Yet there is more to be done in this direction. If there are true men in college, let them see to it that this work does not stop.

We have little conscience to propose reforms whereby additional labor will be given to our already overworked Faculty, but there is one way in which great good might be done with very little labor.

Every student, on entering college, has an idea in his head of a course of reading. With some this idea, if properly cared for, would accomplish great results; with others, the results would be small, but yet they would be something. But the sad past is that most boys go out of college without having learned how to read, in any such degree as they ought.

Students are to blame. They are not excused here. Nor is any perfect remedy proposed. When self-improvement becomes the one purpose of college boys, then ways and means can be found that shall never fail. Until that happy time arrives, we suggest the following as a partial cure, giving our opinion that, as something practical, it would be more effective than all the advice crowded into a dozen volumes.

At the beginning of each year, certain ones of the teachers, assisted by the desires and tastes of the student himself, should mark out for each one a course of reading for that year. At the end of the year, let the student be examined on what he has done. Also, and especially, the student's themes for the year should be suggested by his reading, and should be such that he would need to read little else in order to be well informed on the different subjects. As it is now, if one lays out his year's reading, he cannot follow it, for he must read on his subjects for essays and declamations. Essays must be written, and one's own tastes are, to a great degree, set aside.

The Professor is glad to assist a student in any such ways as we here ask for, but the student does not himself realize the importance of it till nearly through his course. "Supervision" is wanted. But into some plan like this we should all enter with enthusiasm.

Our new Professor. How shall his salary be paid? That problem is doubtless puzzling wiser heads than ours, and it will be properly solved, with no help from us; still, as the subject is somewhat interesting, we venture to jot down a few thoughts.

Prof. —— must have good pay,

for he is to be a first-class man; but, since he is a young man, and since a Professorship at Bates is a good deal of an honor, his price will not be exorbitant. There are one hundred and ten students at Bates, at the lowest, who actually recite. The catalogue has seventeen more. Now if the tuition, which is at present thirty-six dollars per year, should be raised to fifty, the sum realized from the addition would be fifteen hundred and forty dollars. That would be quite a respectable salary. Of course this does not take into account the students who receive aid. It is here assumed that each one will gladly pay fifty-six dollars, with interest, for the additional value to him of a course at Bates, with another instructor.

Students, speak your minds. Let us see if even among us there can not be a little worldly wisdom, when occasion calls.

On Friday evening, March 28th, occurred the annual Senior Exhibition. The existence of sundry dark and threatening mud-puddles on the walk across the Campus did not prevent a very respectable audience from assembling in the College Chapel on that occasion.

The order of exercises is given below:

MUSIC.

Quartette—O'er the Dark Blue Sea.—*Gooch.*

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

Quartette—Stars of the Summer Night.—*Hatton.*

1. Education and the State. M. C. Smart.
2. Wit. S. C. Mosely.
3. The Strategy of Providence. R. F. Johonnett.
4. Shall I Go to the Theatre? C. M. Sargent.

MUSIC.

Song—O, Loving Heart, Trust On.—*Gottschalk.*
Mr. Jones.

5. Social Equality. T. J. Bollin.
6. Conscience in Politics. F. Howard.
7. Fiction as an Educator. L. M. Perkins.
8. Individuality of Hawthorne. * E. W. Given.

MUSIC

Duet—Army and Navy.—*Cooke.*
Mr. Lothrop and Mr. Adams.

9. The Spirit Giveth Life. T. M. Lombard.
10. Catholicism in America. F. P. Otis.
11. Civil Service Reform. E. M. Briggs.
12. Antiquity of America. * W. E. Ranger.

MUSIC.

Quartette—There's Nothing Like a Freshening Breeze.—*Randegger.*

* Excused.

We will not undertake a separate criticism of each one, but of the whole we would say "well done," and content ourselves with giving special notice to a few.

For logical clearness the oration of Smart was especially excellent, but it lacked force in the delivery. *The* oration of the evening was Johonnett's; his otherwise fine oratory, however, bore the appearance of being somewhat forced. Mosely and Perkins evidently interested the audience and held their close attention. Otis dealt decisively with facts of real importance, and rendered his part with energy. Briggs's part deserves to be ranked among the best, in spite of a degree of pomposity in the delivery.

Excellent music was furnished by a male quartette of local talent.

The Prize Declamations of the Sophomore class occurred March 21st, 25th, and 27th. Hitherto, the

annual Sophomore declamations have been delivered in the Main Street Free Baptist Church. That custom having been discontinued by vote of the Faculty, they were delivered this year for the first time in the College Chapel, and notwithstanding the bad state of the traveling, the house was, every evening, well filled. Below are the programmes for the three divisions:

FIRST DIVISION.

Quartette: To Thee, O Country.—*Eichberg.*

PRAYER.

Quartette: The Stars in Heaven.—*Rheinberger.*

1. Kossuth.—*H. Mann.* R. E. Gilkey.
2. Defense of Webster.—*Clayton.* F. C. Emerson.
3. The Ballot Box.—*Chapin.* J. H. Goding.

Duet: May Bells and Flowers.—*Mendelssohn.* Miss Bumpus and Mrs. Robie.

4. The Battle-flag Resolution.—*Schurz.* F. A. Twitchell.
5. Progress of Humanity.—*Sumner.* W. W. Hayden.
6. Revolutionary Orators.—*Choate.* H. B. Nevens.

Quartette: Humpty Dumpty.—*Caldicott.*

7. Nations and Humanity.—*Curtis.* F. Wood.
8. Reply to Eulogies upon Jefferson Davis.—*Chandler.* W. T. Perkins.
9. Death of the Old Sergeant.—*Willson.* A. D. Gray.

Song: Yeoman's Wedding Song.—*Poniatowski.* T. J. Adams.

10. The Duty of American Citizens.—*Storrs.* C. L. McCleery.
11. Eulogy on O'Connell.—*Wendell Phillips.* D. McGillicuddy.
12. Rizpah.—*Blinn.* M. Kate Pike.

Quartette: Gypsy Life.—*Schumann.*

Decision of Committee.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

J. B. Cotton, Esq., P. C. Keegan, Esq., R. R. Ricker, M.D.

SECOND DIVISION.

Quartette: Joyous Life.—*Randegger.*

PRAYER.

Song: Saved from the Storm.—*Barri.* Mrs. Robie.

1. Address to Kentucky Volunteers.—*Holt.* O. H. Drake.
2. Popular Interest in Elections.—*McDuffie.* J. E. Holton.
3. The Duty of American Citizens.—*Storrs.* C. L. McCleery.

Quartette: Medley.

4. Fall and Recovery of Man.—*Evans.* G. E. Lowden.
5. Await the Issue.—*Carlyle.* J. H. Parsons.
6. Poetry and Enthusiasm.—*Robertson.* W. C. Hobbs.

Duet: The Fishermen.—*Gabussi.* Mr. Lothrop and Mr. Adams.

7. Concord and Lexington.—*Curtis.* C. S. Haskell.
8. Grecian Literature.—*Macaulay.* W. J. Brown.
9. The Progress of Society.—*Channing.* W. B. Perkins.

Song: The Wood Nymph's Call.—*Williams.* Miss Bumpus. Flute Obligato. Mr. Lothrop.

10. Victor of Marengo.—*Clark.* E. T. Pitts.
11. Results of the American War.—*Fox.*
12. Centennial Oration.—*Brown.* H. E. Foss.

Quartette: Song of the Sky Lark.—*Mendelssohn.*

Decision of Committee.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

L. G. Jordan, A.M., Prof. S. W. Ingalls, A. M. Garcelon, M.D.

THIRD DIVISION.

Quartette: Spring is Coming.—*Goldbeck.*

PRAYER.

Duet: Holy Mother, Guide his Footsteps.—*Wallace.* Miss Bumpus and Mrs. Robie.

1. Grit.—*Whipple.* G. L. Record.
2. South Carolina and Massachusetts.—*Webster.* B. S. Rideout.
3. Richelieu.—*Anon.* H. S. Roberts.

Song: On to the Field of Glory.—*Donizetti.* Mr. Lothrop.

4. Charles Sumner—*Schurz.* C. W. Williams.
5. Unjust National Acquisitions.—*Corwin.* Oscar Davis.
6. The Progress of Society.—*Channing.* W. P. Perkins.

Quartette: Nursery Rhyme.—*Caldicott.*

7. The Flag Restored on Sumter.—*Beecher.* Reuel Robinson.
8. The Memory of Washington.—*Everett.* H. E. Coolidge.
9. Eulogy on O'Connell.—*Phillips.* D. McGillicuddy.

Song: The Wood Nymph's Call.—*Williams.* Miss Bumpus. Flute Obligato. Mr. Lothrop.

10. The Battle Flag Resolution.—*Schurz.*
F. A. Twitchell.
11. Extracts from Kossuth.
F. R. Baker.
12. Centennial Oration.—*Brown.*

Quartette: Day Break.—*J. C. D. Parker.*

Awarding of Prize.

COMMITTEE OF AWARD.

Rev. Father Wallace, W. K. Oakes, M.D., Rev. L. Reynolds.

At the close of the Declamations by the First Division, the Committee of Award remained out a long time without being able to come to a decision; but at length, to the evident satisfaction of the audience, Messrs. McGillicuddy and Twitchell were put over to contend for the prize in the Third Division.

Perkins rendered Zach. Chandler's late Congressional speech in such a manner as to allow us easily to imagine ourselves in the Halls of Congress listening to its original delivery. Gray adapted himself with remarkable success to a very difficult dramatic selection. Miss Pike has a rich voice and fine elocutionary and dramatic talent, but the effect of her declamation was marred by being spoken, at times, in too low a tone to be heard in all parts of the house.

From the Second Division, Perkins and Foss were chosen to contend for the prize in the Third. Pitts' rendering of the Victor of Marengo, was decidedly thrilling, and the parts of Messrs. Lowden, Parsons, Haskell, and Brown are worthy of special attention. The result of the final contest was the awarding of the prize to McGillicuddy, who is evidently a "born" orator. His most distinguishing characteristics are his entire absorption in the spirit of his declamation and his apparent reserve power — the two combining to give him the appearance of one expressing his own thoughts rather than the words of another committed to memory.

Of the others, special mention is due to Perkins, whose mechanical execution is remarkably graceful, but who would have been more successful if he had attracted the attention of his audience less to the execution and proportionally more to the sentiment.

The Committee of Award made honorable mention of Record—whose method of delivery, by the way, is quite unique and pleasing—Perkins, Twitchell, and Foss.

The exercises as a whole were decidedly creditable, both to the participants and to their instructor. There were, however, noticeable in each division frequent mispronunciations, notably of foreign words.

We would like to call attention to one thing more. While the majority of the declamations had evidently been cut down to the regulation, 700 words, there were several—the more deliberate rendering of which was not sufficient to account for the fact that their delivery occupied much more time than others. It is certainly but fair that all be served alike in this matter.

Very enjoyable music was furnished for the three divisions by the Schumann Quartette.

LOCALS.

Winter hates to let go.

No recitations Fast Day.

Now for croquet and base-ball.

Did you see anything of vacation?

'82 has a new member, B. Murch.

Only four Freshmen live in Parker Hall.

Indication of spring—the firing of the Campus.

An '82 man defines a cube as "anything that's square."

McKenney, '82, has charge of the Reading Room for this term.

The Juniors recite twice a day in Zoölogy. German at eleven.

A public meeting of the Polymnian will probably be held some time this term.

Twenty-four of the Sophomores take Calculus. The remainder continue their French.

No. 40 Parker Hall, with a back room adjoining it, has been fitted up for a recitation room.

Prof. Angell is to build a residence the coming summer, on his lot corner of College and Frye Sts.

Our College amateur bird stuffers will soon have plenty to do. We have one or two quite ornithologists.

The Juniors have voted to celebrate Ivy Day. We hope their ivy will be *as* flourishing as that of '79.

We hope soon to enjoy the upper Chapel for devotional exercises.

The Freshmen are discussing the advisability of purchasing class caps.

The *canes* were not so very bad looking after all. *They* ought not to be blamed.

The nine have made arrangements for a series of games with the Brunonians of Brown University.

The Faculty are said to have made several interesting (?) discoveries in their recent examination of Parker Hall.

An account of the Sophomore Debate, held on Wednesday evening, April 16th, will appear in our next number.

We have needed the luxury of that sidewalk. It would have saved many wet feet, and more wicked interjections.

A critical observer states that the new fledged pedestrians have worn the Gymnasium floor to the depth of half an inch.

It was never discovered how sweetly the Juniors could smile until they got into the circuit of the galvanic battery.

Donovan, formerly of '80, has been visiting his old classmates and friends at the College. He is now stopping at his home in Lisbon. At the late town election, he was the Greenback Democratic candidate for Supervisor of Schools.

"In-a-certain-sense."

Strout has come back.

The Sophomore Prize Debates are to occur, this term, in five divisions.

Some of the recitation rooms have been greatly improved during the vacation by whitewash and paint.

Prof. Stanton's lectures on Ornithology to the Sophomore class are also attended by several "Upper Classmen."

Our change, restricting the literary and enlarging the editorial department, is very favorably received by our subscribers.

Given, '79, has been employed to teach the High School at Mechanic Falls. He is a teacher of accurate scholarship, and of large and successful experience.

During the closing week of last term, Prof. Stanton gave the Freshmen several interesting talks upon the races and theaters of the ancients.

Two '80 men, by the act of *habeas corpus*, have conclusively demonstrated that a sheep has no incisors in the upper jaw. This is a newly discovered fact.

How pleasant it is, in the calm, stilly night,
When engaged in somniferous growls,
To be ruthlessly torn from sleep's sweet embrace
By a Sophomore's murderous howls!

May sleep never visit the villainous two
Who stole those troublesome beds;
May the vengeance of Somnus forever descend
Upon their unmerciless heads.

Rundlett, '77, in the late "go-as-you-please" pedestrian contest at Dover, N. H., won the first prize of $50, and made the best time ever made in New England.

We hope the students generally patronized the "mum" party at Main Street Church. There are a score or more in College who need a prolonged course in just such discipline.

Morality is not wholly dead at Bates. One student, who had considerable coal "borrowed" of himself, rejoices that the conscience-smitten "borrower" has made return with usury.

The Business Manager has finally returned to his studies. All business connected with the STUDENT will be attended to by him, and all mistakes in the delivery of any number will be promptly rectified, upon notice of the mistake being given to him.

Bean, '80, has been engaged to teach the High School at Bowdoinham village. His former excellent success will warrant the prophecy of a prosperous term. We wish him the best of good luck, and are sorry to be deprived of the presence of so valuable a *bean*.

On Thursday evening, April 10th, the Seniors met at Rod's room and enjoyed another of their jollifications. Apples, oranges, peanuts, cigars, etc., constituted the treat. Jokes and songs enlivened the affair. At this meeting, Tuttle was

elected Odist, to fill the vacancy occasioned by Felch's leaving College. The class also voted, if permission is granted, that the Chapel exercises, on the morning of the last day of the present term, be conducted by the class Chaplain.

Class in Political Economy, discussing the reduction in the tobacco tax: Anxious Student (who is an inveterate smoker)—"Do you really think, Professor, that the new legislation will lower the price of tobacco?" Too suggestive to refrain from applause.

It was recently stated in a recitation in Zoölogy that if food, as beef steak, were applied exteriorly to the body, the absorbing powers of the system would draw nutriment enough to sustain life. Here is a chance for some of the "indigent" students to economize in board.

The choir have begun the No. 2, and propose to sing the pieces in regular order. They may have to sing two selections some mornings in order to complete the book and prepare for examination. We suggest that new books would not be a bad investment for *somebody (?)*.

The following talent has been engaged for Commencement: Orator, T. W. Higginson; for the Concert,—Soprano, Miss Henrietta Beebe; Contralto, Miss Anna Drasdil; Tenor, Mr. Tom Karl; Basso, Mr. M. W. Whitney; Cornet Soloist, "Shubruk"; Violin Soloist, Edward Remenji; S. L. Studley, Accompanist.

The Princeton nine announce that they will probably play in Providence, June 4th; and that after examination, if arrangements can be satisfactorily made, they intend to make a visit to Maine, and play Bowdoin, Colby, and Bates. Our nine will be glad to welcome them, if they can come before the summer vacation, which begins about the end of June.

A. E. Tuttle informs us that on account of an unexpected delay in getting the illustrations, the *Garnet* has not yet made its appearance, but will soon. He hopes to receive a hearty response from the students, and especially from the Alumni, as it promises to be a most interesting publication. All orders should be at once addressed to A. E. Tuttle, Manager of *Garnet*.

The Librarian informs us, in reference to an editorial that appeared in the March number, that it would cost in the neighborhood of a thousand dollars to catalogue the Library. He authorizes us to say also that if the students will raise that sum, either by "self-denial in the matter of glass-breaking and door-smashing," or in any other way, the Library shall have a catalogue.

We were a little hasty last month in announcing the demise of the Glee Club. In the words of Daniel Webster it "still lives." Its existence, however, seems to be precarious. It has a tired look. But we hope that the approach of warm

weather and tender nursing will restore its pristine health and vigor, and that we may hear the voices of its members once more raised to "Drive dull care away."

On the evening of March 26th, a reception was tendered to the Junior class and friends by Dr. Bowen and lady at their residence on College St. Everything united to make it a wholly enjoyable occasion. The entire freedom of conversation and bearing on the part of all was sufficient indication of the social pleasure afforded to every one by the free and generous hospitality of the host and hostess. We know the entertainment was most happily appreciated by all.

A pious individual, reputed to be of unusually narrow intellectual capacity, was, one night, after a prayer-meeting in a neighboring rural locality, malignantly set upon and insulted by a crowd of boys. Our weak-minded friend thereupon delivered them a highly appropriate lecture upon the error of their ways, and his peroration was in these words: "Thar, boys, ef yer don't quit bein' so dretful mean and wicked, yer'll go one o' these days whar there's *whippin' and whalin' and snatchin' out teeth.*"

The closing week of last term had enough diversion to suit the most fastidious. It was an era of eloquence. Never before, in our remebrance, has oratory so taxed the physical structure of Hathorn Hall. But the timbers are yet strong, and the roof is still in position. This happy result may have been due to the extra facilities for ventilation which the Chapel affords. We fear, however, that the last week fostered the culture of eloquence to the detriment of scholarship. The morning recitations were beautifully illustrated by *cuts*, and by several *somniferous views* of great suggestiveness. We trust that the Profs., in making out the rank for that week, have considered this great truth, viz.: That the cultivation of the intellectual, oratorical, and social sides of one's nature, all at the same time, is especially trying, and that great mercy ought to be extended.

On the evening of March 19th, the Seniors, accompanied by ladies, assembled, in response to an invitation, at the residence of Prof. Angell and lady. After spending an agreeable season in conversation and in looking at the Professor's fine collection of pictures, the company were summoned to the dining-room and there partook of a bountiful repast. A brief time after, R. F. Johonnett brought forward an elegant picture—a fine large steel engraving of Raphael's *Aurora*, neatly and richly framed—and presented to the Professor, to his complete surprise. Mr. Johonnett, in behalf of the class, spoke of the high esteem that Prof. Angell had won from every member of '79, by

his constant kindness, earnest labor, and kind encouragement. The Professor feelingly responded, and at the same time alluded to the pleasant relations that had always existed between him and the class. The presentation of this token of esteem to Prof. Angell had long been the intention of the class, and this occasion was deemed a fitting opportunity to fulfil the intention. Thanks to the entertainment of the agreeable host and hostess, the company passed a most pleasant evening. '79 regards this as one of the happiest occasions of its College course, and will ever remember it with pleasurable feelings.

We hope not to have to record another such shameful occurrence as the assault made by a town rough upon one of the College boys, on the evening of March 20th. These are the facts in the case. Five Juniors, on their way to a circle, were evertaken on College Street by a fellow who was at first recognized as a classmate. He was familiarly addressed, but nothing whatever insulting was said. A separation occurred at Frye Street. Hardly had the Juniors crossed College to Frye, when the rough, having passed down College Street, threw a beer bottle, hitting one of the five upon the side of the head. The wound was severe. The cartilage of the ear was perforated, and an ugly gash cut behind the ear. Owing to the suddenness and unexpectedness of the assault, the rough, who was slightly intoxicated, escaped. The party assaulted has now recovered. But, alas, for the author of the *Journal* narrative! We don't know how he could have got more false statements into his version, if he had tried. By his narrative, one would hardly know but that the students themselves were drunk, and rough standing up for his rights. It is not very pleasant to those who were unavoidably mixed up in the affair, to have the published account of it contain so many false statements and suspicious speculations. We hope his future efforts, where the College boys are involved, will have a little better grammar and a little more truth.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—EDS.]

Editors of the Student:

When I came to the University, I first called on President Porter. His answer to my questions about the instruction for graduate students was an earnest "You shall be satisfied." This promise I found the instructors ready to fulfil.

BATES is not a *terra incognita.* The first time I met the Secretary, he showed me my name and address copied in full from an old catalogue. The inquiries made by Professor

Sumner and others for Harris and Wood assured me that those gentlemen have secured a welcome for our Alumni.

Professor Lounsbury's first question was, "Do you read German?" He soon had me at work on my mother-tongue with a German grammar, German text, and German lexicon. Is it not strange that the only periodicals devoted to English philology and literature are *Anglia* and *Englische Studien*, both German? After committing Karl Körner's Formenlehre, I read the Anglo-Saxon version of John's Gospel to acquire a vocabulary. Since completing that, the Professor has assigned three texts at a lesson,—standard Anglo-Saxon prose, poetry, and Early English or some dialect. We have taken up Alfric's Homilies, King Alfred's version of Paulus Orosius, Cynewulf's Elene, the Psalter, Treatise on Astronomy, Leechdoms, and several legends of the holy rood. My work on texts after the Norman Conquest includes the preparation of a vocabulary of the Romance forms, a summary showing the percentage of words coming from the French, and the proportion of foreign words to each of the parts of speech. I am fortunate in being the only student in this department, since I have the Professor all to myself, and have no competition in drawing books from the Library.

Sumner is the most positive man in the University; and his power in securing the attention and forcing conviction is marvelous. Sumner graduated from Yale in 1863, and afterwards studied philosophy at Oxford and Göttingen. After fitting for the ministry, he took orders in the Church of England; but his articles on finance soon got the upper hand of his sermons. Sumner is vehement against democracy, when opposed to constitutional liberty; against the protective tariff; and against paper money. He is an English or scientific economist, in contrast with Professor Walker, who represents the continental school. Sumner insists strongly upon the value of mathematical training, as a preparation for political economy — a science that deals with ratios and variables. For blackboard illustrations, he makes use of the mathematical method developed independently by Jevons and Walras. By curves, abscissas, and ordinates, he makes perfectly clear the phenomena of supply and demand, monopoly, the law of diminishing return, etc. Imagine the Professor's triumph, when he proves the mathematical absurdity of protection! He not infrequently earns a cheer from the class.

Whatever credit the young student may be disposed to give political economy as an exact science, he can not fail to acknowledge Sumner as master in sociology and finance. His course with the graduate students this year has included: A

course of lectures on the origin and use of money, legal tender, bimetallism, and banking; a second course on the financial and political history of the United States; and Spencer's Social Statics. He reviewed Spencer's ultra democratic views very thoroughly, and pronounced his derivation of a first principle entirely fruitless.

America's great scholar, the man Yale tries to monopolize, by saying *our* Whitney is now in Germany publishing a Sanskrit Grammar. I look forward to a year under him as the greatest privilege of the course.

Z.

New Haven, Ct., Mar. 19, '79.

Editors of the Student:

Gentlemen,—Allow me to call attention to the esteem in which our Professor of Mathematics is held in the College. The effort that he makes to help students understand and like the work, can but meet their approval. No man could do his work more faithfully. The sentiment of our class is, as you know, that he has merited and won our high regard.

Beginning with us, he has steadily tried to raise the standard of Mathematics in the course; and the results show success that must be satisfactory even to him. The number of Sophomores who take Calculus this term does honor both to the class and to the Professor.

It must be acknowledged that Professor Rand has labored under difficulties. Nearly all the fitting schools that supply Bates have given Mathematics a secondary place in their courses, and students have come here with a decided aversion to this branch of study. But even the Professor's influence is perceptible, in the increased attention beginning to be given to Algebra and Geometry in the fitting schools. We very heartily wish the Professor success.

JUNIOR.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'72.—Married at Lewiston, on Wednesday, April 2d, by Rev. Dr. Bowen, Mr. J. A. Jones and Miss Addie Skinner, both of Lewiston.

'74.—F. B. Stanford, the originator and first editor of the STUDENT, has now a permanent position on the *Independent*, to which he has been a contributor during the past four or five years. Mr. Stanford is the author of the story, entitled "A Shadow of Doubt," which, appearing in an issue of the *Independent* in September, 1877, attracted considerable attention and was republished abroad in the *London Chronicle*. Mr. S., being very young when he graduated from College five years ago, has attained a high position at an unusually early age. At this rate of progress, we may safely predict

for him a highly honorable literary career.

'76.—H. Woodbury has just entered the Bowdoin Medical School.

'76.—D. J. Callahan has been re-elected as a member of the Lewiston Board of Aldermen.

'77.—Mr. F. F. Phillips and Miss J. R. North, last month, closed a very successful year as Principal and First Assistant in the Rockland High School. They will continue in the same positions during the ensuing year.

'78.—F. D. George, of the Theological School, taught, during the past winter, in Bath.

'78.—J. Q. Adams, also of the Theological School, taught the winter term in Georgetown Village.

'78.—C. E. Hussey visited his friends at the College during the latter part of March. He still retains his position as Principal of the High School at Milton Mills, N. H.

'78.—A. M. Flagg is at his home in Auburn.

EXCHANGES.

We like the new dress of the *Rochester Campus*.

The last number of the *Pennsylvania College Monthly* gives a rather big dose of prize essay. Nevertheless, it is quite an interesting number. The article on College Influence contains practical common-sense. We are inclined, however, to deplore the dearth of editorial matter. The local items are short and possess a good degree of sprightliness.

We hardly know what to say of the *Vidette*. We don't feel like criticising it severely, for it is innocent; it hasn't said anything in particular. And that, in fact, is the principal fault we have to find with it. We wish it would say more. "Dean Swift, a Paradox," is a well written article, showing the many conflicting elements in the character of the great Dean.

The *Tyro* from the Canada Literary Institute is but in part a college paper, since most of its literary matter is selected. The contributed articles on Voltaire and George Elliot are worthy of a college paper. But isn't it rather thin to spread less than a column of locals over two columns?

The *Madisonensis* has some very sensible ideas about the object of prizes: viz., that

> "The virtue lies
> In the struggle not the prize,"

and that all the competitors for any prize, may, by their strenuous efforts and the development thus obtained, gain *the* prize. The writer of "Cowardice in Journalism," makes a spirited attack upon the partisan meanness of the American newspapers, and their underhanded attacks upon character. The author of the article about the "German Mind," appears to have studied German literature and German character, and to have profited by it.

After the college press has duly mourned the decease of the *College Rambler*, and many a touching obituary has been written, behold, here it is alive again. We welcome it back. But we can't help a feeling of pity, that after having had one peaceful death it should come back again to the hardships of life. After, as we presume, having tormented it all its lifetime, the college papers gathered round its grave and sobbed, "How much we loved it!" And now that it has come to life again those loving friends will doubtless see how much they can abuse it.

The *Acta Columbiana* is one of the most unique of our exchanges. It is distinctively a *college* paper. It never contains heavy articles. 'Tis true, its pages are sometimes occupied by matter of too light and trifling character. But the present (March) number avoids that extreme, and is to us a very interesting number. The *Acta* has made some of the most pleasing contributions to college poetry. In the present number, "A College Day" is an excellent poem of its kind. "Scribblings of a Sloper" contains some sensible ideas, pleasantly expressed.

Good-bye to the editors of the *Argus*. Congratulations for having succeeded so well in their work.

The *Hillsdale Herald* is a weekly paper. In criticising it, allowance must, of course, be made for the frequency of its publication; yet, with its eight editors, it ought to be made more interesting. It is at present in Vol. I. We hope age will make an improvement in it.

We don't want to say anything about the exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*. Too much has already been said. But we cannot help feeling much surprise that various college papers take so much notice of him. It is very evident to us that he enjoys the cheap notoriety occasioned by his peevish, senseless tirades. Unable to be great in anything else, he seems resolved to be the greatest fool in the college world. Can we not all congratulate him upon his success? College papers can pass the most effectual, as well as the most deserving, criticism upon his petulent sallies, by silence. This is not a criticism upon the Exchange Department of the *Niagara Index*; we have nothing to say about that. It is a criticism upon the college press for allowing itself to be deluded, by a childish device, into noticing that paper.

OTHER COLLEGES.

DARTMOUTH.

The religious interest still continues, and meetings are held throughout the week.

A concert was given by the Hutchinson family, on the evening of Feb. 25th, in aid of the new Gymnasium.

Professor Hardy is to deliver a lecture, entitled "A Night in Southern Spain," the proceeds of which are to go to the Base-Ball Club.

It is rumored that all studies are to be made elective, the division into classes to be abandoned, and each student's position to be determined by semi-annual examinations.

The University Nine is to have a new uniform,—gray, trimmed with green. They intend to make a tour the last of May, when they expect to play Harvard, Amherst, Brown, and possibly Yale.

Co-education, from a social standpoint at least, is a success. It has reached the point here, when no longer do the boys sit in a row by themselves, and the girls in another row by themselves. Now, like the lion and the lamb, sit they down together in alternate chairs, to hear the words of wisdom from the lips of our Professor.—*Berkeleyan.*

WESLEYAN.

Essays are now required every four weeks; formerly they were required every two weeks.

It is probably that a boat crew will be sent to the Hudson next Fourth of July.

Each Sophomore engaged in the late cane rush is to receive thirty demerits. The Freshmen also are to receive slight discipline. The blame of the affair is laid by the *Argus* chiefly upon the latter class.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Yale publishes the only college daily.

Bowdoin is to have a new Gymnasium.

Rutgers is said to have the finest collection of coins in the country.

The *Bowdoin Orient* reports good interest in boating, but not very flattering prospects for base-ball.

Six Vassar girls have been married this year,—each of them preferring to become a MA, rather than an A. B.—*Ex.*

Candidates for the Freshman crew at Harvard, rise at 7 A.M., and walk until 7.40; at 2.30 P.M., they row 800 strokes, and at 4.30 run half an hour.

The young Chinaman, who is being educated at Andover, at the expense of the Chinese government, was reported for neglect of duty. The reply came, "Send him home and we will behead him."—*Ex.*

Foreign nations are represented at Leipsic as follows: Austria, seventy-one; Russia, sixty-one; Switzerland, forty-nine; Great Britain, nineteen; Greece, fourteen; France, four; the United States, sixty-seven.—*Ex.*

Look out for the local editor. A Senior, who thought himself the subject of an article among the "Locals" of the *Yale News*, recently attacked the local editor of that paper. That Senior hasn't been seen out of his room since.

CLIPPINGS.

Prof. in logic—"What is the universal negative?" Student—"Not prepared."—*Ex.*

Young ladies who receive A. B. have a decided advantage over the gentlemen. We know one who was M.A. in less than a year after graduation.—*Ex.*

Absent-minded Tutor—"Has-ah the ah bell blown yet, Mr. Q——?" Nevous Freshman—"No, sir; I think not, sir; but the whistle has rung, sir!" (General wooding up.) —*Acta.*

A paper innocently asks if there is any harm in sitting in the laps(e) of ages. We think it depends entirely upon the ages, and should say that the ages between 17 and 25 are extremely hazardous.—*Ex.*

A sparkling young debater, in a flight of eloquence, exclaimed: "Mr. President, the world is divided into two great classes, the learned and the unlearned, one of whom I am which."—*University Missourian.*

Latin room: Professor—"What gender is *sal?*" Several Juniors—"Feminine gender." Professor—"The members of the class are evidently more familiar with the word in English than in Latin. In Latin, *Sal* is neuter."—*Pa. Monthly.*

Recitation in Milton: Prof.—"Do you remember, sir, any other passage in your reading where the Leviathan is mentioned?" Nobby Junior (a future D.D.)—"Yes, sir; it is mentioned in Holy Scripture as swallowing Job." (Blue lights.)—*Acta.*

A certain Junior is in the habit of amusing himself during recitation by tenderly stroking his few sprouting responsibilities. The other day, the Professor, seeing that his mind was thus diverted from its proper work, gently reminded him that he was "devoting too much time to *side issues.*"—*Olio.*

A man saw a ghost while walking along a lonely highway at midnight. The ghost stood exactly in the middle of the road, and the wayfarer, deciding to investigate, poked at it with his umbrella. The next instant he was knocked twenty feet into a mud-hole. Moral: Never poke at a large white mule when its back is turned.—*Ex.*

MOTHER GOOSE FOR GOOD LITTLE FRESHMEN.

Rock-a-by Freshy up in the wet sheet,
When the Sophs jerk it his head and toes meet,
But when the sheet rips—tell it soft, under breath,
Or Stephen will surely "be in at the death."

Little Tommy Gibbs
Cried for his cribs,
Where do Freshmen hide them?
Under their bibs.

How can he make them
Without any tape?
And how without them
Can Tommy escape?

Montague Dumpty stood on his dignity,
And the tutor who flunked him showed much of malignity,
But all the trustees and the bold aldermen
Cannot put M. Dumpty in college again.

Ride a swift course to Banbury Cross
To see little Freshy upon his Greek Horse,
Rings on his fingers, and cribs on his clothes,
And he will get *Maxes* wherever he goes.
—*Acta.*

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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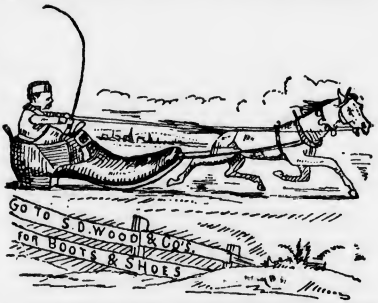
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VOL. VII. MAY, 1879. No. 5.

THE

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VII. MAY, 1879. No. 5.

THE ANTIQUITY OF AMERICA.

LONG before Europeans had come to this country, other races had dwelt here and passed away. In the United States, Mexico, and South America has been found abundant evidence of the existence and partial civilization of a primitive people. Science, by her investigations, has compelled historians to modify their first accounts of the American aborigines. It yet remains for her light to clear away the mists of obscurity that envelop the antiquity of America.

But our theme has a more striking significance. Dean Stanley, in reference to our republic, said, "The youth of a nation is also its antiquity." Though our development, in some respects, is the wonder of the world, yet in our past experience and present condition, there is a close resemblance to the early ages of other and older nations. Even as the trees of our native groves are like the forests that adorned Europe in an age long past, so does our condition, political and social, resemble the pristine character of European nations.

Turn to the first epoch in our country's history — the era of its founders. Does it not resemble the accounts of the Grecian States? May not the deeds of the founders of the American commonwealth be well assigned to the heroic age? Look at him whose monument is the mother State — Sir Walter Raleigh. What Grecian argonaut or mediæval crusader had a more checkered career than the school boys' hero, John Smith? And again, look at that band of heroes whom the "Mayflower," under divine guidance, brought to this shore and disembarked on the Rock of Plymouth. Recall their heroic fortitude, and behold New England's greatness as the result. The founders of our States are termed most fitly "examples of our hoary, sacred antiquity."

The epoch of the French and Indian War, although appearing in the prosaic eighteenth century, is fraught with all romance of the mediæval struggles of European races. Here the French and English nations contend for the possession of America, as they had formerly contended for the possession of the Kingdom of France. In the varied vicissitudes of war and peace with the Indian tribes, we are carried back to the days of Goth and Roman, Celt and Saxon.

The War of Independence, although separated from us by an interval of only a hundred years, appeals to our imagination as from a remote antiquity. There appeared a circle of characters, grand in primitive inspiration, who, first and last, were equal to the greatness of their country's destiny. Such men as our heroes of that period appear only at some great creative epoch, when the nation itself is struggling into existence. In the succession of ages, Valley Forge and Bunker Hill, the green meadows of Concord and the peaceful shades of Mount Vernon will be treasured as the most sacred of America's antiquities.

Let us turn to another eventful period of our history, the first—may it be the last—civil war of our country. A nation's civil wars occur before the elements of society are welded together. Thus the United States, in her civil war, has but repeated the experience of England, in the wars of York and Lancaster, or of Cromwell and Charles the First. The death blow was given to slavery in this country only a few years ago; but the doom of serfdom in England was sounded in the thirteenth century in the Peasant's Revolt under Wat Tyler.

Not only our eventful past, but our reckless, changing present, and even our bright, though doubtful, future, may be assigned to a nation yet to become hoary with age. To-day, we are solving the problems and repeating the early experience of older nations. The questions, How shall we relieve poverty? How check the tide of vice? How dispose of the filth of society? were long ago presented to other governments. We have now to deal with an element of society which, coming from other lands, has long puzzled the Old World.

The disturbed relation of capital and labor, the unsolved problems of political economy, the startling phenomena of socialism, and Chinese immigration, all present grave and difficult questions to-day. These and others of equal moment must be bravely met and justly settled. Thus shall our nation pass from its primitive and undeveloped stage to that of honor, dignity, and maturity.

There is yet another characteristic of antiquity in the chaotic state of our society. In the doubtful praise of virtue, in the half-censure, half-

approval of vice, in the tame recognition of worthy character, in the servile homage paid to wealth bought with shame, and in the disgraceful sufferance of political corruption, do we behold the immature and vacillating youth of our nation. When, in the white heat of truth, justice, and benevolence, the elements of society shall become welded into a unit, then pure, beautiful, and strong, our nation shall stand forth in the vigor of its well-earned maturity.

W. E. R.

BEHIND THE CLOUDS, SUNSHINE.

THE sky is gray with mist and cloud,
But birds are upward winging;
The air is like a clinging shroud,
Still are the robins singing.

The grassy hill-side sere and brown,
The summer sunshine misses,
But breezes blow across the down,
And touch it with their kisses.

The apple-boughs are brown and bare,
But all their veins are thrilling,
And promises of blossoms rare
Their close-shut buds are filling.

Even o'er the rock's unyielding face
Are tiny lichens creeping,
And nestled in its cold embrace
Are little mosses sleeping.

The maple-trees across the way
Their leafless limbs are drooping,
But thus the better they display
Their fairy-beauteous grouping.

The lakelet's surface dark and dun,
'Neath skies so drear and lowering,
Will soon be bright, and in the sun
Its lilies will be flowering.

The winds that beat so bleak and cold
Have music in their blowing,
They bear such gladness o'er the fold
It sets the cocks a-crowing.

Janet, with face against the pane,
Her restless heart is chiding;
Shall little birdlings sing in vain,
Patient their time abiding?

Ah, no! for hills now brown with shade
Soon will be green and glowing,
When summer suns advent have made,
And rippling rills are flowing.

So in her heart the sweet birds sing,
And warble there of duty,
Which is but earnest of the spring
And summer time of beauty.

CHARLEMAGNE'S SERVICES TO CIVILIZATION.

CHARLEMAGNE was king forty-six years, from 768 to 814 A.D. His reign forms the point of division between ancient and modern history, between Paganism and Christian civilization. His hand was the hinge, he himself the revolving force, upon which turned the mighty mass of humanity from decadence to life and hope. I would not say that this man was the sole agent in bringing about our civilization, or even the chief one; to Christ alone can that honor be given. But no other human arm ever accomplished so much for civilization as did Charlemagne's. When he received the crown, nationality, education, religion, were almost a nonentity. This giant hand was chosen to restore them to life. Every great forward movement afterwards made, owes its origin in a large measure to Charlemagne.

At first king only of the Franks, he became, after long and bloody wars, Emperor of all southwestern Europe. By a most obstinate war of thirty-three years' duration, he at last compelled the Saxons to become peaceable citizens. He subdued the Aquitanians. He made several expe-

ditions into Italy, and received the iron crown of the Lombards. He beat the Saracens in Spain and Italy, conquered the Barbarians, crossed the Elbe and made successful on the Avars and Slavonians, capturing vast treasures; in short, he was always victorious. If we consider his military genius alone, we must account him one of the most wonderful men of history.

But his skill as a general was of consequence only as it provided a field for the display of more commanding abilities. The power and influence gained in war were used for a noble purpose. When Charlemagne began to rule, such a thing as government was not to be found in Europe. Barbarian hordes had poured over Rome and Italy, and the whole continent was covered with discordant tribes, whose only education was war and rapine. For forty-six years, these masses of warriors were subjected to a strong, efficient government. To control them, Charlemagne convened national assemblies, sent out administrators of justice, and took every means to acquaint himself with all his dominions. Indelibly fixed upon his subjects was the impress of such authority, carried out for half a century by a hand that would be obeyed. To unite firmly into one empire scattered territories like Charlemagne's would require ages of such ruling; but there did result several nations, the germs of the present nations of Europe, whereas, but for Charles, more complete barbarism than ever would have settled upon the land.

Again, Charlemagne's work for education has been surpassed by no monarch. He founded schools and colleges, opened to the young every possible road to knowledge, and stimulated them by his own example. He himself learned to write when quite old. His house was a school for young noblemen. His delight was in literary pursuits. He kept about himself all the learned men of the age, whom he could entice to his court, chief of whom was Alcuin, an Englishman. Nothing was left undone which in that time could be done to raise his people in intelligence.

But the most important service that this great chief rendered to civilization, was what he did for religion. When he came to the throne, he found the church a lifeless thing, and it was his chief policy to revive it and extend its influence. He founded monasteries, enriched monks and bishops, and gave the Pope large temporal power, subject to himself. He compelled each conquered people to be baptized and to receive the tenets of his church; and although some revolted repeatedly, he as often subdued them and brought them to accept the victor's terms. Finally, such an impetus did he give to the church's influence, during his reign, that only two centuries later, a Pope

could compel the most powerful monarch of Europe to stand three days, barefooted, in the cold and snow, waiting to be forgiven.

The results that grew out of these things can hardly be estimated. The church was wofully corrupt; and had there not been in it some saving element of goodness, "a cloud no larger than a man's hand," its power would have proved only a curse. But, tracing the course of events backward, we can see that the Feudal System, the Crusades, and finally the Reformation in religion and letters, grew out of the action and reaction upon each other of the progressive movements set on foot by this great ruler. Every great effort by which those dark ages have come to the light and civilization of our day may be traced to the hand of Charles the Great.

M. A. S.

INDIVIDUALITY OF HAWTHORNE.

WHENEVER we read one of Hawthorne's works, no matter whether it be *Mosses from an Old Manse*, *Twice-Told Tales*, or *The Scarlet Letter* we see there, written in every sentence, twined about every paragraph, the individuality of a peculiar genius. Through his style, which our great poet has called "As clear as running waters are," we see the soul of the man shaping his weird fancies into forms of beauty, or building them into structures of sublimity.

Through the whole woven fabric there runs a silken strand of melancholy or of musing philosophy that tempers the brilliant colors of joy, and softens, by its medium tinge, the darker shades of sorrow. It gives a simple grandeur to *The Great Stone Face*. It invests *The Rill from the Town Pump* with a subtle soul, his eminent refinement of beauty. It makes known its presence in *The Scarlet Letter* and *The Marble Faun*. From the *Note-Books*, in which the author's personality becomes almost tangible, we are able to judge that this sombre hue was spread out over his life itself. If it were not for his purity of thought, and his keen perception of the beautiful in nature and in art, we might think his life was an unhappy one. Like Milton, Addison, Tennyson, and many another imaginative genius, he mingled with society, but found himself most contented when shut up with his books and his own varying fancies.

Many of his sketches are strange and almost gloomy; but these conceptions do not spring from a settled state of unhappiness. They are rather the appropriate creations of a shy, sensitive, and self-communing feeling; and purity of thought kept

him from those extravagant presentations of the purely horrible which stain the pages of Poe. Hawthorne loved mystery; it gave a flavor to all he wrote; but the strange is so mingled with the natural and familiar that we are not shocked by any of his weird combinations.

He likes to fathom the depths of human feeling and lay bare the cherished fault or sorrow; and yet, he does this, not from a morbid delight in the exposure of man's weaknesses, but rather from a desire to point a moral by which all men may profit.

It is fearful to imagine a man with a writhing, hissing serpent in his bosom, whose horrible movements will not cease, but make the tormented one go about clutching his breast and muttering, "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!" But this snake of egotism, selfishness, and jealousy teaches a lesson as true as it is forcible. Few are the men or women that have not, hidden down in their hearts, some species of this bosom serpent, be it the tiny, stinging viper of private scandal, or the boa constrictor of the politician's all-devouring ambition; and the worst of it is, they do not, or they *will* not, know what it is that gnaws them.

Hawthorne's character shines out most clearly in conceptions of purity and of natural beauty. How sweet is the character of Hilda in *The Marble Faun!* and how delightful the natural simplicity of the faun himself. What more beautiful creation can we find than the fresh and unpolluted character of this dear child of Nature?

We find here an author that never lost the "dew of his youth," or "the freshness of his heart." He has a child's keen sensibility, pure conceptions, and thorough appreciation of Nature's loveliness; but he has a man's intellect, judgment of effects, and knowledge of the wiles and deceit of the world. This we are able to conjecture from his stories and sketches, but it is in his *Notes* that we come close to the man himself, look into his face, clasp his hand, and, eye to eye, read the inmost workings of his soul. So pure are his thoughts, they float up to heaven like holy incense, and bathe the senses in a mist of perfume that lulls the mind into dreamy rest.

He is a true poet! though he dabbled not in rhyme. He sees beauty, or grandeur, or a moral lesson in even the most common things. His fancy needs not to migrate to German mountains, or French vineyards, or Scottish heaths, or English meadows, but is perfectly satisfied with our own rugged peaks and sunny slopes. He has clothed our White Hills with grandeur; he has shed the light of a poetic genius over our native hills and lanes and woods; he has woven about the severity of our Puritan Fathers a gauzy web of mystery and romance; and everywhere he teaches a lesson of faith, of purity, and of love. E. W. G.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

WE have been often amused, and at the same time delighted by the easy manner in which many people dispose of the question of higher education. That almost any person is competent to settle the question, there seems to be in their minds not the slightest doubt. If their manner of deciding—the mere jumping at conclusions—is correct, it may be that they are right.

It very often happens that those most interested in our common schools are the most bitter opponents of higher education. To them the three R's seem all sufficient. To spend four years in a college is an absolute loss of so many years. To study anything not immediately practical is a waste of just so much vitality. They recognize no such thing as studying for discipline.

These people, by way of clinching their arguments, will point to such men as Washington, Franklin, and Greeley, men who, without any particular special education, have left their names in ineffaceable letters on the pages of history. They point to such men as these, and tell you that if a man has any ability it will sooner or later show itself. If he has not, no amount of education can supply it.

If all men were absolutely geniuses or fools, such perhaps would be a correct view of the case. But their view leaves out of sight the development and progression of the vast mediocrity. They do not recognize the fact that the greater part of all which men know is acquired knowledge.

Machiavelli has divided mankind into three classes: 1st, those that understand everything by their own unaided powers; 2d, those that understand only by study, or when a subject is explained to them; 3d, those that do not understand at all.

Those that might come under the first class are very numerous in modern Sunday-school literature, but there they always die young. They are met with frequently in dime novels, but there they are too much engaged in smuggling, piracy, and love imbroglios, to be of much practical benefit to the world. But in general their names are far more numerous on little tombstones than in college catalogues and business directories. If such a class really exists, very infrequent are their visits to the haunts of men.

But it is the second class of men that keeps the world in motion. It is the men that have worked that have been the most useful to man-

kind. The skilled workmen, the merchants, the ministers, the lawyers, the statesmen, are not such because they were born merchants, ministers, and lawyers, but because they have acquired by their own labor those special principles, and an enlightened reason and developed judgment has taught them how to apply those principles.

Of all predilections with which man has been endowed, the predilection to work has accomplished the greatest results. Whatever discoveries have been made in science, they have been the result of long years of study. The writings that have been the most read, and that will endure longest, are not those that have been struck off at a heat by the genius, but those that have been the work of years of our greatest and most cultivated minds. All the inventions that have benefited mankind have been no result of chance, but have come from years of trial and experiment. The scintillations of genius are indeed beautiful to behold, but they disappear instantly, leaving scarcely a trace.

Take Machiavelli's second class, which constitutes, perhaps, in this country, the great majority of men, and among them we find a great difference. How shall we account for all the varieties of capabilities, accomplishments, and executive ability? We recognize a difference of natural ability. But at least equal to this, and under a man's own immediate control, comes in education.

You go into a telegraph office. You hear the constant and steady click of the sounder. There seems no distinction of sound, no difference of interval. To you all is totally meaningless. But to the skilled operator those sounds are ideas.

You are out on the ocean. You see nothing around you but the sea and sky. Suddenly the sailors cry. "Sail ho!" Where? You scan the horizon in vain. But long before the dull eye of the landsman can perceive it, the practiced eye of the sailor clearly descries the approaching sail.

Yet naturally the telegraph operator's ear is no more discriminating, the sailor's eye no farther sighted than yours. But long exercise and practice have strengthened these particular organs. So the mind, if it is a living organism, and not a mere receptacle, may gain strength and acuteness from exercise. So every faculty, if constantly exercised and assiduously cultivated in youth, is capable of great improvement and enlarged capacity.

When the result of discipline appears, then the world looks on astonished. Great is the difference between the man whose every faculty is subject to his will, and the man whose various powers have never been trained to act in unison. The difference between Harriman and hundreds of other long-geared Yankees is only six months of training. The difference between Gray's "mute, inglorious Milton" sleeping in that

country churchyard, and the immortal author of "Paradise Lost," was only the discipline of seven years at Cambridge.

Mind is becoming more and more the ruling power in the world. A strong, well-disciplined mind has the same advantage over an undisciplined mind, as the trained athlete has over the untrained man. The question is not how much he weighs, but how well he can handle himself. Not how much he knows, but how much he can apply practically. Not how much he may have crammed into his brain, but how readily he can grasp and analyze a subject.

There have been times when small acquisitions and little discipline were required by even a professional man. The man who could read the Bible passably was an acceptable preacher. Reading, Writing, and Arithmetic were the only essential qualifications of a teacher. Six weeks' study of law was sufficient for admission to the Bar.

But those times have passed away. Every profession is now full of trained men, and nothing but trained men can come into successful competition with them. For the training of professional men, nothing has been found that can take the place of the preparatory school and college. Not how much we learn, but how we learn, is the question. The value of education depends not so much on vast and varied acquirements, as on the symmetrical discipline of all the faculties, and the cultivation of just powers of thought. We must learn how to think before we can learn what to think.

While the genius may grasp everything by intuition, the average mind can apprehend only by a course of reasoning, or by the long and intricate process of experience. To the ordinary mind the discipline of schools is indispensable. It is both weapons and armor for the battle of life. Without this discipline, they can never hope for marked success. With it, they are prepared for anything that may meet them.

The moment a boy sets his feet on the floor of college halls, he is met by an all-powerful voice saying: "You are a Freshman, sir; keep your place at the bottom; make no pretensions when your betters are near; never offend an upper classman; study to know your limits and do not overstep them." Thus a Freshman is hedged in by a set of rules, and if he so much as looks over the fence, straitway there is an outcry from all quarters. Professors, Alumni, public opinion, whip him back. He is not to be a man, but a Freshman.

As soon as one comes into an upper class, he can then don the *toga virilis*. He has some more liberty; but he belongs to one set, of which there are four in college, and his sympathies are all with this one set. A man in another class is no man. Now he is at liberty to do as he wills; but he wills to "go with

his class." The thing to do is to make a row whenever possible, in order to strengthen brotherly feeling among his classmates. So rows are made. This year two classes quarrel, and a whole class is suspended. Next year, two others quarrel, and half a class leave in anger. Another year there is trouble between classes, a few are expelled, the most remain; but there is strife and ill-will and hate among members of the same class which lasts through the course. Then, where one strong friendship is made between classmates, one is destroyed. And members of different classes are always at swords points. True friends are made enemies, possible friends never come together. The scholarship of some is injured, of others ruined. College manners and morals are tinged with ruffianism.

Who or what is to bear the blame of this? Our sword is drawn; we must strike somewhere. We strike at public opinion in college and out; but that is an indefinite thing, and there is no relief. What next? Strike at college caste, at the powers that say to classes, "Sit by yourselves, exercise by yourselves, drill by yourselves, march by yourselves, be four distinct bodies, with distinct pleasures and interests. Now we reach home. This is the giant — this everlasting worship of custom. Sophomore must sit here, Freshman here, because it has been so before. Junior must hate Sophomore, Sophomore Junior, because it was so twenty years ago. Revere the old and gray, if it has any worth; but must we throw our caps in the air, and shout at every aged thing?

Go to any schools where there is no "class distinction" made, and these evils are gone. In colleges where there is reciting out of your own class, there is no such trouble. The whole system of insulating the classes — dividing them into semi-hostile bands — is false. The influence ought to be to bring the students together into natural and pleasant association. Every means ought to be taken to cement strong, lasting friendships in the time of all others for forming friendships,— the time when the heart is fresh and when boys are thrown into such close proximity. Happy will be the time when the names Freshman, Sophomore, Senior, shall be subordinated to those of men, brothers, friends.

It may be almost doubtful whether Bates has yet tried co-education or not, inasmuch as but four ladies have graduated from here, and there are now only eight in the college. But something can be judged, even now, in regard to the effect on the boys of reciting with young ladies.

We in these days can have little conception of college life a hundred, or fifty, or twenty-five years ago. Those were the days of hazing, and they corresponded with times when men's swords defended their honor. A man's rights in college depended

on his muscle. Loss of life from college quarrels was not an unheard of thing. Now, things are different. Civilization is changing customs and manners. If receiving ladies into colleges has not worked the changes manifest in college life, it at least shows them; and there can be no doubt that the influence from the superior education of women has essentially contributed to this end.

But in individual colleges, where ladies have been admitted, the good effects are very plain. It is an axiom that boys cannot become gentlemen without the acquaintance of ladies and more or less time spent in their society. But too often the class of women that college boys associate with is not the best. Therefore, bringing ladies right to the same college with young men can but have a happy effect. And experience shows it so. We cannot say how things would be at our college, had no ladies been received here; but we can say, without boasting, that as a class Bates students are gentlemen. The authority for this assertion, in addition to our own observation, is the opinion of many persons who are accustomed to meet college boys, and can judge more correctly than we. Our college may be young, and our advantages somewhat limited; but we neither graduate, nor have here, very many boors.

The effect on scholarship is also increased from the emulation between the two sexes. We have had one lady valedictorian, a fact which most surely proves nothing against our scholarship. We hope for another, and another, and believe it will greatly add to our rank as scholars.

Co-education at Bates is a success, at least, if we regard only the effect on the college and on the college boys. We cannot say as to the effect on the ladies' health, but have reason to believe that there has been no serious harm done. And the effect upon them has been otherwise happy. We have proved Phillips's saying true, that "men and women do the best that which they do together."

There is one practice among us that we could well get along without. We refer to what is colloquially designated as "codding." Perhaps the Anglo-Saxon word "lying" would come nearer doing it justice. It contains all the bad qualities of both flattery and falsehood, without the redeeming features of either. This practice, while it may smooth the feelings of the uninitiated, cannot but create general distrust.

Confidence is the basis of business; truth is the basis of society. Break down the first, and we are savages. Break down the second, and you stop intercourse. Habit is strong. If one speak triflingly oftener than seriously, levity will, in time, become his natural style. One who becomes accustomed to hear falsehood oftener than truth, soon gets into such a state that he gives no credence to what he hears.

Flattery, under a government like ours, is an unnecessary recourse. Still there are cases, perhaps, where it is justifiable. An instructor sometimes uses it with good effect. If to a Freshman it is administered with discrimination, it works admirably. It removes his timidity and raises his courage to the "sticking point." If given to Sophomores in homœpathic doses it operates favorably. It allays inflammation. It mollifies sophomoric effervescence, and tends to induce a normal condition of animal spirits.

But to a Junior or Senior such euphemism is unnecessary. They ought to be able to stand the strong meat of truth, even if it is sometimes a little hard to masticate. Flattery implies too much presumption on the part of the giver. Although it come from a superior and have a tincture of truth about it; although it bear an immense burden of good intention, it is, nevertheless, very humiliating to their dignity. What must it be between students, where it contains none of those characteristics? What must it be between equals? It is imposition. It is an insult designed to be clothed in a pleasing garb, yet without drapery enough to cover its deformity. In some respects it resembles the requirements of Dr. Holmes's "Mutual Admiration Society," yet without its worthy motive.

If college students cannot give a truthful, disinterested estimate of each others' efforts, will they ever arrive at the age when they can? Students are not necessarily sworn enemies. Nay, they are bound to be friends. Flattery, deception, and falsehood will nowhere promote good feeling. Let us have a little more sincerity. Truth will bear its own weight anywhere.

We note with pleasure that two of the Sophomore Debates, arranged at first for last fall term, but necessarily postponed, have taken place. They were both very creditable to the participants and to the class. There lies in this exercise, we think, a little class pride, inasmuch as it is not obligatory but entirely dependent upon the grit and ability of those appointed to participate. Therefore '81 ought to be congratulated that their class debates have not failed, as it was once feared; and every member of the succeeding divisions ought to be encouraged to do his very best for himself and his class. The audience, on either evening, was small, owing, on the first evening, to the stormy weather, and on the second, to a mistake in announcing the time of debate in the *Evening Journal*. We append the programmes:

First Division.

MUSIC.

Sunrise.—C. A. White.

PRAYER.

Question.—Was Julius Cæsar a greater man than Napoleon Bonaparte?

G. E. Lowden, *Aff.* C. L. McCleery, *Neg.*

MUSIC.

Girls of Lewiston.—Carmina Collegensia.

E. T. Pitts, *Aff.* D. McGillicuddy, W. J. Brown, } *Neg.*

MUSIC.
Good Night.—W. O. Perkins.
AWARD OF PRIZE.
Committee of Award.
L. H. Hutchinson, Esq., F. M. Drew, Esq.,
Rev. J. C. Snow.

Second Division.

MUSIC.
Away to the Fields.—C. A. White.
PRAYER.
MUSIC.
Come Unto Me.—W. O. Perkins.
Question.—Ought the United States to require an Educational or Property Qualification for Voting?
F. C. Emerson, *Aff.* H. E. Coolidge, *Neg.*
MUSIC.
My Moustache.—Carmina Collegensia.
C. S. Haskell, *Aff.* G. L. Record, *Neg.*
MUSIC.
Selection.—Carmina Collegensia.
AWARD OF PRIZE.
Committee of Award.
Rev. W. H. Bowen, Dr. D. B. Strout,
T. E. Calvert, Esq.

The argument of Lowden was excellent. His language was unimpassioned, his manner quiet, candid, and convincing. He found perfection, and rightly, too, neither in Cæsar nor in Bonaparte. He gave a studious, clear, and systematic comparison of the two men.

McCleery exhibited extensive reading, and candid, though not sufficiently vigorous thought. More energy in delivery, too, would have entertained his audience better, and have given them a better appreciation of the really good argument he produced.

Pitts spoke his full time, and exhibited wide reading and good ideas. He would have made a more convincing argument, had he dealt more in general principles and not in specific instances. His specific arguments were good, but some of them, as the descriptions of battles, were too involved to be clearly understood.

McGillicuddy's debate combined the two essential qualities of a taking college part, good ideas, and good delivery. He dealt wholly in general principles. We think he tried to do too much for Napoleon. No one can believe Bonaparte to have been a perfect man. His delivery was very powerful, but might have been still more so, had he relieved his audience with occasional passages of a more conversational tone.

Brown had a good argument, characterized by modesty, candor, and truth. His delivery was conversational. It might have been more forcible. His debate showed, too, a commendable amount of research.

In the second debate, Emerson failed to obtain the sympathy of his audience because of repeated hesitancy in his delivery. This failing was so prominent that it would be impossible to judge fairly in regard to the merit of his argument.

The argument of Coolidge was well arranged and pointed, evincing considerable argumentative skill. Its effect was somewhat marred, however, by occasional blunders in the use of language.

In regard to Haskell's debate, the committee especially commended its skillful arrangement. One point in which his argument was superior to all the others was the leaving

untouched all weak or mere *ad captandum* arguments, and the adducing only those that could be made convincing.

Record delivered a brilliant and rather original oration. His novel way of putting things elicited frequent applause. But the larger part of the arguments he used might have been taken up and used to advantage by his opponents. He had evidently omitted in his preparation one step altogether indispensable to a convincing argument, namely, a careful consideration, before accepting each point, of the arguments that can be brought against it.

The prize in the first division was awarded to McGillicuddy; in the second divison to Haskell. Music for both divisions was furnished by the class quartette.

We would venture to express the hope that the necessity on the part of the debater of turning his back upon the audience to go after a glass of water may not again occur.

LOCALS.

"Yaas."

"Ah! Hagony!!"

The Juniors have begun Botany.

The nine are making some wonderful scores.

Prof. Rand gave the Freshmen a lecture upon the general subject of Mathematics, last Tuesday.

When are we to celebrate Field Day?

Tut beat the cow in their "go-as-you-please" race.

The Campus looks very refreshing since the late showers.

'80 has a new member, Martin, formerly of Bowdoin, '80.

President Cheney will not be able to be here at Commencement.

Two ambitious Seniors started last Saturday on a forty-mile walk.

The Freshmen have recently changed their class color from lavender to old gold.

Prof. Stanton has given two very interesting lectures to Freshmen upon the Migration of Birds.

The Freshmen are to have class hats. They are to be made of straw, and trimmed with the class and college colors.

The literary article in our April number, entitled "Social Equality," has been copied into a Western paper.

Zoölogy class. Prof.—"What purpose do the bones of fishes serve, Mr. R?" Mr. R.—"They make them hard to eat."

Saturday, May 17th, the Sophomores had a class game of base-ball. Parsons and Wilbur choosing up. Parsons's side won the game by a score of 25 to 6; while Wilbur's won the right of purchasing the peanuts for all hands.

The Eurosophian Society have voted to hold their annual public meeting on the 4th Friday evening of next Fall Term.

The student that never combs his head nor blacks his boots has visited the shoe man and the barber.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we will."

The wickedest act we have heard of lately, was that of the young lady who brought into the Botany class, for distribution, a quantity of "wild oats."

Class in Zoölogy are discussing metamorphosis. Student—"Is it a fact that mosquitoes never eat but one square meal?" Prof.—"I should sincerely hope it was."

"May I ask what that is?" said an unsophisticated Freshman to a Senior who is toying with a corkscrew. "That—that is the key to Bliss," replied the bacchanalian Senior.

On Wednesday evening, April 30th, the Free Baptist Circle was entertained by Prof. Hayes and lady at their residence on Mountain Avenue. The very cordial hospitality of the Professor's family was enjoyed by a large delegation of the students.

The trial of Mr. Fish, late Principal of the Auburn High School, was attended by members of all the classes in College. Though a recitation was lost, the time could not have been better employed. The rulings of Judge Walton are worthy of the attention and memory of every school teacher.

Recitation in Zoölogy on tissues: Student—"I understood you to say that the epithelial tissue increased under certain conditions, as in the the palm of the hand." Prof.—"Yes." Student—"It would increase anywhere by friction, would it not, as on the back of the hand or on the *cheek?*" The affirmative answer is drowned in applause.

A certain Sophomore has lately attracted a great deal of sympathy to himself by his fruitless attempts to clothe his pedal extremities. At one store, he tried a pair of No. nine shoes, but could not get them on. He then tried No. elevens, but they threatened to be productive of corns. At last, the shopkeeper in despair advised him to put on thin stockings and try on a box.

There recently came under our notice an exceedingly creditable programme of public declamations delivered by the Senior class of North Anson Academy, of which G. A. Stuart, '77, is Principal. Among the selections was one entitled "Galileo before the Inquisition," a declamation delivered by Given, '79, at our last Junior Exhibition, and afterwards published in the September number of the STUDENT. Anson Academy, by the way, is to provide several Freshmen for Bates next year.

It was a late hour in the stilly night. *He* had well-nigh exhausted his assiduous attentions. *She* had sweetly submitted, and for a long time had been assuming a de-*lap*-idated position. At length, overcome and thoroughly disgusted, she darted a withering glance at him, and exclaimed: "See here! It seems to me that you have the most *omnipresent* mouth I ever saw!" The curtain falls.

We are pleased to announce a change for our June number. Instead of coming out after Commencement, it will appear on the Saturday preceding Baccalaureate Sunday. It will be enlarged a half and contain, in addition to the usual matter, the history of each of our Literary Societies, a review of the year, a biographical analysis of each of the graduates, etc. Extra copies will be struck off to supply the demand. Single copies, 15 cts. For sale at the bookstores.

The opening game of the season, with an out of town nine, was played May 16, on the Androscoggin grounds, with the Atlantics of Portland. The weather was stormy, a large part of the three innings being played in the rain. The ball became soaked with water and covered with mud; so that neither pitcher could do himself justice. Nine base hits and thirteen runs were made by the Bates, while the Atlantics made two base hits and four runs. The Bates made five base hits the first innings. The result was better than was anticipated, and, although it was difficult to pass judgment on such a game, we have no doubt that it did much in the way of confidence and hope. The game is hardly worthy of a full score.

Two or three Friday nights ago a motley delegation from the "Barn," who were yet in the inflorescence of prephood, boldly seized the traditional horn, and, setting forth, made the enveloping atmosphere of Parker Hall resonant with ghostly sounds. The inhabitants of the said Hall, not caring, under the present reading of the revised statutes, to father so much reverberation, pursued the cheeky preps, captured and relieved them of three horns, which were borne back in triumph. Two of the horns were subsequently delivered over to the tender mercies of the horn-detesting professor. It is pleasing to see what a preparation for college some of the future collegiates are getting.

Though we have not as yet seen specimen copies of the *Garnet*, we feel justified in saying, from our observation of the proof, that it will be an eminently successful publication. The cuts are taking and of fine execution. Pains and expense have not been spared in its artistic and mechanical work. Its publication at the *Journal* Office is a suffi-

cient guarantee as to its exterior. Of its literary character, we are not prepared to judge, not having had opportunity to review it. The initial number of what we hope will be an annual publication ought to have the patronage of all the *Alumni* and friends of the College. It has been a very expensive publication, quite a large number of the cuts costing $5 apiece. It ought not, however, to prove a bad financial undertaking, and will not, with liberal patronage. Price, 50 cts. per copy. Address A. E. Tuttle, Manager of the *Garnet.*

The Polymnians have made a successful change in conducting their weekly meetings. The Society has been changed to a *quasi* legislative body and the members have been arranged into parties. Leaders are chosen for each evening. Every evening each party has some measure to push through. A new speaker is chosen each evening. The production of a little party spirit has awakened timely enthusiasm, but the best result of the change is the very greatly increased practice in parliamentary law. A faithful attendance on the meetings of the Society will give to every member a respectable knowledge of conducting a public meeting. A similar change has also been made in the Eurosophian Society.

Our Nine is doing good work this season. Practice games are played with the 2d Nine three afternoons in the week. Only one match game has been played. Saturday afternoon, Apr. 26, the Nine played with Nichols Latin School Nine, resulting in a score of 43 to 0 in favor of Bates. F. Howard, '79, who has managed base-ball matters so successfully for the last three years, has resigned. H. L. Merrill, '80, has been elected Manager. The Association has purchased the fence and seats on the grounds of the old Androscoggin Base-Ball Club, of that Association. It has also leased the grounds of the Franklin Company for a year. The advantage of these transactions is very obvious to any one who knows how exorbitant have been the demands of the proprietors for single games. Our Nine is now on good footing. The Association has no debt except for the grounds. The players are in good practice. We have every reason to expect a good season's work from them.

On the evening of Apr. 21, Prof. Chapman, teacher of elocution at New Hampton, and a public reader of some celebrity, gave a very entertaining programme to a rather small audience in the College Chapel. His first selection was an extract from Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar," the "Quarrel of Cassius and Brutus." While exhibiting fine dramatic changes of voice and manner in this selection, it was not so well appreciated as some of his following more humorous extracts. He read the inevitable "European Guides" very

excellently. We have heard the "Vagabonds" read better. "Horace Greeley's Ride" and "A Literary Nightmare" were taking selections. The Professor evidently knows what people like to hear. He showed his good sense in the selections, and gave a very creditable entertainment, worth far more than the small price of admission, 15 cents.

On Wednesday, May 21, our nine went to Portland to play the Atlantics a return game. The grounds were very poor, productive of a large number of errors. The score will give the facts of the game:

BATES.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b	5	0	0	0	13	0	2
Lombard, 3b	5	0	0	0	4	3	2
Wilbur, c	4	1	0	0	3	5	1
Norcross, rf	4	0	2	2	1	0	0
Parsons, p	4	1	1	1	0	4	1
Foss, ss	4	1	2	2	1	0	3
Hoyt, l.f.	4	1	2	3	1	1	1
Rowell, cf	4	0	1	1	0	0	0
Nevens, 2b	4	0	0	0	4	3	2
	38	4	8	9	27	15	13

ATLANTICS.

	A.B.	R.	B.H.	T.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
J. Doherty, 3b	5	0	1	1	1	2	1
Riley, p	5	1	1	1	0	2	1
W. Doherty, ss	5	0	0	0	0	2	0
Billings, rf	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Looley, 2b	4	0	0	0	7	2	0
Lynch, c	4	0	0	0	8	0	3
Ross, lf	4	1	0	0	1	0	0
Corridon, 1b	4	1	2	2	10	0	1
Mercier, cf	4	0	1	1	0	1	0
	39	3	5	5	27	9	6

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Bates	0	0	0	0	1	3	0	0	0	—4.
Atlantics	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	0	1	—3.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

From J. Fischer & Bro., 226 East Fourth Street, New York, we have received a collection of favorite English and German trios and choruses, entitled "SCHOOL FESTIVAL SONGS." Price 75 cents. The book has already become a favorite with us, and we are confident that it must become such with the general public.

We also acknowledge the receipt of the very beautiful and popular song "Golden Years are Passing By," a production of W. L. Thompson and published by W. L. Thompson & Co., East Liverpool, O. Price 35 cents.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—EDS.]

Editors of the Student:

Sirs:—I have begun at last the long delayed writing of this letter. I forewarn you that I have very little of incident, adventure, or romance (such as might delight prattling infants) to narrate. There is nothing so uproariously funny or extremely farcical in Harvard life, especially to a student of the Divinity School. The brilliant and restless energy that vents itself in blowing tin horns at Bates, is dissipated or altogether wasted in the dull routine of study, relieved, it may be, by an occasional visit to the "Hub."

To be sure, Harvard students are not all saints,—it is even rumored that 2 or 3 (ciphers may be added) are inclined to be naughty, but, however that may be, they are neither rowdies nor dandies, but something between, I guess,—what young ladies call nice. Among the simple minded

and unsophisticated people who have not been to college, they are even considered charming.

Like the rest of the world's hive, they are composed principally of two distinct classes, the drones and the workers. The poor but honorable knight in the play, who is the friend of innocence and virtue, would find himself severely stared at by the former, though if he acted his part with spirit, he would be treated quite politely by the latter.

But why spoil good ink and paper in trying to be funny, when only bare facts are wanted? Mr. Editor, thou prince of critics! please be patient just one half-minute, that I may dismount my hobby-horse without losing dignity. You must consider that I am not accustomed to preparing official documents, and never distinguished myself in mathematics, so that for any concise summing up of facts or well digested table of statistics, I must needs refer you to the "Patent Office Reports."

All degrees of civilization exist at Harvard. Even the pristine savage, who delights to witness the pleasing spectacle of the drama at the "Boylston Museum" (the resort of bootblacks and ragamuffins), is represented, while "sporting men," "rowing men," "society leaders," "honor men," etc., each constitute a distinct class, with their own peculiar habits and modes of living.

Harvard Societies.—As at Yale, Princeton, Dartmouth, etc., an impenetrable air of mystery invests each member, but there are no expensive buildings with inaccessible windows and barred doors, as a guard against possible spies. The interior of one of the principal club rooms presents a very luxurious and inviting appearance. The walls are hung with paintings and engravings, classical, secular, historical, etc. There are rich carpets, ornamental mats, and elegant upholstery. An open piano, a well selected Library, boxing gloves, masks, foils, a large stage for theatrical purposes, suggest the various tastes of the members who find in these rooms a pleasant resort during the day, as well as a place for assemblage.

Each member is provided with a latch key, while others are not permitted to enter. Ladies do sometimes obtain a peep into these mysterious abodes of butterfly life, but have never been known to betray the confidence reposed in them. The smaller societies have neat and comfortably furnished rooms where they meet at stated times.

The Freshman Society is a "new departure," the attempt of some 20 aspirants to organize last year having been nipped in the bud by a delegation of Sophs. The method of initiation is somewhat as follows: When a candidate is proposed for membership, a vote is taken to see whether he is objectionable to any of the members. Those opposed to his admission cast a black ball ballot, a

certain number of which will cause his rejection by the society. If the vote be favorable, after the adjournment of the meeting, the result is announced by the society repairing to the college yard, where the names of the successful candidates are spelled in chorus and punctuated with a "'Rah!" "'Rah!" "'Rah!" After this midnight salute, a second course of hilarities is inaugurated in the shape of popular college songs. At the successive close of each, the students in the surrounding buildings evince their extreme joy by repeated calls for "more," and loud encores.

The next step is to initiate the "neophyte." This fiery ordeal occurs on the next society night. It consists in subjecting the proud victim to a variety of "practical jokes," his personal safety, meanwhile, being generally secured by the presence of a body of friends. After this baptism of ridicule, the candidate emerges a full-fledged butterfly. His credentials are duly signed, sealed, and delivered. His "Shinige" or certificate of membership will be hung up conspicuously upon one of the walls of his domicile, as a proof absolute of his popularity and good standing. Not unfrequently a half dozen or more of these badges of honor may be seen posted over a student's door.

Harvard University Boat Club was formed in 1869. Annual races with Yale have taken place since 1852. In 1865-6 a regular system of training was introduced, the crew taking long runs in the open air and long pulls in the Gymnasium. Between 1866 and 1870 Harvard won the University prizes at inter-collegiate regattas. Harvard has rowed in 24 University races (making the fastest 4-mile time on record in 1878), and taken the 1st prize in 12 of them. She has met Yale 20 times and beaten her 14 times. The crew practice the entire year, save from the last of November till the 1st of March. In winter, they row daily on hydraulic machines and run several miles per day. They are coached throughout the year by experienced oarsmen. Their diet is plain, but plentiful. The annual expenses of the club are $3000, the larger part of which is raised by subscription among the undergraduates, and appropriated chiefly to the use of the club. The annual race with Yale occurs the 25th of June. A meeting of the members of the Club occurred to-day to consider the question of going to Saratoga at the Amateur Championship Race. The spring races of the University occur on the 17th of this month. There are two eight-oared shells, representing the four college classes, and the Law School entered for these races.

Base-Ball.—The Harvards have been badly beaten at base-ball this season by several college clubs, but it is thought that Ernst, the new

pitcher, will be a great addition to the strength of the club.

Lawn Tennis is a very popular game just now. There are numerous clubs, and a grand tournament is coming off soon.

Bicycle races are growing in favor.

La Crosse, a new game at Harvard, is being played considerably.

The spring athletic games occur on the 22d and 23d of May.

Seaver Hall.—A new recitation building, 177 feet in length by 75 feet in width, and three stories high, is about being erected. A new Gymnasium, of very fine proportions, and amply supplied with all the various appliances, will be completed in September of the present year.

Courses of Study.—There are eighty electives the present year (the number some years ranging as high as one hundred) open to students of the three upper classes. The courses of the Freshman Year are still all prescribed, and a greater number of hours is required in the first year; especially severe requirements are made of the Freshmen in Mathematics. The amount of prescribed work in the Sophomore and Junior years has been reduced almost to a minimum. Studies of Seniors all selective.

The Freshmen, up to May 1st, had read five books of the Odyssey, and 110 pages of somewhat difficult Greek prose; in Latin, 100 pages of Livy and two books of Horace's Odes; in German, 150 pages. In Mathematics, they had received three lectures per week,—first term, in Solid Geometry, second term in Trigonometry, third term in Analytics; also, one recitation per week in advanced Algebra, and one recitation and one lecture per week in Physics.

Choice of Electives.— Political Economy is one of the most popular courses, while all the philosophical courses are growing in popularity.

The Chemistry and Natural History courses are many of them very highly valued; and the facilities offered for the study of these branches are perhaps unsurpassed.

Judging from what I know personally of the instruction given in Elocution, it is very poor, and if the performances of the twenty men who spoke this evening for the Boylston Prizes is any criterion, clearness of articulation and simplicity and directness of manner and delivery are altogether unknown at Harvard. The gestures were free and easy, but too broad and sweeping; and the whole had an appearance of overdoneness that suggests the lines of Shakespeare as especially applicable, "But if ye mouth it," etc.

Necessary Expenses need not exceed $500 per annum, including $200 per year tuition. Board at Memorial Hall is about $4 per week.

A good room can be obtained for $75 to $80 per year. The actual expenses however, of some students would foot up thousands instead of hundreds. But I have spun this letter out beyond all reason, and so with many good wishes for Bates,

I am, very respectfully,

J. A. CHASE, '77.

Cambridge, Mass., May 7, '79.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'67; '68; '70; '72.—At the annual Convention of the New England Association of Free Baptists, held at Lowell, Mass., April 22, 23, 24, the following Alumni took prominent part. Rev. Geo. S. Ricker, '67, of Lowell; Rev. Arthur Given, '67, of Greenville, R. I.; Prof. Geo. C. Chase, '68, of Lewiston, who read a very suggestive and instructive paper on the "Decline of Piety Among Men of Culture"; Rev. A. L. Houghton, '70, of Lawrence, Mass., who prepared a paper on "Endless Retribution," which, owing to the illness of the writer, was read by Rev. Mr. Ricker; Prof. I. L. Brown, '72, of Lyndon Center, Vt., who read a paper on "Phases of Thought"; and Rev. T. D. Wilder, '72, of Blackstone, Mass.

'71.—Born, April 19, to the wife of Mr. L. H. Hutchinson, a daughter [Grace Lyndon].

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge will take his degree, Doctor of Philosophy, at Leipzig, Germany, early in the summer. He has already translated his Thesis into Latin, and, according to the prescribed requirements, a copy has been printed for each of the German Universities. After his long absence, Mr. Stockbridge will be warmly welcomed home by a large circle of friends.

'72.—John A. Jones, Civil Engineer, has just opened an office in Lisbon Block, Lewiston.

'74.—T. P. Smith, a graduate of the Harvard Medical School, is about to begin the practice of his profession at Sacarappa, Maine. Few men have ever graduated from Bates whose personal qualities are better adapted to insure popularity as a physician.

'77.—Married in Phillips, April, Mr. Newell P. Noble and Miss Clara L. Toothaker, both of Phillips.

'78.—The recent repeal of the High School Law deprived Mr. F. H. Bartlett of his position as Principal of the High School at Brewer, Maine; but his pupils were not ready to spare him, and he is now at the head of a private school in the same place.

'78.—C. E. Hussey, who has during the past year been teaching the High School at Milton Mills, N. H., has been appointed Principal of the High School at Rochester, N. H.

'78.—C. E. Brockway has left his situation in Wilton College, Iowa, and has been spending a few weeks at his home in New York. He is

about to take a pastorate at Norwich, N. Y.

'78.—D. M. Benner has been elected Principal of Wilton Collegiate Institute, Wilton, Iowa.

EXCHANGES.

The *Rutgers Targum* has something to say about spring. It has also other literary articles of varying worth, on subjects too numerous to mention. The editorials in the April number are, to say the least, practical. The editors try to correct the evils in their college, although by so doing they may expose themselves to the snarling attacks of surly exchange editors.

The *University* (Syracuse) *Herald* gives a long discussion of the question, "Has the cow an immortal soul?" The profound philosophy and *a priori* reasoning of this discussion assures us that transcendentalism is firmly established in America. Kant, Coleridge, and the most transcendental of transcendentalists are about to be transcended.

The *Tripod* comes from Northwestern University, and is the rival of the *Vidette*. The publication of two papers at this college is apparently due to something other than the amount of interesting matter available. The *Tripod* is, however, a neat little paper, and is probably interesting to those for whom it is designed.

The *Vanderbilt Austral* presents a very creditable appearance for so young a paper.

The *Colby Echo* is in favor of consigning Pinafore to "that Lethean abode which already contains the shades of 'My Grandfather's Clock,' 'Nancy Lee,' and 'Whoa, Emma!'" Amen! The little poem "Day-Red" is good, and the article on Thoreau is interesting. The article about "The Shingleton 'Hi' School" is quite amusing but somewhat stale. The locals are lacking in vivacity.

The *Hesperian Student* succeeds in thoroughly misunderstanding the editorial on "College Matrimony," which appeared in our February number. The editorial was doubtless understood by the denizens of Bates, as its writer intended it should be understood, to ridicule college matrimony. By regarding the article as ironical rather than serious, the exchange editor (rather editress, we believe,) of the above-named paper would find a good reason for what she terms "absurd arguments and false logic," and, furthermore, that her views are in entire agreement with the article in question. This number of the *Student* does not impress us as being up to its usual standard of excellence. The writer of "Local Journalism" must have culled his vocabulary from the most boisterous of those ranting publications which he denounces. In the article on "John" we were especially attracted by the originality of the spelling in the second paragraph,

and were moved almost to tears by the appalling picture presented in the last paragraph, that of Joseph Cook and Henry Ward Beecher "eating—*starvation.*" The article about "Shakespeare's Women" is more interesting than the foregoing, but even in this is displayed that characteristic carelessness.

The following is our list of college exchanges: *Harvard Advocate, Amherst Student, Yale Record, Yale Literary Magazine, Williams Athenaeum, Columbia Spectator, Acta Columbiana, Dartmouth, Bowdoin Orient, Colby Echo, Montpelierian, Undergraduate, Beacon, Lassell Leaves, Brunonian, Trinity Tablet, Packer Quarterly, Vassar Miscellany, University Herald, Syracusan, Niagara Index, Tuftonian, Nassau Literary Magazine, Princetonian, Argus, Hamilton Literary Monthly, University Magazine, Pennsylvania College Monthly, Acadia Athenaeum, College Olio, College Transcript, Oberlin Review, Chronicle, College Rambler, Collegian and Neoterian, Concordiensis, Cornell Review, Cornell Era, Denison Collegian, College Mercury, Kenyon Advance, Tripod, Vidette, Targum, Tyro, Student Life, Southern Collegian, Roanoke Collegian, Hesperian Student, Volante, Washington Jeffersonian, Aurora, Collegian, Vanderbilt Austral, Dalhousie Gazette, Centre College Courant, University Press, Madisonensis, Hobart Herald, Alabama University Monthly, Alfred Student, Argosy, Tyro* (Canadian), *High School Journal, Central Collegian, College Journal, Collegian Wittenberger, Wabash, Rochester Campus, Berkeleyan, Jewel, Athenaeum, College Courier, Reveille, Maryland Collegian, Hillsdale Herald, University Courier, College World, Oxford and Cambridge Undergraduates' Journal,*—total, 80.

OTHER COLLEGES.

COLUMBIA.

There are 1400 students in attendance at Columbia.

Jesse P. Grant, son of the ex-President, is a Junior at Columbia.

Columbia has had another cane-rush. This time a Sophomore received a severe injury.

CORNELL.

Roller skating is the favorite amusement at Cornell.—*Ex.*

It is reported that Wm. H. Vanderbilt is to give Cornell $50,000 for a new Gymnasium.—*Ex.*

President White, who succeeds Bayard Taylor as Minister to Berlin, left for Prussia, May 6th. He will not resign his position as President of the University.

YALE.

Yale has 210 Freshmen.

Professor Elias Loomis has been compelled by ill health to abandon his winter lectures entirely.—*Ex.*

Professor Dana, the geologist, though sixty years old, is said to be excelled by few of the students in walking and running.—*Ex.*

MISCELLANEOUS.

At Harvard 200 men daily attend the Gymnasim.

Two anti-slang societies have been formed at Amherst.

Two Indians have entered the Freshman class at Union.

The secret societies of Union College have an annual publication called the *Garnet*.

The Woodruff Scientific Expedition starts, on its trip around the world, this month.

Fifty years ago forty per cent. of college graduates entered the ministry, now only seventeen per cent.

The Theological Department of Harvard University has thirty-five colored students in training for the ministry.

At Bowdoin College, an annual tax of $25.00 is levied on all students occupying a room outside of the college.

Two sons of Secretary Evarts, Prescott and Sherman Evarts, are now editing the two leading college magazines at Harvard and Yale respectively.—*Ex.*

CLIPPINGS.

"Capital punishment," as the school boy said when the teacher seated him with the girls.—*Record.*

Oliver Goldsmith never saw a genuine "pin-back," for, if he had, he would never have written "She Stoops to Conquer.—*Ex.*

"Nature abhors a vacuum," remarked the philosophic prep as he quietly stuffed his inner man from the Professor's back fruit orchard. "Force is an agent that causes motion," murmured the Prof. as he rose out of the weeds and quietly elevated the prep over the ten-foot fence on his pedal tip.—*Ex.*

He took his arm from round her waist
And swore an awful swore.
He gave a piercing yell and said,
"I've felt that *pin afore*."
—*Bowdoin Orient.*

"Now," in a Chili tone she said,
"I will be Frank; 'tis true,
Although you Arab brilliant catch,
I do not Caffre you!"

"O, lady, Dane to hear my suit,
This heart is Scot by thee."
"Nay, sir, I cannot heed your words,
For you Arnaut to me!"

"'Tis Welsh," she added, freezingly,
"Since Siam pressed so far,
To Hindoo you no longer here,
And so, good sir, Tartar!"

"What Ottoman like me to do?"
Bewailed the stricken man;
"I'll finish up my mad career,
And wed the Gallican!"
—*University Mag.*

They met. Deep in the starry depths
Of August's cloudless sky,
Fair Luna trod her golden path
In matchless majesty:
The cricket chirped, the firefly
Persued his fitful dance;
'Twas in the slumbrous, balmy night
That these two met—by chance.

They met. She was a tender thing
With lustrous, shining eye,
And down the garden path she moved
Warbling sweet melody.
He paused to listen. On she sped
With foot-falls soft and light,
They met upon the tennis lawn,
That peaceful summer night.

With throbbing pulse and beating heart,
He spoke in accents low,
Into her glancing eyes there came
A stronger, deeper glow.
Then up the apple tree she swarmed,
And there vindicitive spat,
For these two were my bull-pup and
My next door neighbor's cat.
—*Lampoon.*

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

RICHARD C. STANLEY, A.M.,
Professor of Chemistry and Geology.

THOMAS L. ANGELL, A.M.,
Professor of Modern Languages.

REV. JAMES ALBERT HOWE, D.D.,
Professor of Systematic Theology and Homiletics.

GEORGE C. CHASE, A.M.,
Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature.

THOMAS HILL RICH, A.M.,
Professor of Hebrew.

JOHN H. RAND, A.M.,
Professor of Mathematics.

THOMAS H. STACY, A.B.,
Tutor in Elocution.

CLASSICAL DEPARTMENT.

TERMS OF ADMISSION.

Candidates for admission to the Freshman Class are examined as follows:—

LATIN: In nine books of Virgil's Æneid; six orations of Cicero; the Catiline of Sallust; twenty exercises of Arnold's Latin Prose Composition, and in Harkness' Latin Grammar. GREEK: In three books of Xenophon's Anabasis; two books of Homer's Iliad, and in Hadley's Greek Grammar. MATHEMATICS: in Loomis' or Greenleaf's Arithmetic, in the first twelve chapters of Loomis' Algebra, and in two books of Geometry. ENGLISH: In Mitchell's Ancient Geography, and in Worcester's Ancient History.

All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

COURSE OF STUDY.

The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

EXPENSES.

The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

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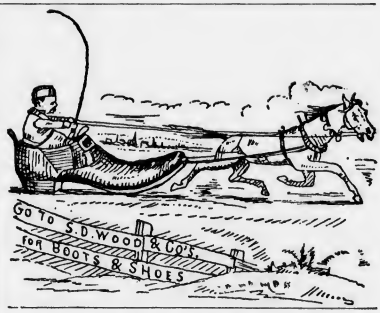
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POETRY AND POETS.

BY C. A. B., '72.

WE presume not to take the stool of the instructor here; our place is on the bench of the pupil. What is a poet? "He is a rare bird," said Cornelius C. Felton. We believe it; but when found, what is he? "One skilled in making poetry." Good; now, what is poetry? Let us look to our instructors. Principal Shairp has published some lectures on poetry; what says he? "Whenever the soul comes into living contact with fact and truth, whenever it realizes these with more than common vividness, there arises a thrill of joy, a glow of emotion; and the expression of that thrill, that glow, is Poetry." A poet, then, is one who experiences this "glow of emotion," and has power to express it in words. "The Poet is the man whose emotions, intenser than those of other men, naturally find a vent for themselves in some form of harmonious words, whether this be the form of metre, or of balanced and musical prose." "The mental qualities which go to make the Poet have nothing exclusive or exceptional in them. They differ nothing in kind from those of other men—only in degree. As one well entitled to speak for the poets has told us,—the Poet, the man of vivid soul, shares the same interests, sympathies, feelings as other men, only he has them more intensely. He is distinguished from other men, not by any peculiar gifts, but by greater promptness and intensity in thinking and feeling those things which other men think and feel, and by a greater power of expressing such thoughts and feelings as are produced in him." Here Shairp quotes from Wordsworth. Let us turn to the poets themselves. In their own words they shall tell us of their art and

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mission. We will gladly sit, ourselves silent, listening.

Was Macaulay a poet? Perhaps not. We will, however, give him the benefit of the doubt. He may first speak to us. "Poetry is, as that most acute of human beings, Aristotle, said, more than two thousand years ago, imitation. But the range of poetry is infinitely wider than that of any other imitative art or than that of all other imitative arts together. Poetry holds the outer world in common with the other arts. The heart of man is the province of poetry, and of poetry alone. The painter, the sculptor, and the actor, when the actor is unassisted by the poet, can exhibit no more of human passion and character than that small portion which overflows into the gesture and the face—always an imperfect, often a deceitful sign of that which is within. The deeper and more complex parts of human nature can be exhibited by means of words alone. Thus the objects of the imitation of poetry are the whole external and the whole internal universe, the face of nature, the vicissitudes of fortune, man as he is in himself, man as he appears in society, all things of which we can form an image in our minds, by combining together parts of things which really exist. The domain of this imperial art is commensurate with the imaginative faculty." John Wilson, glorious "Christopher North," was a poet, if ever one lived. What says he? "The distinctive character of poetry, it has been said, and credited almost universally, is *to please*. That they who have studied the laws of thought and passion should have suffered themselves to be deluded by an unmeaning word is mortifying enough; but it is more than mortifying—it perplexes and confounds—to think that poets themselves, and poets, too, of the highest order, have declared the same degrading belief of what is the scope and tendency, the end and aim of their own divine art—forsooth, *to please!* Pleasure is no more the end of poetry than it is the end of knowledge, or of virtue, or of religion, or of this world. The end of poetry is pleasure, delight, instruction, expansion, elevation, honor, glory, happiness here and hereafter, or it is nothing." Let us listen next to a woman's winning voice, that of Mrs. Browning, "queen of all the poetesses." "Poetry has been as serious a thing to me as life itself; and life has been a very serious thing: there has been no playing at skittles for me in either. I never mistook pleasure for the final cause of poetry; nor leisure for the hour of the poet." "Poetry is essentially truthfulness; and the very incoherences of poetic dreaming are but the struggle and the strife to reach the True in the Unknown."

But let us request the poets who now come near us, to express themselves in verse. One after another let them, in harmonious numbers,

chant the praises of their art. Who can think these varied utterances, thus grouped together, tiresome? He would turn petulantly away from a bouquet of rare and fragrant flowers. Ours is the pleasing part of culling and arranging the flowers, careless whether, besides ourselves, many or none admire them.

First we listen to the author of "Festus." Let no lover of poetry be ignorant of "Festus," of which Lord Lytton said, "It is a most remarkable and magnificent production;" and Ebenezer Elliott, "It contains poetry enough to set up fifty poets;" and Mrs. Hall, "It contains some of the most wonderful things I ever read;" and David Scott, "I was astonished to find such a work going on in a mind of the present day;" and George Gilfillan, "We want words to express the wonder which grew upon us, as each page opened like a new star, and we felt that the riches of thought, and imagery, and language scattered through the poem, were absolutely 'fineless,' and that the poet's mind was as vast as his theme." What says Philip James Bailey?

"The poet's pen is the true divining rod
Which trembles towards the inner founts of feeling,
Bringing to light and use, else hid from all,
The many sweet, clear sources which we have
Of good and beauty in our own deep bosoms,
And marks the variations of all mind
As does the needle an air-investing storm's."

"'Tis the bard's aim to show the mind-made world
Without, within; how the soul stands with God,
And the unseen realities about us."

"Poetry is itself a thing of God;
He made His prophets poets; and the more
We feel of poesie do we become
Like God in love and power,—under-makers."

Sings Campbell:

"O deem not, 'midst this worldly strife,
An idle art the poet brings:
Let high Philosophy control,
And sages calm the stream of life,
'Tis he refines its fountain springs,
The nobler passions of the soul."

Shelley chants of

the poet's blood,
That ever beats in mystic sympathy
With nature's ebb and flow."

Wordsworth declares poetry to be "the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge;" also "the spontaneous overflow of powerful emotion;" and anon cries out:

"Blessings be with them—and eternal praise,
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,
The poets—who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!"

In the same mood Tennyson sings:

"Everywhere the broad and bounteous Earth
Should bear a double growth of those rare souls,
Poets, whose thoughts enrich the blood of the world."

The mellow voice of Longfellow we hear:

"The Poet, faithful and far-seeing,
Sees, alike in stars and flowers, a part
Of the self-same, universal being,
Which is throbbing in his brain and heart."

All others fall back as *Shakespeare* speaks:

"The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name."

We pause to listen but once more. Cowper we hear:

"Fervency, freedom, fluency of thought,
Harmony, strength, words exquisitely sought;
Fancy, that, from the bow that spans the sky,
Brings colors dipp'd in heav'n that never die;
A soul exalted above earth, a mind
Skill'd in the characters that form mankind;
And as the sun in rising beauty dress'd,
Looks to the westward from the dappled east,
And marks, whatever clouds may interpose,
Ere yet his race begins, its glorious close,
An eye like his to catch the glorious goal,
Or ere the wheels of verse begin to roll,
Like his to shed illuminating rays
On ev'ry scene and subject it surveys,
Thus graced the man asserts a poet's name,
And the world cheerfully admits the claim."

Varying notes, perhaps, are these, yet they play upon the surface of the same deep undertone. We forbear all comments or attempted interpretations. The reader is as wise as we. With two more utterances from our valued teachers we close. Henry Giles tells us that poetry is "the eldest voice of time, the undying melody of the heart," "the language of the spirit, the inward sense of history, of eloquence, of fiction, and of philosophy, united to the harmony of sound;" and Henry Reed remarks: "It has been finely said, 'What a glorious gift God bestows upon a nation when he gives them a poet!' It might be added, with a sadder truth, that, when the poet enters upon his mission of gladdening and purifying and spiritualizing the hearts of men, the world is ready with the insult, the scoff, the ridicule, and all the weapons of a stupid and ignorant enmity. There is a blindness blinder than the mole's; there is a deafness deafer than the adder's; it is the blindness, the deafness, of literary bigotry!"

TO-DAY.

O RADIANT guest, who, decked in garments fair,
Pausest upon the threshold of the morn!
Upon my waking eyes I see thee dawn,
With wine-red roses in thy shining hair.
Within their depths thine eyes hold secrets rare;
Thy crimson lips, close-curved, yet not in scorn,
Will yield their treasures ere the night is born
To seize us mid its shadows unaware.
I would not give a single, dewy rose
From out the meshes of thy sunny locks,
E'en to be Paris when by Ida's snows,
With Oread fair, he tended alien flocks,
But fain would sing one rapt and tender lay
In praise of thee, O rare and sweet To-day!

E. F. N.

ABOUT READING.

SOME thoughts about reading have occurred to me of late, and being called on by the editors for an article, I offer them to the STUDENT.

It seems to me that the importance of general reading to the student, though it often weighs very little on his mind, can hardly be overestimated. The man of culture of the present day must be a reader in the fullest sense of the word.

Three centuries ago an "Admirable" Crichton was a possibility, at least for the imagination, and we can quite readily conceive that one man might master the knowledge and accomplishments of that age. But who would dream of such a feat in our time? Even to keep pace with the march of current events one must never leave the ranks.

Yet, though the need of activity is greater than ever, how little useful reading is actually done! Many a student who stands high in his class reads little beyond works on special subjects preparatory to an essay or an oration, and even then the results of this reading may often be traced back to some one essayist.

Go into society and notice the conversation, its topics and ideas, and what a small part of it is literary in its character. Go into the political meeting, and listen to the absurdities of some speaker who can neither write nor speak the English language correctly, and who is utterly ignorant of Political Economy, and one cannot fail to notice a dearth of information, even on the most important subjects. Yet, until there shall be more intelligent readers, nonsense will prevail in society and Communist orators will lead the masses.

"Reading maketh a full man," said Lord Bacon, and his philosophy never spoke a truer word. Take up the essays of Macaulay, perhaps the greatest reader that ever lived, and note the force of his words. He is a full man. He speaks with authority, with the confidence of one who knows his ground, and his words carry conviction. His letters are delightful, and his conversation was charming, conspicuous even in the brilliant circles in which he moved. Not every reader can write or converse like Macaulay, few if any can read as he did, but every one may profit by his example.

But not only is there a lack in the quantity but in the quality of reading. Novels and light reading have far too much attention. And in saying this I would not deny them a place, and a high one, too, in literature. In my opinion, we could ill afford to lose the Vicar of Wakefield, Adam Bede, Les Miserables, Uncle Tom's Cabin, and many others of the same class, or even the so-called juvenile and sensational books which are so often condemned.

But some more solid food is neces-

sary, and these alone are no more sufficient for the healthy mind than a diet of sweetmeats for the healthy body. Now it is no doubt hard, for one who is unaccustomed to do so, to read "solid" books but it is often made unnecessarily hard in two ways; first, by not reading them at all, and taking it for granted that "solid" reading is necessarily "dry"; and second, by attempting and expecting too much at first.

A taste for reading, like nearly all our tastes, is formed by habit, and directed by habit, and is habit. A habit of good reading is to be attained as every other habit, by regular and repeated effort in one direction. We are apt to think it natural disposition, perhaps a heaven-born faculty for enjoying dry things, that enables men to lose themselves in pages that are tedious to us, but it is no more a faculty than is the power of playing on the piano; there are a few whom nature endows with the musical faculty, but the many learn to play only by long and constant training, till the graceful and accurate motion of the fingers over the keys becomes a habit. Though few read well naturally, all may learn the art by training.

To carry the figure a little farther as many by careless practice fail of becoming good musicians, so it is easy by careless reading to fail of becoming good readers. It is not sufficient to read with the eyes alone nor even with the memory alone. Though little is read it should be read with judgment and a perception of its bearing on the things about it.

Human knowlege and history is a web woven of many threads, every one of which is joined to the rest so that none can be moved without disturbing the whole fabric. To understand the use of one of these threads it is necessary to trace it in its connection with every other and with the whole. To read with interest and profit, then, one should read topically. The reign of George III., of England, for instance, seems of little interest when considered as the period of an English ruler, but when we join with it the growth of liberty in our country and the stirring events of our Revolutionary war, the movements in France towards liberty, the changed aspect of the nations of Europe, and more than all, the great minds who cluster together in that time, matters take on a new light, and we not only read of these men and these events but we live with them.

The reader lives in a world of his own, outside of the material one, wider and more complete. His mind is his kingdom. Facts are at his command, and fancy offers him her choicest treasures. The wise of the earth are his masters, and books are to him companions alike for his "gayer hours" and "darker musings."

SONNETS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF HEINE.

I.

SO lovely shine the dying sunbeams!
Yet fairer still those eyes of thine.
The sunset-glow—thy eyes' brightness,
Bring sorrow to this heart of mine.

The sunset meaneth separation,
Heart's nightfall and heart's heavy woe.
Ah, soon the sea between thine eyes, love,
And my warm heart must coldly flow.

II.

As the bright reflection trembles
On the restless river's tossing,
And the moon, so calm and placid,
Heaven's arch serene is crossing,

So thou movest, O beloved,
Calm and placid, and the quiver
Of the heart which bears thy image
Is the pulsing of the river.

S. T. B.

A PLEA FOR XANTHIPPE.

BY M. T. N., '80.

BIOGRAPHY is humanity reduced to a principle, and at the same time illustrated and applied. While fiction, romance, and poetry become more esteemed with age, biography is less reliable as the era of its subject becomes more remote. The light that is transmitted through the medium of ages gives us curiously colored and strangely distorted images. The men and women of two thousand years ago seem wholly unlike the people of to-day. Time has stripped them of their humanity, of every human connection and circumstance, and has left nothing but some peculiarity, some great or infamous deed magnified a thousand fold.

Of all the personages of antiquity, there comes to us no name coupled with more odium than of Xanthippe,

the wife of Socrates. Wherever there has been any unusual development of disagreeable traits and unlovely characteristics in woman, they have all been characterized by one word, and that word has been "Xanthippe." But now, after twenty-three hundred years, in this civilized nineteenth century, when it is admitted, not only that women are human beings, but that they, as well as men, have individual rights, now, at least, let her have a fair hearing.

Sober history has allowed her scarcely a dozen sentences, and half of these are invectives or insinuations. But the remainder are authoritative and suggestive. Interpreted by the light of reason they are sufficient to place her reputation beyond a question. That she was a cultured and pious woman, a good and kind mother, an affectionate and duteous wife, is what we shall attempt to prove.

First, as to her culture. It is acknowledged that Socrates married her for her brilliant conversational powers. Now, feminine loquacity, unless founded in culture and good sense, is not particularly pleasing. It could have had no possible attraction for a man like Socrates. Have we then any reason to doubt her intellectual endowments?

To show her material feelings, it is only necessary to repeat Socrates' words to his son, Lamprocles. Lamprocles, after the manner of boys, is complaining of the strictness of his mother's discipline. Socrates reproves him with these words: "Can you doubt the kindness of your mother; she who has cared for you unceasingly all your life; who tenderly watches over you in sickness; and, that you recover, she prays to the gods, and even pays vows? Whatever she may do she does all for your highest good." If this was true, must she not have had, at least, a spark of maternal and devout feeling?

You who doubt her conjugal affection, go with me to the prison of Socrates. It is the last day of his life. The law has condemned him to an ignominious death. All the world is against him. But here we find his wife, ready and anxious to administer comfort and solace. Had it been allowed, she would have remained with him to the last moment of his existence, and would then even have bathed his lifeless body with her tears. Look at the scene, and tell me if constancy finds an exception in that woman?

It is insinuated that she was proud and high tempered; that her frequent outbursts of passion imbittered her husband's whole domestic life. Now we may not be able to disprove this, but even if true, may there not be extenuating circumstances? Is her temper of the malignant kind, or is it justifiable?

Socrates when he began life had

a comfortable home. His family was well provided for. It would seem that he lacked nothing to insure happiness. But suddenly his manner of life changes. He neglects his business. He spends his time on the street and in the market-places. In dress, he disregards all the demands of climate and custom. To attract attention, he affects excentricity. When, forgetting that duty to self and family is the first of obligations, he spends the whole day telling the people what duty is; when refusing all compensation for his instruction, he allows his own family to suffer for the actual necessities of life, is it with malignant anger that she meets him? Is she infuriated because it is her nature? Or does she exhibit only the righteous indignation of a neglected and injured woman seeking to awaken in an infatuated man a sense of personal duty?

To his home, destitute and poverty-stricken because of his neglect of business, he is accustomed to invite the great and rich men of the nation. When his wife, mortified that she cannot make even a show of hospitality, upbraids him for his impropriety and disregard of her feelings, is it with the haughtiness of the virago, or with only the justifiable womanly pride that, under like circumstances, would be displayed by every noble-spirited matron in our land?

If we search for the cause of their domestic difficulty we shall find it in no incompatibility of temper, but in an essential difference of their natures. Socrates spent much of his time in the regions of imagination. Xanthippe lived wholly among the realities of earth. He could theorize finely what life ought to be. She with energy and industry sought to meliorate the actuality. He thought divinity consisted in having no wants. She thought perfection consisted in the complete satisfaction of one's wants.

It is easy to see that principles so diverse could result in nothing but disagreement. Socrates did much for the world in general, but was unpopular in his own time. Xanthippe, although she lived in the consciousness of unnecessary humiliation, acted nobly her part, and her own time was, without doubt, the better appreciated of the two. But she has been misjudged by the world, because history fails to show the dark clouds under which her life was passed.

POLYMNIAN SOCIETY.

IN accordance with a petition made to the House of Representatives, by the Class of '69, the Polymnian Society was incorporated Feb. 19, 1869. The following is Sec. 1 of the Act of Incorporation: "W. H. Bolster, G. B. Files, G. O. Newhall, J. Chase Jr., C. O. Freeman, I. W. Hanson, A. S. Houghton, L. G. Jordan, A. E. Nash, C. H. Pearson, C. E. Raymond, W. E. C. Rich, I. M. Small, C. E. Wade, G. E. Gay, J. M. Libby, H. G. Lincoln, A. M. Marston, E. J. Goodwin, J. W. Jones, G. H. Stockbridge, their associates and successors, are hereby constituted a body politic and corporate, by the name of the Polymnian Society, and by that name shall have power to prosecute and defend suits at law, to have a common seal, and to change the same at pleasure, and to take, hold, and convey for the objects of their Association, by gift, grant, bequest, or otherwise, any estate, real or personal, the annual income of which shall not exceed five thousand dollars; and are hereby invested with all the powers and privileges incident to similar corporations." In accordance with the Act of Incorporation a meeting was called by J. Chase Jr., and L. G. Jordan, corporators of the Society. At this meeting W. H. Bolster was appointed President *pro tem.*, and J. M. Libby, Secretary *pro tem.*

The Charter of the Polymnian Society was read and accepted. A committee of three, consisting of J. Chase Jr., A. C. Houghton, and H. W. Lincoln, were appointed to draft a Constitution and By-Laws, and meeting adjourned to March 12, 1869, when the Society met according to adjournment. G. H. Newhall was chosen President *pro tem.*, and A. N. Marston, Secretary *pro tem.* The report of the Committee appointed to draft a Constitution and By-Laws was heard and accepted.

The following is the Preamble, showing the objects for which the Society was formed:

"*Whereas*, It is necessary in order to prepare ourselves for the varied duties of life, to cultivate a correct mode of speaking, and to qualify ourselves by practice to express our opinions in public in a correct manner, and

Whereas, The extension of our information upon all subjects calculated to improve the mind is highly commendable, therefore, we, students of Bates College, by virtue of an Act of Incorporation approved Feb. 18th, 1869, do hereby declare ourselves an Association for these purposes, to be known as the Polymnian Society of Bates College, and adopt for government the following Constitution and By-Laws."

The Constitution provides that the regular officers of this Society, shall consist of a President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Librarian, Assistant Librarian, an Executive Committee of three, four

Editors, an Orator, and a Poet, whose duties are similar to those incumbent on the same officers in like societies.

The following were the names of the first Board of Officers chosen by the Society: President, G. B. Files; Vice President, L. G. Jordan; Secretary, H. W. Lincoln; Treasurer, A. N. Marston; First Librarian, W. E. C. Rich; Second Librarian, G. H. Stockbridge; Editors, W. H. Bolster, C. H. Pearson, J. M. Libby, E. J. Goodwin; Executive Committee, G. K. Newhall, J. W. Hanson, G. E. Gray.

Art. III. of the Constitution provides for the admission of new members, which is as follows: "Written invitations of membership shall be sent by the Executive Committee to all students of the College within one week of their entrance, provided said committee are satisfied of the good moral character of such student or students, and all who shall return their written acceptance of the same, which shall be read to the Society, shall, by a majority vote of the Society become active members on the payment of the initiation fee and signing the Constitution."

The regular order of exercises of the Society, is as follows: "1st, prayer; 2d, reading of the records; 3d, declamation; 4th, essay; 5th, discussion; 6th, paper; 7th, criticism; 8th, business. The books of the Society show that the members, though few in number when the Society was organized, took great interest in the exercises, especially in the discussion of the various questions presented. The Society has rapidly increased in numbers, and as a natural result the interest and prosperity correspondingly increased each succeeding year.

Among those prominent in its earlier membership, we notice the names of Lyman G. Jordan, '69; A. L. Houghton, '69; Frank W. Cobb, '72; George H. Stockbridge, '72; Charles B. Reade, '72; H. H. Acterian, '74; Martin A. Way, '74.

For the past year the Society has enjoyed a good degree of prosperity. The meetings have been held with customary uniformity, and the attendance, while it might and ought to have been greater, has been reasonably full. During the present term a change was inaugurated in the manner of conducting the weekly meetings, which promises to do much in the way of promoting the interest and increasing the benefits of the Society. This change has already been noticed in the STUDENT.

Previous to the establishment of this institution as a college, there existed in the Maine State Seminary a literary society called the "Philomathean." When the Polymnian was incorporated the Philomathean was removed, with part of its Library, to Nichols Latin School. That part of the Library still remaining became the property of the Polymnian Society on the condition of as-

suming the debt of the former. In the absence of records we have no knowledge of the exact number of volumes received from the Philomathean, but an article in the Constitution wisely provides that "not less than 90 per cent. of all money obtained by regular taxes and initiation fees shall be expended on the purchase of books for the Library," so that our Library has been constantly and rapidly increasing. According to the treasurers' reports nearly six hundred dollars have been expended for this purpose. Besides, we have received numerous donations of books. Of the Library every member of the Society has a right to be proud. While not large in the number of volumes, between 700 and 800, it has been collected with great care and discrimination. It would be difficult to find a library of its size, having so excellent a collection. It is especially good in fiction. One can find on its shelves the works of Dickens, Scott, Hawthorne, H. B. Stowe, Cooper, Irving, Wilkie Collins, besides many other novelists of equal or less celebrity. In the department of history we notice the works of Gibbon, Macaulay, Hallam, Prescott, Lecky, Thiers, John S. C. Abbott, and many others. In poetry, the works of Milton, Shakespeare, Johnson, Chaucer, Spenser, Burns, Byron, Butler, Campbell, Coleridge, Tennyson, Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, and others too numerous to mention. The miscellaneous works of the Library are very fine in quality. It is gratifying, too, that the superior Library advantages are improved. Of the books taken out a preponderance are works of fiction, although quite a large number of historical and miscellaneous works have been used during the past year. They are found to be of great advantage in the preparation of debates, etc. The increase in the number of volumes will make an immediate increase of shelf room absolutely necessary. Measures will be at once taken to secure more liberal accommodations for the books. Until such accommodations are provided a further purchase of books would not be expedient.

The present membership of the Society is divided among the four classes, as follows: Seniors, 6; Juniors, 6; Sophomores, 28; Freshmen, 12. The following are the present Board of Officers: President, E. W. Given; Vice President, J. H. Heald; Secretary, W. J. Brown; Treasurer, O. H. Drake; Librarian, W. H. Judkins; Assistant Librarian, O. H. Tracy; Editors, M. C. Smart, W. A. Hoyt, Miss E. J. Clark, F. L. Blanchard; Orator, R. F. Johonnett; Poet, T. J. Bollin; Executive Committee, F. P. Otis, M. P. Judkins, J. E. Holden.

EUROSOPHIAN SOCIETY.

IT is not alone in school that we learn. It is not entirely the routine of daily recitation, the tossing of questions and answers, that gives culture. Take from service all those who have obtained their first and best discipline in public speaking, their knowledge in Parliamentary rules, in the District Lyceum, and you have taken the best part of it. Take from your Alumni rolls the names of those who have been most active in the literary work of your Societies, and you have removed by far the strongest element. This is the first fact that strikes one on searching the old records of our Societies.

But it is a fact that no particular prominence has been given to Society work at Bates, we may say it has been secondary to everything else. After provision for every other possible thing has been made, if there is any time or talent left, the Societies come in for a consideration. But as a general thing those who have engaged with interest in Society work have spent their time not only pleasantly but, as results show, profitably.

As long as the Institution was known as Maine State Seminary, the two Societies, were the Literary Fraternity and Philomathean Society. When the preparatory department was removed to Nichols Hall, they took their names with them. Those of the Literary Fraternity who entered College came into possession of its Library and room. Feb. 19th, 1869, they organized and obtained a Charter under the name of the EUROSOPHIAN SOCIETY. The present Constitution and By-Laws was prepared by a committee consisting of Messrs. L. M. Webb, F. H. Morrell, and F. H. Peckham. Twenty-three signed the Constitution and By-Laws as charter members. The first officers were: President, C. A. Mooers; Vice President, Isaac Goddard; Secretary, C. A. Bickford; Treasurer, J. N. Ham; Librarian, C. H. Hersey; Editors, L. C. Graves, F. H. Morrell, L. H. Hutchinson.

The literary exercises were principally discussions, declamations, readings, original essays, and papers. The meetings have always been well sustained. The charter members were, as a whole, interested, working members. Many of them have since distinguished themselves in their respective professions. On the foundation thus laid, a strong Society has been built up. A fair share of the working men of each class have been enrolled as members. Our numbers have slowly but steadily increased until we now number fifty-three, divided as follows: Sen-

iors, ten; Juniors, fourteen; Sophomores, eleven; Freshmen, eighteen. We, as a Society, believe in co-education. For, if we stand by our motto, "*We seek the most beautiful things*," how can we believe otherwise? Three years' experience also confirms our belief. Five of the eight ladies now in College are Eurosophians. Taking part in all exercises, debate excepted, they act their part with a credit equal to that of the more muscular sex.

The Library contains a few less than 800 well-selected volumes. The books have been carefully selected from the best authors and such books as are not in the College Library. About forty volumes are being added the present term.

The past year has been a successful one. The annual public meeting of the fall term was well attended. The programme was well arranged and well carried out. Every part showed study and care in preparation. The value to the Society of such exercises cannot be doubted.

During the year the order of exercises has been occasionally changed to give variety and add interest to the meetings. During the fall and summer terms, occasional sessions of "mock Congress" were held, to give practice in Parliamentary etiquette. Eulogies, biographies, invectives, critiques, have sometimes been substituted in place of declamations and readings. The Society Quartette has furnished us many times with select music. Once or twice has the Collgee Orchestra, by its presence, lent enjoyment to the occasion.

Although there are two literary Societies here well supported, still there is not so much of this kind of work done as might be, or ought to be done. Its value to one having a profession in view cannot be overestimated. There is no work that has so direct bearing upon practical professional work as the drill we obtain in writing, speaking, and debating, yet these occupy a comparatively subordinate position in the College curriculum. Those who desire this kind of discipline must go to the literary societies to get it.

THE BATES STUDENT.

EDITORS.
W. H. JUDKINS, J. H. HEALD, F. L. HAYES, J. F. PARSONS, M. T. NEWTON.
BUSINESS MANAGER: H. L. MERRILL.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

OUR readers will notice, and we hope favorably, a change in the present number. The June number has formerly been issued after Commencement. This year an account of the exercises of Commencement Week will appear in the September issue. The latter number can be kept for reference, if desired, while the daily papers will doubtless give an immediate report of the various exercises as they take place. The advantages secured by having the June number contain an account of Commencement have been thought to be less than those secured by the present arrangement.

The present number is intended to be essentially a *Commencement* one. It has been our object to give that information and discuss those topics which are adapted to the time and occasion. We regret that our multiplicity of duties have prevented us from giving this number the time and labor that it needed. We hope, however, that it will prove an acceptable number.

Comparing a copy of Vol. I. with a copy of Vol. VII. of the STUDENT, we notice a great change in the contents. Literary matter has been displaced by editorials and locals, and the former monotony relieved by the introduction of varied departments. But in the *form* of the magazine there has been no corresponding change. It would appear to the casual observer that the first number was got up in a hurry, and all the odds and ends that chanced to be left out were scattered promiscuously upon the cover. If any one had ever looked steadfastly at this cover for twenty minutes he would probably never have seen anything right side up again. And what shall we say of the *color* of the covers? The man who proposed that cover must have had a disposition of sombre hue.

It has been suggested that the STUDENT be changed from magazine to newspaper form. Our experience in the editorial line, however, as well as considerable observation among exchanges, has taught us that, for a publication like the STUDENT, the magazine form is by far the neater and more convenient. But there is

one fault that should be avoided. On account of the narrowness of the columns and the coarseness of the type, it is tiresome to follow through sentences of any considerable length. There are two ways of remedying this difficulty, one by making the pages wider, the other by allowing the lines to go across the whole page; the latter seems to us the preferable way.

It is the aim of the present Board of Editors to bring about as many as possible of these desirable changes. But it is a matter of keen regret that so few of them can be made during the present year. After all arrangements and stipulations have been made for a year's publication, it is, of course, impossible to make many changes.

The only hope we have of marked improvements in the STUDENT is by a change in the present policy. Every considerable change must be made at the beginning of a year. But it requires on the part of a new Board of Editors several months of editorial work and observation to learn what changes would be advantageous. Now, let there be six editors from two classes, three from each of them; and let, if possible, their terms of editorship be so arranged that only three shall go out at a time. Then there will evidently be every opportunity for improvement.

But in respect to the management of the STUDENT, a change is imperatively demanded. The system of conducting the finances, if, indeed, there has been any system, has been altogether too loose. This system is to collect dues when it comes handy, and to pay bills when it happens to be convenient. The manager has not been required at the end of the year to give account for his management. Nor has he presented to his successor any report of the financial standing of the STUDENT. All that has been asked of him is to pay the expenses of his year. Old dues, many of which might be collected, are given to the winds. Each new manager has to begin everything anew. With the exception of having the names of subscribers, he is compelled to do just as though the STUDENT were a wholly new publication. He must take upon himself the management of a publication about which he knows nothing, about which he can ascertain nothing except by experience.

Each manager should be required to keep a strict book account. This would remedy a part of the present evils. Furthermore, there should be an assistant manager from a lower class, who, when the chief manager's term of office expired, would step into his place. In this manner can the finances be placed on a sound basis.

We commend these matters to the attention of all who have to do with the STUDENT, and especially the Class of '81, into whose hands it is soon to pass.

The reading room is an advantage to the students, in giving them a variety of reading matter, and the very best that can be had in the way of magazines and newspapers. If one wishes the news in regard to a particular thing or of a particular day, he can have it by taking a step or two from his room. He has also at his call all the popular writers, such as contribute to the magazines. But, after all, few make use of the privilege; and it is possible that it would be better for every man to afford one or two papers, and perhaps a magazine, for himself. There are many inconveniences to reading in a public room. Often, there is so much noise as to prevent any attention. Then, even when the papers are not taken from the room, when one has time to read he usually finds others on the same errand, and cannot read what he wishes.

But however this may be, one thing we would insist on as important. Let there be more reading done. We make a mistake when we give our time to the three college studies. Do not let us undervalue hard, steady work; nevertheless, we can do more of it in four years, if we keep our interest in the outside world, and our sympathy with it, alive. He who studies the most hours does not, necessarily, do the most studying.

We say the object of college is not information, but discipline. Very well. But if we can get just as much discipline and some information too, let us have both. We have too many men who are scholars, good for little else. Let us have the scholars, and practically informed men, besides.

A preacher who was celebrated for the amount of work he could turn off, said that he did it, not by studying directly on his sermons, but by his miscellaneous study, which kept his mind rested and vigorous. So here. Let one study nothing but "Greek roots," as the saying is, for five or six years, and he would just about "dry up." He must have something to give interest and vivacity to his mind. One of our greatest Presidents owed much of his success to newspaper reading.

The second "Ivy Day" at Bates was celebrated, by the class of '80, June 13th. The weather was the finest that could be asked for. A cool breeze added much to the comfort of the out-door exercises. At two o'clock the procession was formed on the Campus by R. C. Gilbert, Marshal of the day. Led by Glover's Band, it proceeded down College Street; from College to Horton; Horton to Pine; Pine to Lisbon; Lisbon to Main; Main to Frye; Frye to College Street again. A full house greeted the students on their return. The following was the programme:

	MUSIC.	
Prayer.		F. L. Hayes.
	CLASS ODE.	
Oration.		W. H. Judkins.
	MUSIC.	
Poem.		J. H. Heald.
	IVY ODE.	

The audience then adjourned to the northwest corner of Hathorn Hall, where a tablet had been put on to the corner finish. Here the Ivy was planted with imposing ceremony, each member participating in it. The tablet was then unveiled. This completed the planting ceremony. The Ivy of '80 is now taking root.

The Class then proceeded to a shady spot in front of Hathorn Hall, where the presentations were made by R. C. Gilbert.

PRESENTATIONS.

Handsome Man, Looking Glass.	E. H. Farrar.
Homely Man, Mask.	I. F. Frisbee.
Best Moustache, Moustache Cup.	J. A. Plummer.
Biggest Eater, Iron Spoon.	A. L. Woods.
Baseballist, Bat.	W. A. Hoyt.
Musician, Tin Horn.	M. T. Newton.
Ladies' Man, Doll.	C. H. Deshon.
Lazy Man, Easy Chair.	E. E. Richards.
Smoker, Big Cigar.	J. F. Parsons.
Ponyist, Horse.	F. L. Hayes.
Dig, Spade.	J. H. Heald.
Popular Man, Tall Hat.	Miss L. W. Harris.

The literary exercises in the Chapel showed careful preparation. The odes, written by Miss L. W. Harris, A. A. Beane, F. L. Hayes, were particularly appropriate. The Orator took for his subject, "Sympathy." He treated it in a pleasing and ingenious manner, identifying it with the object of the present exercises. The Poet took the old subject, "The Journey of Life." But his manner of treating made it seem very original. Mr. Gilbert in making the presentations made appropriate remarks to each of the recipients. Responses were made in a humorous vein. All the exercises passed off very pleasantly. This is one of the days which the members of '80 will ever look back upon with the most heartfelt pleasure.

The "Ivy Ode," by Miss L. W. Harris, we take pleasure in publishing:

Accept the tribute of our song,
Ivy vine, fresh ivy vine!
Let mirth and joy thy praise prolong,
Ivy vine, fresh ivy vine!
Be unto us memorial bright,
Of days here spent in search of right;
May we its cause with truth unite,
Ivy vine, fair ivy vine!

And when in future we recall
Ivy Day, our Ivy Day!
From off our hearts shall shadows fall,
Ivy Day, our Ivy Day!
Our victories and failures here,
As trifles then may all appear,
But thou shalt be to memory dear,
Ivy Day, our Ivy Day!

To nobler aims our hearts inspire,
Ivy green, sweet ivy green!
To deeds of love and motives higher,
Ivy green, sweet ivy green!
And as the branches of thy vine
'Round firm support their tendrils twine,
So may we trust in love divine,
Ivy green, blest ivy green!

An Ivy Collation in the evening appropriately closed the exercise of the day. The Juniors and ladies, making a party of over thirty, assembled in the parlors of the DeWitt, when, after a pleasant hour spent in conversation, the bountiful hospitality of the proprietors, Messrs. Murch & Quimby, was heartily enjoyed. The floral decorations were elegant. After the supper, toast responding, recitations, promenading, and music, prolonged the festivities to a late hour. As the appropriate termina-

tion of a most successful Ivy Day, the occasion will long be happily remembered by every member of '80.

We append the Ode sung at the conclusion of the festivities:

Dear Classmates! We pause for a moment of pleasure,
A moment of rest, on our studious way.
May joy, from each heart, flow in bounteous measure;
The sunlight of life and the sunshine of day.

Oh! happy the thought that this meeting expresses;
And bright be the scene recollection to keep;
And honored the bond which its memory blesses,
To twine friendship's vine in a symbol complete.

May we date from this moment a stronger devotion,
A deeper set purpose, our duty to do.
Let our Maker be loved with a truer emotion,
Let our hearts be linked stronger in brotherhood true.

We have thought that a biographical analysis of any graduating class, on the event of their graduation, would be read with interest, and, that the record, if continued for any number of years, might prove of valuable reference. We accordingly have taken pains to find out the following facts as to the class of '79. We give each member in alphabetical order.

Bollin, Thomas James, was born in Lexington, Va., April 23, 1846. He was a slave until his eighteenth year, or until the Emancipation Proclamation of Abraham Lincoln. On his arrival in the North, at Lewiston in 1866, he began his education. He fitted for college at Nichols Latin School and entered Bates College in the fall of '75. He fitted in a total of 60 weeks. He has been in College 127 weeks. He has taught no school while in College, but has earned $500. His College expenses have been $500. He affirms no religious belief. Intended profession, Teaching. He stands 5 feet 9 inches high, and weighs 150 pounds.

Briggs, Edgar Merrill, was born in Parkman, May 28, 1854. He fitted for college at Pittsfield, spending a total of 50 weeks in the fitting school. He has been present at College 124 weeks, has taught 4 terms while in College, earning $900. His College expenses have been $1000. In religious belief he is a Baptist. He chooses Law as his profession. He stands 5 feet 9 inches in height, and weighs 155 pounds.

Buker, Frank Leonard, was born at Litchfield, Aug. 30, 1851. He spent a total of 61 weeks in fitting for college at Nichols Latin School. He has been present at College 97 weeks of his course, has taught 6 terms, has earned $800, and spent $1000. In religious belief he is a Baptist. Teaching will be his profession. He is 6 feet 1 inch in height, with a weight of 185 pounds.

Given, Emery Winfield, was born at Auburn, Oct. 1, 1856. He fitted at Auburn High School in a total of 120 weeks. He has been in attendance on his College duties 120 weeks. He has taught 3 terms away from the College, and has performed much extra labor in Nichols Latin School, covering a period of 6 terms.

His total earnings are $550; total expenses, $1000. He is a Baptist in religious belief and will take Teaching as his profession. He stands 6 feet high, and weighs 155 pounds.

Howard, Fletcher, was born at Leeds, Oct. 5, 1853. He fitted at Hebron Academy with a total attendance in weeks of 80. He has been present at College 93 weeks of his course, has taught 6 terms, has earned $1200, and spent $1500, more or less. He is a Baptist in religious belief, and will take Medicine as his profession. He stands 6 feet high, and tips the beam at 220 pounds.

Johonnett, Rodney Fuller, was born at Newport, June 30, 1855. He consumed a total of 84 weeks in his fitting course at Pittsfield. He has a total attendance at College of 110 weeks, having taught 5 terms and earned $830. His College expenses have been $1250. He is a Methodist in religious belief, and will choose as his profession the Ministry. His height is 5 feet 5 inches, and weight, 120 pounds.

Lane, Willard Ernest, was born at Danville, June 28, 1853, and fitted for college at Nichols Latin School, consuming a total school attendance of 55 weeks in his fit. He has been present at College 94 weeks of his course, has taught 5 terms, earned $700, and spent $900. He is a Universalist in religious belief, and will take the profession of Medicine. He stands 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs 170 pounds.

Lombard, Thurston Merrill, was born at Auburn, Sept. 18, 1855. A part of his fit he secured at Auburn High School, the remainder at Nichols Latin School. His total fitting weeks are 146. He has been at College during his entire course 146 weeks. He has taught no terms of school, but has earned $150. His expenses have been $1000. He will enter none of the professions, but devote himself to business. In religious preference he is a Universalist. He is in height 5 feet 8 inches, and weighs 140 pounds.

McCollister, Elisha Atwood, was born in Canton, Mar. 25, 1852. He fitted for college at Hebron Academy in a total of 48 weeks. He has been in attendance at the College 118 weeks of his course, has taught 4 terms, earned $450, and spent $1600. He is a Universalist, and will adopt Medicine as his profession. He stands 6 feet in height, and weighs 213 pounds.

Moseley, Simon Connor, was born at Bowdoin, Jan. 6, 1858; fitted for college at Nichols Latin School, with 80 weeks attendance. He has spent 120 weeks in attendance on his collegiate studies, has taught 3 terms, earned $250, and spent $1200 for College expenses. Unitarianism is his religious belief and Law will be his profession. His height is 6 feet 1 inch, and weight, 148 pounds.

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annual publication, edited by the Seniors, makes its appearance this month. Two games played with the Atlantics of Portland; the first was stopped by the rain, after 13 scores had been made by the Bates and 3 by the Atlantics; the second resulted in a victory for the Bates Nine with a score of 4 to 3.

June.—On the morning of June 12th Chapel exercises were conducted by Prof. Stanton, for the first time within the memory of the oldest inhabitant, but it is the sincere hope of the students that it is not the last time. A game with the Bowdoins resulted in a victory for Bates, by a score of 9 to 8. The Sophomores took their *nominal* exit, at the DeWitt House, on the 12th, although it is understood that the Faculty have not yet decided whether they will all take an *actual* exit or not. On the afternoon of the 13th the Juniors celebrated the usual exercises of Ivy Day, and in the evening partook of Ivy Supper at the DeWitt. On the evening of the 18th the Sophomores buried Analytics. On the 19th occurred the return game between the Bates and Bowdoins, in which the latter were beaten with a score of 10 to 7. On the 18th, 19th, 20th, and 21st occurred the examinations of the various classes. Commencement is yet to come, which, if it passes with equal success with the preceding weeks, will conclude a very successful year at Bates.

LOCALS.

Vacation!

'79, Adieu!

"In your mind."

"A beautiful figur."

The nine has "braced up."

The boys begin to scatter.

"*Chloroform*" is the green of leaves.

Once more we hold the State Championship.

Processions, suppers, exits, and funerals are the order of the day.

Fifteen to four indicates a mistaken judgment in estimating curves.

How the poetry has been ground out lately! It must be indigent to the soil.

The Sophomores this year introduce the custom of burying "Anna Lytics."

Owing to unavoidable circumstances, our correspondence will be omitted in this number.

The Juniors have petitioned the Trustees to have a day set apart for Field Day and Ivy Day.

The Latin School "Union" have just issued their third annual, *The Nichols Echo.* It makes a neat appearance, and we understand meets with a ready sale.

Since the class exit a Soph has been known to exhibit a dilapidated pair of pantaloons and mournfully ask, "Who keeps that big black dog on Upper Main Street?

The Bowdoin game is set down for Thursday, June 19th; the Colby game, Saturday, the 21st.

Excuses: "Lowell motioned to adjourn." "We don't blame the Sophomores, but Harlow handed in our names."

A goodly number of the boys are to wait on summer resorters during vacation. A new adaptation of higher education!

We overheard a young lady telling a Junior a fairy story about Fizz and Fuzz. Doubtless she had that Juniors moustache in view.

A certain member of the Junior Class says that, of all the flowers which he has analyzed, the *two-lips* are the most interesting.

A Sophomore thus translates the sentence: "Ipse capillato diffusum consule potat," "He drinks wine diffused from the long-haired consul."

A few of the boys return to their paternal mansions to witness to the truth of that divine announcement: "By the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

On Wednesday, June 11th, the Second Nine played a match game of base-ball, on the old Androscoggin grounds, with a picked nine of Lewiston, beating them 12 to 11.

The Sophomores wish to extend their thanks to the "Recentes Homines" for the *very courteous* treatment of their invitation to join in the funeral procession of "Anna Lytics."

In preparation for their public meeting for the fall term, the Polymnian Society have chosen W. H. Judkins as orator, and A. A. Beane and Miss E. J. Clark as editor and editress.

The many visitors to Bowdoin during the late meeting of the Boating, Athletic, and Base-Ball Associations, had an excellent time. The issue of the base-ball game did not, of course, mar the pleasure.

We learn from the Librarian that the addition to the College Library has not been as large as usual the past year. Only 208 volumes have been added. The present number, exclusive of pamphlets, is 5608.

The Senior blacks his boots,
And elbows up his way,
Makes his little bow,
And says his little say.
Then he makes another,
And waits for his bouquet;
While the people clap their hands,
And the band begins to play.

A Soph who recently received a present of blue-eyed-grass, from an admired and admiring (?) lady acquaintance, was surprised, on inquiring its significance, to learn that its scientific name is *Sisyrinchiurn*, meaning pig's snout.

A reception was tendered the Seniors on Thursday evening, 19th inst., by Prof. Hayes and lady, at their residence on Mountain Avenue. A very pleasant and profitable evening was spent. The Professor gave the class some account of his German life, which was very interesting. All present most heartily enjoyed the Professor's hospitality.

In the absence of Prof. Rand for the last four or five weeks, Mr. Drake was chosen by the class of '81 to conduct their recitations in Mathematics. Much credit is due to Mr. Drake for the painstaking manner in which he has filled the place.

June 6th, Middle Class of the Latin School gave Prize Declamations at Nichols Hall. The parts showed much care in selection and preparation. The College Sophomore Quartette furnished music for the occasion. The prizes were awarded to H. D. Moore and H. R. Ham.

On Thursday evening, May 29th, a reception was tendered to their friends by the lady teachers of the Lewiston Normal Practice School. Members from each of the classes in College were present to enjoy the very pleasurable entertainment afforded.

The new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is believed to be, in the quantity of matter it contains, by far the largest volume published. It now contains about 118,000 words defined, and nearly 15,000 words and meanings not found in any other one dictionary. The Biographical Dictionary, just added, supplies a want long felt by the reader and student, in giving the desired information so briefly. Never was any one volume so complete as an aid in getting an education.

The local papers came near having to record a sad accident. As a certain Junior was passing along the street, the wind lifted his hat off, landing it directly in the wheel track. A hastily driven team passed directly over it, and only saved itself from a capsize by a sudden stop. The carriage received no damage except a severe concussion from the collision. The hat, we are glad to say, was uninjured.

The burial of Anna Lytics, after numerous delays on account of weather, took place June 18th. The corpse was looking remarkably well, considering the time it had been kept. Although the roads were very muddy, a large company of *sin*cere mourners followed the bier. Tne body was given to the fire and the spirit to the care of Charon, from the summit of David's Mountain. *Nunc requiescat in pace.*

The Sophomores had their *exit*, June 12th, at the DeWitt. The President, H. B. Nevins, presided. E. D. Rowell acted as toast master. "Our *Alma Mater*," "Class of '81," "Ladies of '81," "Girls of Lewiston," "Base-Ball," and "The Sophomore Quartette," were each toasted in turn. Odes, prepared for the occasion, were sung. W. J. Brown was Orator of the evening. W. P. Curtis was Prophet. A very pleasing poem was prepared by Miss E. J. Clark. C. L. McCleery gave an interesting Class History. It

was a very enjoyable occasion. The class voted the first exit a grand success.

The Base-Ball Nine, although no one thinks of comparing it with the "old Nine," is doing solid work. Thus far it has showed a clean record in every game. Base-ball is our only Collge game and ought to have the ready support of every student and graduate. Although the finances of the Association have improved of late, yet it is still in debt. To those of the Alumni that have played upon the Nine, we would suggest a consideration of the financial standing of the Association.

On Thursday evening, 19th inst., a reception was tendered to the Juniors and ladies by Prof. Angell and lady, at their residence on College Street. The evening was most pleasantly passed in agreeable conversation and in viewing the Professor's large collection of pictures. It is very gratifying to think now, when their direct relations must terminate, that the Professor and the class have always been so kindly associated together; and the thanks of the class are due and tendered to him and his lady for their free-hearted hospitality.

Exercises for Commencement Week. —Sunday at 2.30 P.M will occur the Baccalaureate exercises; in the evening the address before the Theological students. Monday evening is the Junior Exhibition. Tuesday P.M. comes the Theological Anniversary, and Tuesday evening the Commencement Concert. Wednesday P.M. is the Anniversary of the Alumni; Wednesday evening, the address of Col. Higginson before the Literary Societies. Thursday is Commencement Day; Thursday evening are Class Day exercises, and Friday evening the Reception at the President's.

One of the great contrasts between the school books used by the fathers and mothers of the land, when young, and those now used by the children, is the use of pictures. As a curious instance of illustrating the meaning of words by pictorial illustration, the pictures in the new edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary in connection with the following twelve words, *Beef*, *Boiler*, *Castle*, *Column*, *Eye*, *Horse*, *Moldings*, *Phrenology*, *Ravelin*, *Ships*, *Steam Engine*, *Timbers*, illustrate and define the meaning of more than 340 words and terms, as may be seen by examining the Dictionary.

Base-ball has still continued to flourish among us with customary vigor. The slight illness of the pitcher prevented the expected and desired game with the Colbys. On Decoration Day the First and Second Nines played a game on the Androscoggin grounds. Oakes pitching in place of Parsons. The old-fashioned curves were a little too much for the Second Nine although they managed

to score three runs. The first nine scored twelve runs. The Saturday following, May 31st, the first nine, Tarbox pitching, played with the High School Nine, winning an easy victory by a score of 15 to 1.

Bates 9, *Bowdoins* 8.—*Ten innings.*—Bates and Bowdoin met on the diamond for the first time this season, at Brunswick, on Saturday, June 7th. Great interest was felt in this game, from the fact that neither nine had lost a game during the season, as well as from the old spirit of rivalry between the two nines.

The boys were cheered by a great number of Bates students in their trip.

At two o'clock an immense crowd had assembled on the Delta Grounds to witness the game, and the usual offers of sporting men were made, and as quickly taken.

The game was called at precisely 2.30 with the Bowdoins at the bat. In the first inning the Bowdoins secured one run while the Bates were blanked. Bowdoin failed to see the home plate again until the seventh inning. In the third inning Bates settled down to work and scored four runs.

At the end of the sixth inning the score stood: Bates, 4; Bowdoins, 1. At this point Parsons, who had been sick for nearly three weeks, and consequently unable to practice, showed signs of weakness, and the result was three runs for Bowdoin, in this inning, two in the eighth, and one in the ninth.

Bates came to the bat in the ninth, with three runs to tie and four to win. It was evident to their friends that the boys meant "*business.*"

Parsons went to bat first and dropped a beauty over Gardner's head and trotted to first.

Foss struck hard to short and was declared out at first by a decision of the umpire, which was, to say the least, open to criticism.

Hoyt struck a long fly which Winship captured. A safe hit by "Perk" and an error by Smith let in two men.

Lombard then sent a hot grounder just inside first base, and Parsons came in amid great excitement, thus leaving the score 7 to 7.

Smith in the tenth was given his base on balls. Norcross took in Snow and Winship failed to Wilbur. Maxcy sent Smith to third and Lally sacrificed to second, Smith coming in. For Bates, Norcross led off with a two baser, Parsons going out at first. Foss struck a sacrifice to second and brought Norcross in, securing his own base on a fumble by Maxcy. Perkins struck hard to center, and Foss, thinking of the maxim "Now or never," started from second for home, which he reached just in time to score the winning run.

A few remarks ought to be made in regard to the umpiring of the game.

Our captain was allowed to choose one of two men selected by Bowdoin to umpire the game, neither of whom were known to him, and neither of whom had any reputation as an umpire.

To umpire such important games, men should be chosen who are known and who have experience, in addition to ability and knowledge of the game.

The Bowdoins claim that no fault was found with the umpire during the progress of the game, and that the dissatisfaction was an after thought; but the fact is, that the boys felt all through the game that they were being crowded, especially in the matter of balls and strikes. But all are liable to mistakes, and perhaps Mr. Payson failed in ability, rather than in honesty.

BATES.

	AB.	R.	1B	TB.	R	PO	A.	E.
Sanborn, lf	6	0	0	2	9	1	0	
Lombard, 3b	6	1	1	0	3	2	4	
Wilbur, c	6	1	1	1	5	3	4	
Ranger, 2b	5	1	2	0	4	1	1	
Norcross, rf	5	1	2	1	2	0	0	
Parsons, p	5	1	1	1	1	2	6	
Foss, ss	5	0	0	1	1	4	2	
Hoyt, lf	5	3	3	1	4	0	2	
Perkins, cf	5	3	3	2	1	0	0	
	48	11	13	9	30	13	19	

BOWDOINS.

	AB.	R.	1B.	TB.	R	PO.	A.	E.
Wilson, p	6	0	0	2	0	6	2	
Smith, ss	6	2	3	1	0	3	3	
Snow, c	6	1	1	2	7	1	1	
Winship, c f	6	2	3	0	3	0	0	
Maxcy, 2b	6	1	1	0	2	3	2	
Perry, l f	6	2	2	1	5	0	1	
Lally, rf	5	1	1	0	0	0	0	
Gardner, 3b	5	1	1	0	1	2	2	
Ring, 1b	5	1	1	2	12	0	2	
	51	11	13	8	30	15	13	

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	
Bates	0	0	4	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	9
Bowdoins	1	0	0	0	0	0	3	2	1	1	8

Umpire—H. S. Payson, Bowdoin, '80.
Scorers—Bates, H. L. Merrill; Bowdoins, H. B. Wilson.

Bates 15, *Colby* 4.

On Saturday, June 14th, our nine visited Waterville and played the first game of the series with Colby. The batting and base running of Bates was remarkably fine, while their fielding was, as a whole, good.

In the eighth inning "Boozy" retired from the pitchers points and gave way to the right fielder.

The boys speak of their trip as a very pleasant one, and speak in high terms of the cordiality of their reception and kindness of their treatment.

The game was umpired to the satisfaction of all, by Mr. Lyford, Colby, '79.

BATES.

	AB.	R.	1B	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Sanborn, 1b	6	3	2	3	8	0	2
Lombard, 3b	6	1	0	0	3	1	1
Wilbur, c	6	5	3	5	6	3	5
Ranger, 2b	6	0	2	2	2	3	0
Norcross, r. f	6	1	2	2	0	0	0
Parsons, p	6	1	0	0	2	7	0
Foss, s. s	5	2	0	0	4	1	2
Hoyt, l. f	5	1	1	1	1	0	1
Perkins, cf	5	1	1	1	1	1	0
	51	15	11	14	27	15	11

COLBYS.

	AB.	R.	1B.	TB.	PO.	A.	E.
Ryder, s. s	5	0	1	1	0	0	0
Walling, 3. b	5	1	1	1	4	2	1
Barker, l. f	4	0	0	0	9	0	3
Worcester, c	4	0	0	0	7	1	8
Weld, 2b	4	1	2	2	1	2	7
Shaw, 1b	4	0	1	1	3	1	3
Dennison, c. f	4	0	0	0	1	0	0
Bosworth, p	4	2	1	1	2	7	0
Chaplin, r. f	4	0	1	1	0	2	1
	38	4	7	7	27	15	23

Umpire—Lyford, Colby, '79.

Bates 10, *Bowdoins* 7.

The second game with the Bowdoins was played on the Androscoggin grounds, June 19th, before a large and interested audience composed of many ladies and gentlemen in addition to a large number of students from both colleges. The

game was called at 3.25; the Bates at the bat. Only one run was scored by either club until the fourth inning, when the Bates scored four runs and no Bowdoin man saw his first. In the seventh inning the Bates scored two runs, while Smith, of the Bowdoins, knocked the ball over the fence inclosing the grounds, and made a clean home run, a feat that has not been performed since Record made his well-known home run three years ago in our game with the Lowells. In the ninth the Bates scored three runs, while the Bowdoins sent one man over to home plate. We append the score which is a sufficient commentary on the good playing of our nine:

BATES.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Wilbur, c	5	1	2	2	14	2	3
Sanborn, 1b	5	1	2	3	4	0	1
Ranger, 2b	5	2	2	2	1	2	0
Lombard, 3b	5	1	4	5	3	2	1
Norcross, r. f	5	2	2	2	0	0	0
Parsons, p	5	1	1	1	1	7	4
Foss, s. s	5	1	1	1	2	2	4
Hoyt, l. f	5	1	2	2	1	0	2
Perkins, c. f	5	0	1	0	1	0	0
Total	45	10	17	19	27	15	15

BOWDOINS.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Wilson, p	5	1	2	3	2	6	0
Smith, s. s	5	1	1	4	1	2	1
Snow, c	5	1	1	1	3	0	3
Winship, c. f	5	1	1	1	0	0	0
Haggerty, 2b	5	1	1	1	1	4	2
Perry, l. f	5	0	0	0	1	0	4
Lally, r. f	5	0	1	1	0	0	1
Gardner, 3b	4	1	0	0	4	0	2
Ring, 1b	4	1	0	0	15	1	0
Total,	43	7	7	11	27	13	13

Umpire—George T. Wilson.
Time of game 1 hour, 35 minutes.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

Of the 172 graduates of Bates College, so far as known, 39 have no avowed religious preference and 133 have. Of the latter, 93 are Free Baptists; 20, Congregationalists; 8, Universalists; 3, Baptists; 2, Episcopalians; 2, Catholics; 1, Methodist; 1, Christian Baptist; 1, Unitarian; 2, unknown. Among these are to be reckoned 22 ministers, 14 of whom are *now* occupying Free Baptist pulpits (besides these, 7 are preparing for the Free Baptist ministry); 5, Congregationalist; 1, Baptist; 1, Methodist; 1, Christian Baptist. In addition to these, 15 of the graduates of the Theological department, who are now occupying Free Baptist pulpits, received their academical education elsewhere.

'67.—Prof. J. H. Rand has been suffering for some time with a painful disease of the eye, which has obliged him for the time being to rest from his College work.

'70.—A. L. Houghton, pastor at Lawrence, Mass., has been granted a four months' leave of absence, with the purpose that he may have opportunity for complete recovery of his health.

'70.—I. G. Hanson, Attorney at Law, formerly of Mechanic Falls, has become Clerk of Courts for Androscoggin County, and has removed his office to Auburn.

'73.—E. A. Smith has control of the editorial department of the *Morning Star* during the absence of its editor-in-chief on a European tour.

'73.—Rev. C. H. Davis has closed his pastorate at Prescott, Wisconsin, and is now taking a vacation.

'73.—L. R. White, a graduate of Harvard Medical School, is practicing Medicine in Belville, Kansas.

'73.—A. C. Libby, who has for several years been engaged in Civil Engineering in this city, and who did most of the surveying for the Lewiston Water Works, is now employed in surveying the route of a railroad from Denver to Leadville.

'74.—F. T. Crommett, who graduated last May from the Boston University Law School, has opened a Law Office at 194 Washington Street, Boston.

'75.—A. T. Sally (class of '79, Theo. School) recently completed five months of very satisfactory service in supplying the Roger Williams Church, Providence, R. I. Owing to the absence of its pastor, Mr. Houghton, Mr. Sally begins a three months' engagement with the F. B. church in Lawrence, Mass., on the first Sunday in July. Some time in October he expects to sail for Europe with intent to spend a year or two in study at some German university.

'76.—A. L. Morey is to enter Bates Theological School in the fall. He has engaged to supply the Free Baptist church at Lisbon Falls during the coming year.

'78.—F. H. Briggs has joined the firm of E. F. Packard & Co., shoe manufacturers, Auburn.

'78.—C. F. Peaslee has been teaching, during the spring, in the Dirigo Business College at Augusta.

'78.—E. B. Vining is teacher of Virgil and Mathematics at Gould's Academy, Bethel.

'78.—J. Q. Adams (Bates Theo. School) preaches during the summer vacation at South Montville.

'78.—Class Secretary writes us that "The method of class correspondence, adopted by '78 at their graduation last summer, has proved a perfect success. The plan is such that in a single envelope is included a letter from each member of the class, written on paper of very light weight and uniform style, so that the whole can be sent under a three cent stamp. As it passes in alphabetical order through each member's hands, he removes his own letter and inserts a new. It has now nearly completed its third round of the class, and recently finished, within 110 days, a journey of 1500 miles, besides making the numerous stops necessary to receive its cargo of news." We hope subsequent classes will adopt a similar plan; for if every member of a class knows the whereabouts of every other, with comparatively little correspondence, the editor in charge of this department will be able to make it much more newsy. This opportunity is

taken to repeat the request that all the Alumni who know of any interesting facts in regard to classmates, that have not been published in the STUDENT, will be so kind as to forward the same.

EXCHANGES.

The *Oberlin Review* has come to us for the first time. It contains an interesting article about the "Negro Exodus." It is written by one who has spent. his life in the South, writes from personal knowledge, and with commendable candor. He attributes much of the disorder to the swindling Jews who furnish the negroes with their necessaries, and cheat them out of their possessions. The editorials are short but quite pithy. The exchange editor makes some pointed remarks about various exchanges, and then "gets down and out." There is a dearth of local news and spicy items.

The *Williams Athenaeum* contains an article on "The English Novel in Social Reform" that is interesting and original. In an editorial we find the following expression: "These improvements will make the part of Williamstown in which the college stands a very Garden of Eden, wanting nothing but the serpent and — the woman. The former we can well do without, and may not an invasion of co-education principles sometime give us the latter?" Ah! how is this? Can it be that thoughts of co-education are creeping even into this Puritanical College? The editorials of the *Athenaeum* are generally to the point. But those locals, by their inviting conversational form, raise the expectations to the highest pitch and then disappoint them.

The *Nichols Echo* for 1879 is a model of neatness. Of its contents we shall, perhaps, be able to mention but one article. The essay on "The Study of the Classics" is well worth the perusal of every student and teacher. We would call attention to the improvements suggested in the method of teaching the classics. After one has drilled for five years in the intricacies of Greek and Latin syntax, and has spent a year in forgetting the principal part of what he has learned, is it any wonder that he gets disgusted with the study? We hope many teachers will find and improve the opportunity to read this excellent article.

The *Southern Collegian* has had a fit. The cause, we suppose, is that one of our exchanges a short time ago remarked that the only readable thing in the *Collegian* was a sonnet clipped from the BATES STUDENT. Now it really seems to us that, if there were any grounds for the above criticism, the *Collegian* ought not to say anything very bad about us, for that would suggest an unpleasant inference in regard to itself. If in the STUDENT there be such a dearth of interesting matter, what should we infer as to the condition of the *Col-*

legian? But we always had a better opinion of the *Collegian* than some of our exchanges have. Now as to that criticism of the STUDENT, we enjoyed it well. We have had vapid criticisms enough, and are glad the *Collegian* attempts something else, even though it makes only a big splash. We simply suggest, however, that we do not print essays on "Union" for the advantage of our Southern exchanges. They are supposed to be wholly above such "*inane* reflections." Neither did we print the article on "*Wit*" for the advantage of the *Collegian;* for we think it is wholly above that, too. At least, we never have heard it accused of exhibiting any wit, nor do we think it guilty of that crime.

OTHER COLLEGES.

Russia has only nine colleges.

Hillsdale is to have a new Gym.

There are eleven Brazilian students at Syracuse University.

The *Chronicle* declares co-education at Mich. University a success.

The first Missionary Society in the country was founded by Samuel J. Mills, when a student at Williams.

At Dartmouth the students are allowed a week's vacation, in order that they may have time for base-ball contests.

The University of California has received a gift of a large brick building, worth $60,000, for the purpose of establishing a College of Dental Surgery.—*Ex.*

Base-Ball.—This season has been one of great interest upon the diamond. Yale, Harvard, and Princeton have strong nines. Brown University, too, has put a strong team into the field, which has won many laurels and threatened to snatch the college championship from the older colleges. According to the latest reports we have at hand, Yale seems to be ahead. The *Harvard Advocate* thus sums up the games thus far played: "Up to the present time, Yale has won six games, with one lost; Brown, five games, with two lost; and Harvard has won four and lost four. If Yale beats Brown, and we beat Yale, who wins the championship?"

The Yale Freshmen have beaten the Harvard Freshmen with a score of 6 to 5.

CLIPPINGS.

Tutor—"Now, Mr. Y., you may translate from *pone.*" Mr. Y.—"I—I don't use one, sir!"

The other day a student translated "*Ich will keine Alte, keine Verbluhte, sondern eine Junge, Frische:*" "I want no faded old maid, but a young Freshwoman."—*Beacon.*

The dairy-maid pensively milked the goat,
And, pouting, she paused to mutter,
"I wish, you brute, you would turn to milk."
And the animal turned to butt her.

There was once a hardy young sinner,
Whose maxes grew thinner and thinner;
For the sake of the name
He abandoned all shame,
And became an inveterate chinner.

Prof. S.—"How was Martin Luther killed?" Fresh.—"He was excommunicated by a bull."

I never crammed a lesson fine
And tried to catch my tutor's eye,
But that he'd call all names but mine,
And calmly, coldly pass me by.

A Soph's secret of success in teaching: "Let the angle of *inflic-tion* always equal the angle of *infrac-tion*.

Latin room—Freshman translates *acto equo temere*, "A horse acting at random." Prof.—"*Your* horse certainly acted at random, Mr. ———." Explosion.

Sidney Smith once rebuked a swearing visitor by saying: "Let us assume that everything and everybody are damned, and proceed with your subject."

"A fair and innocent child of co-education asked a gallant Senior for the loan of his pony on logic, but was answered tenderly, that the animal couldn't bear a side-saddle."

It is highly important that when a man makes up his mind tew bekum a rascal, that he should examine hisself clusly, and see if he ain't better konstruced for a phool."—*Billings.*

Barkis was willin'.—The paternal author of an heiress was approached by a youth who requested a few moments' conversation in private, and began: "I was requested to see you, sir, by your lovely daughter. Our attachment—" "Young man," interrupted the parent, briskly, "I don't know what that girl of mine is about. You are the fourth gentleman who has approached me this morning on the subject. I have given my consent to the others, and I give it to you; God bless you."

Senior B—— was heard murmuring to himself the other morning, as he entered the recitation room "Just think of Ben. Butler stealing spoons, and then writing a book like Butler's Analogy."

A PARABLE.

Mr. M'Chinnor (may his tribe decrease!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of Greece,
And saw, upon the wash-stand in his room,
Making it rich like some Egyptian tomb,
A tutor, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding cheek had made M'Chinnor bold,
And to the Presence in the room he said:
"What scribblest thou?"

The tutor raised his head,
And smiling, answered with unconscious glee,
"The names of those who grind unceasingly."
"And is mine one?" said Chinnor.

"Nay, not so,"
Replied the tutor. Chinnor spake more slow,
But grinning still, and said: "Well, then, I pray
Write me as one who bootlegs every day."

The tutor wrote and skipped. Commencement night
He came again, with a great wakening light.
And showed the names whom scholarships had blessed—
And lo! M'Chinnor's name led all the rest.
—*Acta.*

The following, from *Harper's* for last August, is a copy of a letter written some years ago by Dr. H. D. Paine to the New York Medical Club:

SCIENS, SOCIALITE, SOBRIETE.—Doctores: Ducum nex mundi nitu panes; tritucum at ait. Expecto meta fumen tu te and eta beta pi. Super attento, uno. Dux, hamor clam pati, sum parates, hominie, ices, jam, etc. Sideror hoc. Anser.

One of the "fumen" replied in kind.

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

The regular examinations for admission to College take place on the second Saturday before Commencement, on Tuesday preceding Commencement, and on Saturday preceding the first day of the Fall Term.

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The regular Course of Instruction is that commended by the leading Colleges of the country as eminently adapted to secure liberal culture and a sound classical education.

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The annual expenses are about $200. Pecuniary assistance, from the income of thirteen scholarships and various other benefactions, is rendered to those who are unable to meet their expenses otherwise.

Students contemplating the Christian ministry receive assistance every year of the course.

THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL.

This is a department in the College, established by vote of the corporation July 21, 1870. It occupies Nichols Hall, situated about a quarter of a mile from the College buildings, and is in charge of a special Faculty appointed by the College corporation.

Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

Those who are not graduates from College, previous to entering upon the regular course of study, must be prepared for examination in the common English branches, Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Algebra, and in the Latin and Greek languages.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JUNE 26, 1879.

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The Course of Study comprises three years and as many classes; that is, the first year, or third class; the second year, or second class; the third year, or first class. The classes are so arranged that students can enter the school at any time during the year.

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VOL. VII. NO. 7.

SEPTEMBER, 1879.

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THE COLLEGE LIBRARY, AND HOW TO USE IT.

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The present age with its millions of books, its thousands of papers and periodicals, renders necessary the utmost economy in both the selection and reading of authors.

The hero of "Gil Blass" bleeds and physics his way into a large medical practice in a few weeks' time. Such sublime audacity would put "Don Quxiote" to the blush; yet such cases are not common; as a general rule *hard work* is the price paid for success.

Self-evident as this may appear, it is seldom acted upon in reading. That most difficult of all arts, the art of reading, is supposed to be acquired without instruction and without study. How many students read by rote. Some one has told them to read a certain book; or perhaps it is a *rara avis*, "such as no gentleman's library should be without." The student wades laboriously through Hume, Gibbon, and Rollins, not omitting the most trifling note, and as a result of his most painful study, he carries away a few of the mere husks of knowledge. Instead of disciplining and enriching his mind, it is a wonder if he has not lost all taste or faculty for investigation. The process has actually made him stupid. Fortunately nature prevents an entire waste of energy by "shutting off the steam and putting on all the breaks."

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eral principles; he completes the work, the remainder of which treats of the dryest technicalities of English Common Law, to discover, at last, that what he has been reading so assiduously is pure history. In the same manner many a student reads Mill, Spencer, or Hume before he has learned the first principles of mental science. The speculations of these philosophers often act as an opiate upon the student,—they first intoxicate and then stupefy the mind, and, equally with fiction, cause what Sir William Hamilton describes as "the prevailing pestilence of slovenly, desultory, effeminate reading." In history, literature, or philosophy one should "first look at a book before he reads it."

"To read a book well is to fight a battle and to win it." The "Napoleons of literature,"—the Johnsons, the Burkes, the Emersons, the Carlyles understand this,—they fall like lightning upon their prey, and devour, at a single swoop, what has cost the author the labor of years.

Acuteness, comprehensiveness, and concentration are faculties indispensable to successful reading. Thierry, the great French historian, says that in examining manuscripts, in order to find a word or phrase, it was sometimes necessary for him to read thousands of pages, but that by constant practice he came to discover what he wanted as if by intuition. To read all the words of a book in order to know what is in it, is the very acme of stupidity and dullness.

The two main objects of reading, to the student, are the acquisition of knowledge and a preparation for English Composition. Of these the latter is by far the more important. Let it be as real a subject of investigation to the student, "as if upon his verdict hung the fate of an empire." Let him heed the words of Dr. Johnson, who says, "that the thorough conscientious study of any masterpiece of literature, would make a man a dangerous antagonist." If he imagines that the facts, ideas, and sentiments that he has ground up between the upper and nether millstone of his brain avail him anything, he is a poor contemptible pedant,—or, in other words, a puppy. Has he grown intellectual *bone and muscle?* if so he has read to some purpose.

Above all the student should be careful not to feed too largely on the condensed milk of literature,—the manuals, primers, etc.,—which are fit only for a *polypus*, an intellectual epicure, an animal that is all stomach and no brains.

In applying the Baconian rule, that "some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested,"—the student needs constant supervision. What is most needed is what Emerson calls "a Prof. of books," or as Carlyle has it, "a Prof. of things in general;" but in the

absence of such a "literary exchange," the librarian and the several teachers might render great assistance.

The Prof. who would most effectually encourage reading in his department, should give such directions as are needed,—both individually and to classes. He should feel that he is in some degree responsible for the work done.

What the student wants is not a list of works to be read or consulted —this would rob him of half the benefit of inquiry—but rather to be shown how to find them for himself.

Notwithstanding the advice of Sidney Smith to "*remember Noah and the Ark and be brief*," it is hardly wise for most people to attempt to become great metaphysicians, historians, or scientists in a week; one is quite apt to lose heart at the end of the third day, and curse himself as a fool,—if nothing worse.

The student should always keep his copy book with the motto "perseverance overcomes all obstacles," always at hand and swear by it at least ten times a day, omitting Sun. days. In this manner by reading "twelve pages of history a day, or three thousand seven hundred pages a year, at the end of four years he would have read forty-eight volumes of three hundred pages each." He would be master of the philosophy of history, and would be prepared to pursue the subject in after years with all the facility and thoroughness of a specialist, besides having the satisfaction of *knowing something*, —a very rare accomplishment indeed,—in this superficial age; its possessor must needs be a man of ideas, quite worthy the search of some modern Diogenes, and he would tower head and shoulders above the magnificent ephemera of a hemisphere.

Formerly a few stalwart critics like Jeffrey or Macaulay would mow down the fungus shoots of literature, while no work that had not first *received their favorable judgment found favor with the public.* To-day the whole army of critics and reviewers can scarcely keep down the rank and poisonous weeds of contentiousness that spring up in their own gardens, while every literary venture is left to sink or swim, as fortune or its own merits may determine.

For reasons such as the above, the intelligent study of literature requires, first of all, a knowledge of authors. This can be acquired only by the use of dictionaries and encyclopedias. Having first learned who the author was, and the judgment passed upon him and his works by the literary world, you are prepared to read him understandingly and with profit.

Before reading a book one should, after the manner of Daniel Webster and others, ask himself what questions he expects to have answered by it. Finally, to read wisely, one

must have a heart—a heart large enough to embrace the hopes, the ambitions, and ideals of men and nations; for literature is simply the spirit of humanity clothed in the garments of thought; and if, as Voltaire says, "books rule the world," it is because they embody the Christian ideal of brotherly love, which is also the ideal of the human race.

J. A. CHASE.

JOHN BROWN.

EVERY age and every country has its heroes of liberty. The name of the one I am about to present is fresh in the memory of all. There is something wonderful in the name of John Brown. After spending the first thirty-nine years of his life in farming and ordinary business affairs, we find him suddenly standing forth as a hero of liberty. When he had avowed himself an eternal enemy to slavery, his perpetual cry was liberty to the slave. Soon after making this declaration he shouldered his musket and started for "bleeding Kansas," where he already had several sons engaged in the noble work of destroying the hundred-headed monster of American slavery. From the first he was the recognized champion of freedom, but after the fight at Ossawatomie (from which his enemies gave him the title of Ossawatomie Brown) his very name became a terror to the border ruffians.

John Brown, by his movements in Kansas, although at his arrival it was controlled by the minions of slavery, drove them out and made it forever a free State. Then he was only spying out the land that was to be the land of promise to the slaves who should be liberated when the small seed of freedom, which he planted there, should grow into the gigantic tree of liberty for all.

On the 17th day of October, 1859, our hero struck a blow which, though premature and resulting in his own destruction, did more toward overthrowing slavery than a thousand books written upon the subject. This blow, though struck in a small town in the Old Dominion, smote a chord that encircled the whole earth, and in response to which the notes of liberty are still echoing to those in bonds.

John Brown, by his zeal for the oppressed, obtained the titles of fanatic, traitor, and lunatic. His fanaticism consisted in his eternal hatred of the institution of human slavery, and his sorrow and love for the down-trodden and oppressed. He was a traitor because he dared to beard the lion of human oppres-

sion in his den. He was a lunatic in this, that he dared, with his giant enthusiasm for humanity and the opposition of every class, to hold up the single idea of brotherly love taught by Jesus Christ. Had he been successful his titles would have been vastly different; he would have been hailed the greatest benefactor of mankind; he would be considered greater than Washington or Lincoln had they been defeated as he was. Victor Hugo says, "We, who worship heroes and martyrs, must consider John Brown greater than Washington." Should we look over the pages of our history from the time when the Pilgrims landed, we should find no name more worthy to be classed among the heroes of America. Thereau says of him, that he is one of three or four who have died this century, because he is one of that number who have lived; he says that most men whom the world calls great, are, when compared with the life of John Brown, like clocks, they only run down. Think of him, says Thereau, of his rare qualities, such a man as it takes ages to make and ages to understand—no mock hero, nor representative of any party. A man such as the sun may not rise upon again in this land.

If hero worshipers, after seeing him leading six sons through his long campaign in Kansas, and again in the gun house at Harper's Ferry with one son dead by his side, and another dying, he feeling his pulse with one hand and with the other holding his rifle,—if they cannot see that he is a hero, then must they forever pale their ineffectual fires.

Wendell Phillips calls him the ripe fruit of our noon-day sun, an appellation suitable for no other American. But why go on. I would give Leonadas for the hero of the Greeks, Joan of Arc for the French, Gustavus Adolphus for protestantism, but for the Africo-American I would raise the name of John Brown as the only man that dared to strike the rock, for the saving of the people, until liberty gushed forth for all, then went to his reward, leaving a name for courage and beneficence where all men may behold it and all time shall not efface it.

T. J. B.

LORD BYRON.

LORD BYRON was a man for whom nature and fortune had done much. Possessing a versatile genius, a fertile imagination, and great originality, poesy was as natural to him as breathing. Everything that wealth and rank could procure were his. He lived in an age in which literary men were held in high esteem. His efforts were appreciated beyond the lot of most writers. He reached a height to which few men attain. Yet, with all his wealth, genius, and honor, no one who has read his life and writings will say that he was a happy man. Although he gained renown, no one will say that his life was a success; no one, who makes any pretensions to morality, will say the world is better for his having lived in it.

The question naturally arises, Why should a career so brilliant in its opportunities issue only in wretchedness and disgrace? Outward circumstances being thus favorable, the cause of his failure must be sought within himself.

Considered in regard to his genius, Lord Byron was a great man. He was born a poet. More than any other poet of his time, he had at command the language of feeling and sublimity. He was complete master of the passions. Thus his works were of the class that finds many readers. His easy, pleasing manner completely fascinated all who came within his influence. Bold and spirited in satire, he repelled all opponents, or repelled them into silence. But if even his enemies admit Byron's rare genius, his friends must admit that he had the amplest scope in its exercise.

Many poets have been compelled by circumstances to pander to public opinion, but he was in a condition where he could write to please himself. And had his independence been of the right stamp, it would have been noble to contemplate. With these advantages he might have made himself second to no man in England. But he died a self-appointed exile. He might have won the esteem of all the English-speaking world. But more than one-half of his writings instead of increasing his reputation, detracts from it. He might have acquired a fame that should live as long as English history. But to-day he is remembered more for his vices than his virtues.

The question again presents itself. What hindered Lord Byron, endowed with the rarest gifts of fortune and of genius, unrestricted in the exercise of his commanding powers, from winning the place in the world's esteem to which he seemed so manifestly destined?

The qualities that made him a

great poet seemed to unfit him for bearing the burdens it imposed. He was extremely sensitive. He could not bear criticism. But it is impossible for any one to place himself before the public without becoming the object of criticism. Envy is the price of being eminent. If he had any aim in life, it was to gain renown. Such was his career that his every act and sentiment were open to public gaze. Investing his writings with all the blandishments of vice, he made their moral tendency such that every man interested in having a pure literature, felt bound to remonstrate. But his sensitive and supercilious nature could brook no opposition. He wished for glory but was unwilling to pay the price. He blamed the world for his own weakness. His hatred and jealousy deepened into misanthrophy, rendering gloomy his whole life. But his positive vices are not his worst in influence.

A man may make no pretensions to morality himself, yet if he recognizes and admires virtue in others his life has one great redeeming feature, and there is prospect of his becoming better. But the man who denies the existence of virtue, places beyond his reach the possibility of a reform. A man may pursue a wrong course from habit, carelessness, or ignorance, and yet at heart not be a depraved man, but when he says there is no right way, he is afloat. This, we think the case with Lord Byron. If any one ever drifted through the world he is the man. We find nothing consistent in his acts and writings. Although eager for glory, we as often find him despising the opinion of his fellow-men as anxious for their esteem. Although living for pleasure, we oftenest find him pursuing a course that can bring nothing but grief and pain. Although glorying publicly in his iniquities, we find him exceedingly tenacious of reputation. One moment we see him raising a mortal to the skies, the next hurling an angel down. Those who wish to make him out a pure-minded, virtuous man, can find the material in his writings. Those who think him a lecherous, profane ribald, can as easily prove their point. We find in Lord Byron's works an entire want of unison, the direct result of a lack in his life of a fixed purpose.

Lord Byron has, it is true, many apologists, and not a few defenders. They say he inherited a bad temper. But did he not indulge that temper instead of restraining it? They say he was a man of strong passion. But did he not feed its fires, rather than subdue them? They say his life was soured and embittered by domestic difficulty. But was not his own course of action the direct cause of the difficulty? They say the severity with which he was criticised made him gloomy and sensitive. But all authors were criticised

more or less, as their works deserved; why should he be exempt?

There can be no consistent defense of Lord Byron's conduct. He knew the right, yet chose the wrong. If passions ruled him, it was because he indulged rather than restrained them. If his conduct was criticised, in his thoughtful moments he could not but feel the justice of criticism. It may be truly said that he was the cause of his own unhappiness. He thought pleasure the only thing worth living for, yet he seemed to really enjoy misery more. He seemed to invite rather than repel wretchedness and gloom.

To one who reads the life and writings of Lord Byron, there will be a doubt whether to pity or condemn him. He seems to deserve both. When a man of his brilliant talents carelessly trifles away his time and energy to no purpose, he certainly deserves censure. Yet, if Byron lacked the force of character and strength of purpose to live up to his opportunities, he is certainly to be pitied.

Whatever may be our feelings toward him, we cannot but conclude that his great genius was rendered of no avail, his whole life's happiness blasted, his fame forever sullied by the lack of settled principles, and the want of an adequate purpose.

N.

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EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

IT will not be our purpose to make in the present number of the STUDENT a very lengthy report of Commencement Exercises. Neither shall we attempt acute criticism, for an account of the exercises are now published not for news, but for reference.

Baccalaureate Exercises took place at Main St. Free Baptist Church, on Sunday, June 22d, with the following programme:

1. Voluntary by the choir.
2. Invocation by Prof. Stanley.
3. Hymn by the choir.
4. Reading of Scriptures by Prof. Angell.
5. Prayer by Prof. Howe.
6. Hymn, sung by choir and congregation.
7. Sermon by Prof. Hayes.
8. Class Ode by A. E Tuttle.
9. Benediction.

Prof. Hayes chose as his text, John iv. 22: "Ye worship ye know not what: we know what we worship; for salvation is of the Jews." The speaker began with the assertion that worship is no exceptional act or sentiment; that it is provided for in human nature as distinctly as the love that unites the family circle. He then, at some length, refuted the cry of that Philosophy which asserts that all knowledge of a personal being to be worshiped is impossible. There are three sources of knowledge respecting the object of worship; nature, man, and God revealed in man. The sermon was throughout an argument against materialistic theology. It was listened to by a large and attentive audience, and was pronounced a very able and scholarly effort. In conclusion he made an excellent address to the graduating class, thanking them for their gentlemanly bearing and deportment, and pressing upon them the lessons brought out in his sermon.

We subjoin Mr. Tuttle's ode:

Heavenly Shepherd, guide our band,
Ever heed and guard our way:
Keep us ever by thy hand,
Let no foe our hearts dismay.

Keep us as in years now past,
Let our love forever last,
And no shadow o'er us cast
The gloom that bodes a coming blast.

For rich blessings we've received,
Lord we praise Thee evermore.
As these much-loved scenes we leave
Still keep grace for us in store.

When our days are numbered here,
And we all draw near the end,
Heavenly Father keep us near,
Class of seventy-nine defend.

Sunday evening Prof. Fullonton gave a discourse before the Theological School, at Main St. Free Baptist Church. Text, Job xxii. 13: "And thou sayest how doth God know? Can he judge through the dark cloud?" A good audience was in attendance to listen to the excellent address.

On Monday evening, June 23d, the Junior Exhibition occurred at Main St. Church. A large and appreciative audience was in attendance. The parts were of a high order of merit, intellectually and oratorically creditable to the class. Prof. Hayes presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. John Lowdon of Halifax, N. S. The following is the order of exercises:

MUSIC.
PRAYER.
MUSIC.

1. Extravagance of American Life.
*Albert Abner Beane.
2. Benjamin Disraeli.
James Franklin Parsons.
3. Venice and Modern Civilization.
Harry Leonard Merrill.
4. Industrial Education.
Charles Hill Deshon.

MUSIC.

5. Daniel Webster.
Roswell Chase Gilbert.
6. Being Better than Having.
Josiah H. Heald.
7. The remedies for Communism.
Clark Barker Rankin.

MUSIC.

8. Universal Suffrage a Failure.
Francis Little Hayes,
9. Duty of Educated Men toward the Laboring Classes. Oren Cheney Tarbox.
10. Frederick the Great.
Wilbur Henry Judkins.

MUSIC.

* Excused.

The tenth anniversary of the Theological School was observed at Main St. Church, Tuesday afternoon, with the following programme:

MUSIC.
PRAYER.
MUSIC.

1. The Effect of a Decline of Religion on Morals.
Newell Augustus Avery, Prospect.
2. War as Related to Christianity.
Gideon Albert Burgess, Providence, R. I.
3. The Direct Cognition of God.
Robert David Frost, Lewiston.
4. Christian Faith and Successful Life.
Frank David George, Augusta.

MUSIC.

5. Christianity and Mohammedanism.
* Charles Luther Pinkham, Farmington, N. H.
6. Conscience, Its Nature and Office.
* Asbmun Thompson Salley, Madison.
7. Pulpit Oratory.
* Thomas Hobbs Stacy, North Berwick.

MUSIC.
BENEDICTION.

* Graduates.

Did space permit, we should be glad to review each of the able articles presented. They were rich in thought and clothed in dignified and scholarly language.

Mr. Pinkham briefly sketched Mahomet's life, and forcibly contrasted it with the life of Christ.

Mr. Salley presented a part of unusual merit, distinguished by depth of thought and clearness of argument, maintaining that a consciousness of intention existed in all rational beings, and finding an exact analogy to conscience in the esthetical sense.

Mr. Stacy beautifully compared the voice of the unseen caller of Samuel, to the voice of God behind the preacher. The preacher is the ambassador of God. The voice is

the instrument of the preacher's professional usefulness. His theme was marked by simplicity and beauty of language, and was delivered with great accuracy of enunciation and gracefulness of gesture.

Immediately after the exercises of the Theological School, a business meeting of the Alumni was held. The following officers were elected: President, Prof. J. Fullonton; Vice President, Rev. J. Mariner; Historian and Treasurer, Prof. J. A. Howe; Secretary, Rev. C. F. Penney of Augusta; Executive Committee, Prof. B. F. Hayes, Rev. J. S. Burgess, and Rev. Levi Brackett.

A business meeting of the College Alumni was also held Tuesday afternoon. Vice President Henry W. Oakes presided. The Committee on Nominations reported the following list of officers, who were elected: President, Josiah Chase, Jr., '70, of Portland; Vice President, Geo. W. Flint, '71; Secretary and Treasurer, N. W. Harris, '73, of Lewiston; Executive Committee, F. W. Baldwin, '72, James Nash, '75, C. S. Libby, '76, all of Lewiston; Orator, G. C. Chase, '68, of Lewiston; Substitute, J. H. Baker, '73, of Denver, Colorado; Poet, Carrie M. Warner, '77, of Bristol, Conn; Substitute, Jennie R. North, '77, of Bristol, Conn. Also resolutions were adopted upon the death of the late Alanson P. Merrill and the late Martin A. Way.

Tuesday evening the concert occurred at City Hall. The following talent appeared on the programme: Miss Henrietta Beebe, soprano; Miss Anna Drasdil, contralto; Tom Karl, tenor; M. W. Whitney, basso; S. L. Studley, accompanist. The Mendelssohn Quintette Club and Shuebruk, the German Cornet Soloist, gave the instrumental portion of the programme. It may be said that, musically, the concert was highly successful. Mr. Whitney was the favorite, but every artist was greeted with enthusiastic applause. The talent was probably the best to be secured in America. But, financially, the concert was a failure. A combination of adverse circumstances seemed to be at work. We regret that the concert cost the class so much, that it was not better appreciated and patronized. We see in this, however, no excuse for the fifty per cent. reduction in the price of tickets. As fair a contract respecting the price of tickets was made with the public as could be made. Everybody understood it. Everybody who bought tickets before the reduction felt that they had been cheated; and we cannot honestly see why they had not a right to feel so. So far as it will injure the sale of future tickets it is unjust toward all future classes. Because it might pay (which it did not) was no reasonable excuse. We have yet to hear of one.

The annual meeting of the Boards of Fellows and Overseers was held at Hathorn Hall, Wednesday A.M.

The reports of President Cheney, and Acting President Hayes, and of the Treasurer, and the several Professors were presented and accepted. The President reported the floating debt $86,000; recommended that an appeal be made to the friends of the College for help. He subscribed $1,000. The President recommended that the $10,000 to be raised by the Alumni be set apart as the nucleus of a fund to endow the Chair of the President. The Librarian, Prof. Stanton, reported 119 additions to the Library during the year, making the present number 5,517.

Wednesday P.M., the anniversary exercises of the Alumni Association were held. Vice President Henry W. Oakes presided. Prayer was offered by Rev. Mr. Morey of Gomic, N. H. An organ voluntary was played by Miss Sumner. F. B. Stanford, the poet, was not present. The Orator, Rev. C. A. Bickford, of Farmington, N. H., took for his theme, "Protestantism vs. Romanism." It was pronounced an able and eloquent oration. No extract we could make would do it justice.

On Wednesday evening occurred the oration before the Literary Societies of the College. It was delivered by Col. Higginson, who took as his subject "The Birth of American Literature." The lecture was, of course, too long to allow us to make any extract that would adequately express its depth of thought and wealth of wit and illustration. The thought therein conveyed is worthy of more than passing notice. Every scholar ought to study it and make it his own. The view presented of the rise and present condition of our literature, is the most concise, scholarly view we have ever seen. A fair audience was in attendance.

Commencement Day, Thursday, dawned auspiciously. The procession formed on the Campus at 9.30, and marched through College St. to Elm, Elm to Main, Main to Lisbon, Lisbon to Pine, and Pine to City Hall. The exercises at the Hall began at 10 o'clock. Acting President Hayes presided. The following was the order of exercises:

PRAYER.

MUSIC.

1. Oratio Salutatoria. (Latina.)
   Rodney Fuller Johonnett, Pittsfield.
2. Thesis—The Future of Labor.
   Willard Ernest Lane, Monmouth.
3. Thesis—Modern Journalism.
   * Frank Nelson Kincaid, North Cornville.
4. Thesis—The Strength of our Republic in the People.
   Frank Leonard Buker, Litchfield.
5. Disquisitio—The Importance of the Conservative Element in America.
   * Lewis Melville Perkins, Mechanic Falls.

MUSIC.

6. Disquisitio—Co-operation.
   Elisha Atwood McCollister, Canton.
7. Thesis—Earth's Battle Fields.
   Thurston Merrill Lombard, Auburn.
8. Disquisitio—The Art of Thinking.
   Frank Pierce Otis, West Garland.
9. Oratio—Our Free High School System.
   * Melville Clarence Smart, Maxfield.

MUSIC.

10. Thesis—John Brown.
    Thomas James Bollin, Lexington, Va.
11. Thesis—Liberty and Government.
    Allison Eugene Tuttle, Farmington, N. H.
12. Thesis—William Lloyd Garrison.
    Fletcher Howard, Leeds Centre.

13. Oratio—The Demand for Exact Scholarship.
Walter Eugene Ranger, Wilton.

MUSIC.

14. Disquisitio—Should a Student Choose his Profession before Entering College?
* Charles Morris Sargent, Sutton, Vt.

15. Oratio—Bayard Taylor.
Simon Connor Moseley, Lewiston.

16. Thesis—Is Eloquence Declining?
Edgar Merrill Briggs, Parkman.

17. Oratio Valedictoria — Typical American Characters.
Emery Winfield Given, Auburn.

MUSIC.

CONFERRING DEGREES.

BENEDICTION.

* Excused.

Lack of space forbids us giving the customary puff on each of the speakers. The exercises were really very creditable to the class. Two or three of the speakers were interrupted with applause. Only eleven participated, so that the usually tiresome programme was avoided. After the graduating exercises, the procession reformed and marched to Gymnasium Hall, where the Commencement Dinner was discussed with evident relish. Rev. Father Chaney invoked the divine blessing. After dinner speeches were made by Gov. Garcelon, ex-Gov. Perham, ex-Gov. Dingley, Hon. John D. Philbrick, late Superintendent of the Boston Public Schools, Rev. Dr. Dickerman, Rev. Dr. Bowen, and Hon. A. J. Phipps, Superintendent of the Public Schools of Lewiston, Rev. W. T. Chase of Lewiston, and others.

Class Day Exercises were given on Thursday evening at City Hall. A large and attentive audience greeted this last public appearance of '79. Music was furnished by Johnson's Band. F. P. Otis, Class President, presided. The following is the programme:

MUSIC.

1. Prayer.
Melville Clarence Smart.

MUSIC.

2. Oration.
Rodney Fuller Johonnett.

MUSIC.

3. Chronicles.
Walter Eugene Ranger.

MUSIC.

4. Poem.
Emery Winfield Given.

MUSIC.

5. Prophecy.
Simon Connor Moseley.

MUSIC.

6. Parting Address.
Edgar Merrill Briggs.

The exercises, we think, were much better than usual. The audience, manifestly, were well entertained. The subject of Mr. Johonnett's oration was "Muscle and Brains." The oration was a plea for college sports, for physical culture in college. It was maintained that such sports were not detrimental to the scholarship, health, or morals of the student. The argument was effectively put and well received.

Mr. Ranger's Chronicles were put in a witty and entertaining manner. They abounded in sharp hits which were received with repeated applause. His delivery was novel and spirited.

The individual statistics of the class we gave in our June number. In addition we give the following: The class man was born in Maine; is 415 years, 8 months, and 3 days old; weighs 1 ton, 827 lbs; is 99

feet, 3 inches tall; is a republican; is slightly married and muchly engaged. He has spent $22,624, and has earned $11,930.

Mr. Given chose as his subject "Res Collegenses." He brought to mind in a pleasing manner the past events of his college life which appeared to him most interesting. He dwelt on the various "jollifications" of his class with evident pride.

Mr. Moseley introduced his prophecy with some original views on the old prophets, and on the general theory of prophecy. His theory was, that mankind make revolutions after the manner of the heavenly bodies. He then went back to the time when his classmates were well under way in their last revolution, and proceeded historically to give the results of his personal observations. He found several in rather novel circumstances. The prophecy was well received.

Owing to the extreme lateness of the hour Mr. Briggs delivered his Parting Address to a thin audience. The address was thoughtfully prepared and entertainingly delivered. On the whole, '79 made a very creditable public exit.

On Friday evening the customary reception was tendered to '79 at Pres. Cheney's residence. The select company, consisting of citizens, Alumni, the class, and their friends, passed an evening of much social pleasure.

Thus ended Commencement Week. Farewell, '79.

There is an organization in this College that some of the students know little about. We have a Base-Ball Association for the development of the body; a Reading Room Association, and Literary Societies for the development of the mind. These are all of untold importance to the welfare of the College. The Association of which we now wish to speak is not of less importance. It is our College Christian Association. Now, friend, you needn't stop here and say, "Pooh! I don't care anything about that," for you very well know that you do care about it. We don't care who you are, we challenge you to think *calmly* of the matter, and then to deny that the interests of the Christian Association are of most vital importance to the College. And if there be any student in College who does candidly deny this, we ask him to give through the columns of this magazine the reasons for his denial.

This Association makes lofty claims. And it candidly invites you, fellow-student, to examine its title to them. It lays claim to no less an object than to help students attain to the highest ideals of which the human mind is capable; to follow Him whom all acknowledge to have been the only perfect exemplifications of those ideals that the world has ever seen.

Does any one call this cant? Let him stop and think a moment and he shall see that the cant is his own. All the Christian Association asks is that students meet its claims with the same candor with which they would meet the claims of any other Association. The man who can meet those claims only with a sneer, is guilty of cant in its lowest form. He who will meet them face to face, hold up his head like a man and say I am on this side or on that, will, at least, be respected for his manly independence. But he who has not the courage to face his own opinions and the claims of the opinions of others, is entitled to no one's respect.

The Association has defects, its members have more. But it candidly invites the attention of every student to its purposes, and asks only that he will meet the invitation with equal candor, and decide for himself whether those purposes be good or bad.

In all college work the tendency is too much to routine. We are too apt to undertake our work as a mere bootless task. And some students seem to think their success proportionate to the ease with which they succeed in engineering their way through the daily studies. There is no work in which this tendency ought to be less, and perhaps none in which it is really greater than in college writing. The edict goes forth that a declamation or an essay is to be ready at a certain time. One melancholy youth betakes himself to his room, shuts himself in, and begins laboriously to construct that thing which he calls an essay or a declamation. He measures off his ideas in a precise manner; for is it not an essay, is it not a declamation he is to build? He cannot get the idea out of his mind that it is an *essay*, a *declamation*, that he is to make. And he succeeds in producing an insipid and lifeless thing. If he would attempt simply to *write out his thoughts*, would not his production be much more interesting?

Another youth, of more hopeful mien than the former, repairs to the library; in so extensive a lumber yard he will surely find material enough. So he saws off from some other person's lumber pile a few weather-beaten ideas, nails them together, and, behold, here is a declamation fearfully and wonderfully made! Beware reckless youth, lest thou put into thy structure timbers greater than it can sustain; for then shall the ruthless hand of the Prof. push the whole structure down upon thy luckless head, and thou shalt think it was indeed *fearfully* made.

These pictures are perhaps overdrawn. Let us hope so. But we cannot denounce these habits of writing in terms too severe. The first is bad enough, but the second —don't, fellow-student, don't fall into that habit.

What we wish especially to urge is that students put more individuality into their writing. Our students are not without individuality. Some of them, for example, in their every-day talk exhibit humor. Why does this not appear in their writings? Put into your essays and declamations more of your every-day selves.

Our students write too little outside of the requirements of the curriculum. This is, no doubt, partly accounted for by the fact that a great deal of writing is required of them. But there are surely some who are able to do more writing. And there is far more satisfaction in writing for the sake of writing, than in seeking to merely meet the demands of the college course. The pages of the STUDENT are always open to good articles. Let it not be necessary henceforth to fill those pages with articles from Alumni, but let the students themselves seek to fill them.

An American Library Association was formed in 1876, holding annual meetings and having a general office in Boston. The Association has a multitude of objects in view, all comprehended perhaps in this: The wide-spread dissemination of general knowledge. The annual conventions are for the purpose of discussing the various questions pertaining to the objects of the Association. Among other things for discussion are "the use and abuse of fiction, and the possibility and best means of elevating that character of reading."

The Association furnish Library supplies to its own members at a discount of ten per cent. Any one can become a member of the Association on application to the Secretary, and by paying an annual tax of $2.00.

The worthiness of the objects in view, and the respect and support which are due the Association, are attested by the character of the officers. The President of the Association is Justin Winsor, Librarian of Harvard University. Among the Vice Presidents we notice the names of A. R. Spofford, of the Library of Congress, and W. F. Poole, of the Chicago Public Library. The Secretary is Melville Dervey, 32 Hawley St. (P. O. 260), Boston; Treasurer, Charles Evens, of the Public Library, Indianapolis.

LOCALS.

"Rest" !!?

How went vacation?

No class is now wholly a *widower!*

'80 regrets to lose Gilbert, who has gone to Bowdoin.

Prof. Rand, we are glad to observe, is once more at his duties.

A new set of pins for the bowling alley would be a grand institution.

The hackman leaves another unsuspecting Theologue at Parker Hall.

The last part of the term will be full of evening entertainments in the Chapel.

The Freshmen will furnish an excellent and timely re-enforcement of base-ballists.

Owing to the absence of several members, the Senior class have not yet elected their class officers.

Psychology Class: Prof.—"I say I have a dream. Where do I have it?" Student—"In your mind."

A hackman, driving up before P. H., calls out to a bystander—"Can you tell me where Parker Hall rooms?"

Three of '80 are at present teaching. Beane is at Bowdoinham; Merrill, at Weld; and Newton, at Hanover.

Dignified graduate (munching a piece of Washington pie of indifferent quality)—"Washington was a great man to be sure, but he didn't know how to make pie."

A school-boy, ambitious of college honors, addresses the following letter to the "Principal of Bates College:

A———Maine, Aug 29 1879

"Please send me a Catalogue of your *School* and the requirements or conditions of *parsing muster*

Re's'p'y

—— —— ——"

The thanks of the Polymnian Society are due to Messrs. Cook, Hinds, and Manson for their very entertaining music at the weekly meetings.

At the last Alumni meeting F. E. Sleeper, of Sabattus, and W. E. C. Rich, of Boston, were elected members of the Board of Overseers of the College.

Josh Billings is credited with saying that if he were going to play base-ball, he should want to wear his face on the back part of his head. Very good idea!

At its weekly meeting on Friday evening, Sept. 12th, the Polymnian Society extended a vote of thanks to T. J. Bollin, '79, for several volumes presented to the Library.

Scene: Tea table (1st Senior to 2d Senior who takes milk)—Mr. ——"I should judge by your actions that you was brought up by hand." 2d Senior—"I should judge by *your* actions that you never *had* any bringing up." (Roars.)

A short time since we had a team smash up on the Campus. Postmaster Little's carriage demonstrated its incapacity to go on three wheels. The gallant and chivalrous Sophs and Freshmen rushed to the rescue, and but *little* damage was sustained.

At its Friday evening meeting, Sept. 12th, the Eurosophian Society were favored by music from the Italian Orchestra, which consists of

the following pieces: 1st violin and collecter, Sauspietro de Spallanzain; 2d violin, Schiavonetti Straparola; flutist, Monterro da Rocha; harpist, Jovellanos Petro da la Lamouroux.

The officers of the Freshman class are as follows: President, A. E. Tinkham; Vice President, F. A. Files; Secretary, E. S. Bickford; Treasurer, F. E. Foss; Historian, E. N. Dingley; Orator, B. F. Wright; Prophet, J. L. Reade; Poetess, N. R. Little.

The officers of the Eurosophian Society are as follows: President, I. F. Frisbee; Vice President, C. P. Sanborn; Treasurer, F. L. Hayes; Executive Committee, M. T. Newton, H. E. Coolidge, C. L. Nutting; Editorial Committee, Miss E. H. Sawyer, W. P. Foster, Miss C. O. Davis; Librarian, J. W. Douglass.

The officers of the Polymnian Society are as follows: President, J. H. Heald; Vice President, W. J. Brown; Secretary, C. H. Libby; Librarian, O. H. Drake; Treasurer, I. L. Harlow; Executive Committee, W. A. Hoyt, H. B. Nevens, L. T. McKenney; Editors, A. A. Beane, Miss E. J. Clark, F. L. Blanchard; Orator, W. H. Judkins; Poet, M. P. Judkins.

The officers of '82 are as follows: President, W. A. Twaddle; Vice President, B. Murch; Secretary, Miss C. O. Davis; Treasurer, L. T. McKenney; Orator, O. H. Tracy; Poetess, Miss A. R. Forbes; Marshal, L. M. Thompson; Prophet, E. R. Richards; Historian, W. G. Clark; Toast Master, J. W. Douglass; Chaplain, D. E. Pease; Executive Committee, C. E. Mason, R. H. Douglass, H. H. Chase.

The Junior class elected the following officers for the ensuing year: President, C. S. Cook; Vice President, O. H. Drake; Secretary, J. H. Goding; Orator, D. McGillicuddy; Poet, E. J Clark; Historian, H. E. Foss; Treasurer, Gray; Chaplain, G. E. Lowden; Marshal, O. Davis; Toast Master, G. L. Record; Executive Committee, Rowell, Hobbs, Twitchell; Odists, Strout, Twitchell, Foss; Prophet, H. P. Folsom.

The following are the officers of the College Christian Association, elected for the ensuing year: Primarius, Prof. Chase; President, J. H. Heald; Vice Presidents, J. F. Parsons, O. H. Drake, F. L. Blanchard; Corresponding Secretary, W. P. Curtis; Recording Secretary, H. S. Bullen; Standing Committee, F. L. Hayes and W. H. Judkins, from the Senior class; F. C. Emerson and B. S. Rideout, from the Junior class; H. H. Chase and J. H. Snow, from the Sophomore class; O. L. Gile and M. A. Johnson, from the Freshman class.

On Friday morning of Commencement Week, '79 elected the following officers: President, T. J. Bollin; Vice President, F. Howard; Secretary, A. E. Tuttle; Treasurer, L. M.

Perkins; Poet, C. M. Sargent; Orator, R. F. Johonnett; Historian, S. C. Moseley; Chaplain, W. E. Lane; Curator, S. C. Moseley; Executive Committee, F. P. Otis, M. C. Smart, T. M. Lombard; End Men, E. M. Briggs, F. L. Buker. The class voted to establish a class letter on a plan similar to that of '78.

Prominent among the valuable features of the New Edition of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary, just issued, is the "New Biographical Dictionary," comprising about 10,000 names of Ancient and Modern persons of renown, including many now living. It gives us the pronunciation of these names, the nationality, profession or occupation, date of birth, and if known, the date of death of each one. From its conciseness and accuracy it supplies a want long felt in this direction, and adds very greatly to the value of this already valuable work.

On Saturday evening, Sept. 6th, the College students, to the number of sixty, oxidized their political enthusiasm by joining the Republican torch-light procession. They formed Co. B, First Division, W. Martin, '80, acting as Captain. A transparency was borne with the inscription, "Bates College a Unit." We regret that the bearer was struck on the head by a rock, thrown, probably, by some ruffian Greenbacker fighting for "Reform." The company made an excellent appearance, which was remarked all along the line of march. We wish its numbers could have been swelled by the presence of those who had previously gone home to vote.

August 22d, the annual rope-pull between the Sophomore and Freshman classes took place on the base-ball ground. The time chosen was after the last recitation. Mr. Twaddle acted as captain for '82, and Mr. Hatch for '83. Frisbee, '80, served as umpire. The Sophomores had larger individual men, but the Freshmen largely excelled them in number. At the word "pull" both parties went energetically to work, and evidently did their best. Notwithstanding their inferiority in numbers, the Sophomores, by their superior organization, immediately began to win ground. Every inch, however, was hotly contested. After a long and hard pull, in which the Sophs had handsomely won quite a space, they settled to the ground and braced themselves to take breath, meanwhile using all means to acquire slack rope. At this juncture the cry of "rest" was raised, which may have induced some of the Freshmen to let go of the rope — at any rate some did let go. The umpire, seeing this, ordered to "pull." Finding that more Freshmen were leaving the rope he then gave the order to "rest." The hubbub caused by the

cheering and the orders given by the umpire, evidently disheartened the Freshmen; when the Sophs, minding their work and watching their chance, easily carried off the rope. The cry of "foul" was a foolish ruse to deprive the Sophs of their victory. Both captains understood the rules of the pull, and further, the Freshmen began to leave the rope before the umpire gave either order.

Colbys, 12; *Bates*, 7.

The second game in the Colby series was played on the Androscoggin grounds, June 21st, before a rather small audience, composed mostly of students. The playing on either side was not remarkably sharp, but we must confess that we never saw our club play so meanly. One or two of the players seemed ready to make an error whenever an opportunity presented. They embraced several opportunities, and the Colbys *embraced* several more scores than their opponents. Our pitcher did well considering that he had been ill so much, but we fail to find excuse for the miserable playing of some others who fill positions where decent playing is expected. Oakes, very satisfactorily, umpired. The score, perhaps, will give a fair statement of the game.

BATES.

	AB	R	1B	TB	PO	A	E
Wilber, c	5	3	3	4	10	3	4
Sanborn, 1b	5	1	2	4	7	0	2
Ranger, 2b	5	1	1	1	6	2	2
Lombard, 3b	5	1	1	1	2	2	2
Norcross, r.f	5	0	1	1	0	0	0
Parsons, p	4	0	0	0	0	8	1
Foss, s. s	4	0	0	0	0	3	4
Hoyt, l.f	4	1	0	0	1	0	1
Perkins, c. f	4	0	0	0	1	1	0
Total	41	7	8	11	27	19	16

COLBYS.

Ryder, s	5	2	3	3	2	2	1
Walling, 3b	5	2	0	0	0	1	2
Barker, l. f	5	1	2	2	0	0	1
Worcester, 1b	5	1	0	0	13	0	1
Weld, c	5	0	0	0	10	1	12
Collins, r. f	5	1	0	0	0	0	0
Dennison, r. f	4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Bosworth, p	4	2	1	1	2	9	3
Chaplin, 2b	4	3	1	2	0	2	2
Total	42	12	7	8	27	15	23

Wednesday afternoon, Sept. 3d, the annual game of base-ball between Sophomore and Freshman Nines took place. Otis Briggs, of Yale, '81, acted as umpire. The game was long, but interesting. The Sophs easily won, by a score of 20 to 12. The Freshmen, however, showed some very excellent base-ball talent, worthy of the first nine. We append the score:

SOPHOMORES.

	AB	R	1B	PO	A	E
Pease, c	7	2	1	0	1	2
Dresser, p	6	4	4	1	4	2
Merrill, 2 b	6	0	0	3	5	3
Norcross, 3b	5	3	2	4	3	2
Skillings, l. f	5	2	1	2	0	1
Weeks, s. s	5	0	0	1	1	2
Twaddle, 1b	5	2	0	16	0	3
Richards, c. f	5	3	0	0	0	0
Douglass, r. f	5	4	2	0	0	0
Total	50	20	10	27	14	15

FRESHMEN.

Tinkham, 1b	6	3	2	8	0	1
Millett, r. f	5	1	0	2	0	1
Lord, 2b	5	2	0	4	1	5
Hatch, c	5	1	1	7	0	6
Lothrop, s. s	5	2	2	0	1	4
Hinds, l. f	5	1	2	1	0	3
Wright, 3b	5	1	3	1	2	4
Harlow, p	5	1	0	3	2	1
Spaulding, c. f	5	0	0	1	0	0
Total	45	12	11	27	6	25

SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Sophomores	3	0	1	2	0	3	4	1	6	—20
Freshmen	0	0	2	0	1	0	0	5	4	—12

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'69.—Prof. J. A. Rand has recovered from the serious illness of the eye, which confined him for a long time to his room, and is again in attendance upon his College duties.

'71.—L. H. Hutchinson has been returned to the Legislature, by the Republicans of Lewiston.

'72.—G. H. Stockbridge, Ph.D., has returned to this country after an absence of three years in Europe.

'74.—G. H. Ham is Supervisor of Schools in a Western city. (Hannapin.)

'76.—E. C. Adams is Principal of the Beverly, Mass., High School, at a salary of $1200.

'76.—O. W. Collins is Principal of the Norway Institute, at a salary of $1500. On the 3d of Sept., Mr. Collins was married to Miss Emma Dennison of Norway.

'76.—E. J. Goodwin is Principal of the Yarmouth High School at a salary of $1000.

'76.—H. W. Ring is Principal of the Wiscasset High School, and is also studying law in that town.

'76.—I. C. Phillips is Principal of Wilson Academy, and Supervisor of the Schools of the town.

'76.—W. H. Adams is the Principal of Fryeburg Academy.

'76.—J. W. Daniels is teacher of languages in Westbrook Seminary.

'76.—Rev. F. E. Emerich, pastor of the Congregational Church at Mechanic Falls, recently tendered his resignation; the church, however, were unwilling to receive it, and he withdrew it.

'76.—W. H. Merryman is Pastor of the Free Baptist Church at Sprague's Corner, Jefferson Co., N. Y.

'76.—J. O. Emerson (Yale Theological School) has been supplying the Phipsburg Congregational Church during the summer vacation.

'76.—J. Rankin is studying medicine with a physician in Wells, Me. He has been Supervisor of Schools in that place.

'76.—B. H. Young is practicing medicine at Rowley, Mass., and attending lectures in Boston.

'76.—C. S. Libby is practicing law in Lewiston.

'76.—W. C. Leavitt is in Bismarck, Dacotah. He is probably in the office of County Attorney.

'76.—J. H Huntington is an Editor and Proprietor of the "Ocean Bridge," which has a circulation at Hampton, Salisbury, and Rye Beaches.

'76.—Thomas H. Stacy has accepted the pastorate of the Free Baptist Church at Fairport, N. Y. Before departing for his new home he was united in wedlock to Miss Clara Isabelle Farnham of Kennebunk, Me.

'78.—Married in Lewiston, July 31st, at the residence of the bride's

father, Hon. Wm. P. Frye,—Miss Alice C. Frye, of Lewiston, and Mr. Frank H. Briggs, of Auburn.

'78.—M. F. Daggett, has been elected Principal of the High School, at Chatham, Mass.

'78.—F. H. Bartlett is Assistant Principal of the Auburn High School.

'78.—F. D. George (Theological School) has, during the summer, been supplying the pulpit of Rev. C. F. Penney of Augusta.

'79.—F. L. Buker is teaching the High School at Wells, Me.

'79.—E. M. Briggs is local editor of the *Lewiston Gazette.* Mr. B. has recently been married to Miss Annie Moore of Auburn.

'79.—Fletcher Howard teaches the High School at Alna, Me. During the summer he was head-waiter at the West End House, Mt. Desert.

'79.—W. E. Lane has gone West, with the purpose of teaching.

'79.—T. M. Lombard has joined the firm of I. C. Lombard & Co., Shoe Manufacturers, Auburn.

'79.—E. A. McCollister is teaching the High School at Raymond Village.

'79.—S. C. Moseley is studying law in the office of Frye, Cotton & White, of this city.

'79.—F. P. Otis reading law with Brown & Simpson of Bangor.

'79.—A. E. Tuttle goes into the shoe business with his father, at Lynn, Mass.

'79.—W. E. Ranger is acting temporarily as Principal of Nichols Latin School, in place of Mr. Baldwin, while the latter is absent taking a Post Graduate course at Yale.

'79.—F. N. Kincaid has entered the New York Medical School.

'79.—M. C. Smart teaches the High School at Alfred.

EXCHANGES.

Inasmuch as the college year at most colleges begins later than at Bates, our resources for criticism are rather limited. In fact, we have, during this term, received only two college papers, the *Hillsdale Herald* and the *Dartmouth.* Let it suffice to say of these papers that they have begun the year well, and have our best wishes for their success.

In the absence of exchanges it may, perhaps, be interesting to our readers to direct their attention to an article which appeared a few weeks ago in the *Independent.* The article in question is one on "College Disturbances," by President Bartlett of Dartmouth.

This article deals with a subject that, undoubtedly, demands earnest consideration on the part of all who are interested in higher education. And it is well to have it discussed in the secular press, where it may be discussed fairly, and from every point of view; where he who has

had experience as an instructor, he who has known the life of a student, where every friend of education may turn what light he can upon this theme. It is public sentiment that makes the colleges what they are. If reformatory measures are needed in our colleges, let public sentiment demand them and the demand will be met.

In the article of President Bartlett there is, perhaps, scarcely anything that a thoughtful student would take exception to. Any dissatisfaction with the article would have reference to what it does not, rather than to what it does say. The article begins with a fitting tribute to the work of "that *chevalier d'industrie*, the sensational press reporter." Every student can appreciate this, for who has not been surprised to learn from the daily press that his class has perpetrated some startling act of villiany?

The writer thinks, and very justly, too, that the deportment of college students has greatly improved during the last few decades. Of this subject he writes as follows:

"It is not true that worse things are done now than formerly. The general deportment of the students in most colleges is far better than forty years ago. There is less gross vice and violence; more of morality and appearance of religion. The modern disturbances have taken a different type. The spirit is one of general insubordination, and the method is more that of the trades-unions, proceeding by contagations, combinations, and demonstrations. They have justly caught the attention and serious consideration of the public press."

The last part of this paragraph is, we fear, too true. There is something in the college disturbances of nowadays that approaches too nearly what might be called college communism. As a rule, it is foolish for students to combine for the purpose of coercing the Faculty. Such a course of procedure partakes so much of the vulgarity of strikes as to be disgusting. And to see a college Faculty yield to such a combination is still more disgusting. In the miniature world, the college, as well as in the big world outside, difficulties may be settled by arbitration. No college President, we hope, wishes to be an absolute monarch, no college Faculty a despotic aristocracy.

To those who would regard college students as a special proof of the total depravity theory, the following truths are commended:

"Now, the young men in our colleges are, undoubtedly, the flower of our youth, both in intellect and character. It is, indeed, inevitable that a vast body should comprise many young men that are worthless and some that are thoroughly corrupt. But they are fewer than in other groups. The average is high. In general, no more honorable and high-minded companies can be found, and, when moral and religious influences are exerted, no more receptive and hopeful soil could be asked. But they are inexperienced. They enjoy a freedom from personal supervision that to most of them is new

and tempting. They are seized and held by fresh and powerful social bonds. They are withdrawn from the regulative influences of common life, and move in a peculiar world, with its own ideals, standards, maxims, and codes of honor. They are most of them at an age more impulsive than forecasting, more sympathetic than considerate, more generous than just.

"All this is to be remembered. Many of their follies are the result not of malice, but of thoughtlessness. Young men are full of animal spirits and boil over. They are drawn by companionships, and go further than they intended. They are seized with a sudden impulse, and go like a fly into a candle—singed before they thought of danger. Or, one young man's impulse drops like a spark into a powder-cask, and there comes a sudden and general explosion. No community is so excitable and uncertain. *These facts need to be borne in mind by college faculties. They are, or ought to be, lenient to mere freaks of thoughtlessness. They should make a strong distinction between technical misdemeanors or impulsive mistakes, on the one hand, and, moral offenses and deliberate wrong, on the other.*"

These italics are ours. We consider these last sentences worthy of special attention. The writer here hints at that in which, it seems to us, college faculties most frequently fail. They make arbitrary rules and attach to them arbitrary punishments. This leaves them chance to consider only the act devoid of all attenuating circumstances. Thus they sometimes find themselves in a delicate position; they must either visit upon a promising young man a punishment disproportionate to his offense, a punishment that may mar his prospects for school and for life, or they must—"back down." It is needless to say that either course is fatal to good government. Would it not be better to make no threats of punishment, to wait until the offense is committed, and then deliberately, unflinchingly, to punish the offender in proportion to the offense.

The writer goes on to state some of the extreme forms of disturbance, and the pernicious methods of creating and sustaining them. He very justly says, however, that but a small proportion of the students in our colleges is engaged in them. He then states as follows, the reforms in college discipline that should be be brought about:

"First, the young men must be made to respect the laws of the land. Many of them are men in years. All of them are old enough to understand the relations of citizens. Special exemptions must cease. If they break the laws, they must suffer, like other offenders. It was a good and wholesome thing for the drunken students in Boston, who assaulted a policeman with their canes, to spend the night in the station-house, and the next morning to take a ride to court in the 'Black Maria.' It was a good thing for another set of college brawlers to be indicted by a grand jury, though they fled from justice. But it is not enough to leave these things to the law. Such men, ordinarily, should be removed also from the college.

"Secondly, it is indispensable that the practice of 'hazing'—that is, of abusing new-comers and imposing on the inexperienced and unsuspecting—should be finally broken up. Parents must be

assured that their sons shall be the subject of no barbarian outrage or humiliating imposition. Gen. Schofield, at West Point, deserves the thanks of the public for his decided stand, not only in punishing the hazing, but in insisting that the offenders shall be disclosed. There is no reason why young men in college, shielding a wrong, should not be put under a pressure, just as they will be in after life. Where the case is serious enough, a student may very properly be made to take his choice between giving his testimony and being expelled."

If the case be serious enough, all well and good; but it should be remembered that this is a point that comes most closely in contact with student opinion and student honor. We respect the man who, when questioned in regard to some little difficulty between two classes, refuses to involve a member of another class. When a really *vicious* act is perpetrated, then, we have no doubt, it is the duty of the student to have the offender brought to justice. But when impulsiveness, rather than viciousness, is the fault the case is different. And the college Faculty that seeks thus to *pry* into affairs, not particular what means are used so long as the end is attained, will lose the respect of students.

"And thirdly, it is important that young men in the highest institutions of learning, be trained to habits of subordination to authority and the observance of the laws of gentlemanly intercourse. Instead of expecting special immunities, they who are destined to be leaders of society must be taught the difference between liberty and license. They must, with their education, learn submission to rational restraints and constituted authority, and form habits of decent deportment and temperate speech."

From the above quotations it is seen that President Bartlett thinks our colleges need reform in three respects. He closes his article in the following strain:

"Evidently public sentiment is looking to college authorities to correct these epidemic spasms of anarchy, and to assert fully the ascendency of law and order. To do it calmly and considerately; but firmly and unflinchingly and at whatsoever cost. The institutions that meet this expectation will, in the long run, win. They will, no doubt, encounter some transient obloquy, while the steady pressure is felt. The afflicted youth who are caught pouring oil on the seats of Freshmen, or tearing down a Professor's fence, or pounding a sleeping fellow-student with a bottle, or holding a drunken carousal, seasoned with indecent utterance, or disturbing the sick at midnight with a "horn serenade," may lift up their wails to the breeze, re-enforced, perhaps, by the sensational reporter, the unwise father, or the malcontent Alumnus; but honorable and studious young men will know where to resort, judicious parents will know where to place their sons for safety (physical, intellectual, social, and moral), and 'Wisdom shall be justified of her children.'"

CLIPPINGS.

An instructor in Botany recently asked: "If you plant an annual, what will come up?" Some of the division thought it would be a semi-annual; but the majority answered: "A condition."

The amount of pin-money required by the married woman depends on whether she uses diamond pins or rolling-pins.

What did the donkey say (or do) when he first heard of the doctrine of evolution? He brayed till he became a little hoarse.

The boy stewed on the burning deck,
Whence all but him had fled;
And when they shouted "Leave the wreck!"
He turned and hotly said:
"I'm goin' down with this 'ere ship—
Hulk, mast, jib-boom, and spanker;
And when I've made my briny trip
You'll find Casa by anchor."

The proprietor of a building-site in Wisconsin advertises his land for sale in this wise: "The town of Poggis and surrounding country is the most beautiful Nature ever made. The scenery is celestial. Also two wagons and a yoke of steers."

Some queer, crooked things were dug up in the Treasury yard at Washington the other day; and now they don't know whether they are petrified signatures of ex-Treasurer Spinner, that fell out of the window, or a lot of old sofa-springs.

"This, dear children, is the shoe of a Chinese lady. See how little it is; what a very narrow sole it has." "I'll bet it ain't as narrow as Deacon ——'s. Father says his soul will fall through a crack in the floor some day and get lost!" was the shrill comment of a boy given to sharp listening. The Superintendent put the Chinese shoe in his pocket, and requested the school to sing "Pull for the Shore."

A sad event, says the *Norristown Herald*, has occurred in the family of asteroids. Hilda is lost. One of the nearly two hundred members of the planetary sisterhood revolving between Mars and Jupiter can no longer be found in her accustomed celestial haunts. It is not known whether Hilda has eloped with her fathers coachman or has run away and joined a traveling "Pinafore" troupe. We have predicted time and again that if Hilda's parents didn't keep a close eye upon her she would give them trouble. Being a revolver, it is not strange that she has "gone off."

Hemp came first into use in the cord-age.—*New York News.* And wind instruments in the band-age.—*Rome Sentinel.* And arithmetic in the ad-age.—*Salem Sunbeam.* And money in the coin-age.—*Waterloo Observer.* And cradles in the crib-age.—*Whitehall Times.* And slaves in the bond-age.—*Rome Sentinel.* And trees in the foli-age.—*Albany Argus.* And dogs in the saus-age.—*Ex.* Cows in the pastur-age.—*Ex.* And flies in the porr-age.—*Schenectady Union.* And old maids in the dot-age.—*Ex.* And Adam in the man-age—*i. e.*, in our first parent-age.—*Independent.*

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THE BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VII. NO. 8.

OCTOBER, 1879.

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PUBLISHED BY THE CLASS OF '80.
1879.

THE BATES STUDENT.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

Published by the Class of '80, Bates College.

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THE

BATES STUDENT.

VOL. VII. OCTOBER, 1879. No. 8.

THE PERILS OF CULTURE.

WHATEVER man accepts for his lifework he will find attended with disadvantages and perils; not in every case danger to life and limb, yet, none the less, danger to be guarded against and to be avoided.

It is now my purpose to show,—not the perils that attend the sailor in his life upon the stormy deep; nor the engineer as he guides the iron horse upon the narrow track; nor the miner delving away in depths of earth where the sun has never shed its beams; but the perils of those who, occupied in a far different manner from either of these, live amid quiet scenes surrounded by their books, reviewing the thoughts and fancies of centuries ago; exploring fields of science, literature, and art; culling from every source whatever can beautify, instruct and strengthen, or chasten and purify their minds.

Nor are the perils that these votaries of learning encounter few or trifling; they threaten all that man values most. For, first, is the hazard of health a slight or imaginary one? Yet the loss of health through too close application to books, with too little exercise and sleep, and the want of proper food and of regularity in eating, is certainly no uncommon experience.

Few are so constituted that they can for any length of time continue study till midnight without serious effects. And when, on account of haste to acquire knowledge, or his love for his work, one attempts to carry his mental labor from an early hour in the morning far into the night, taking but few minutes through the day for exercise and recreation; when one becomes so absorbed with love for his books as to forget his necessity for food and sleep,—then he is in more certain danger of losing health or life than

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is miner, sailor, or engineer. They, aware of their danger, prepare to meet it. He, unmindful of his danger cannot escape the enemy that attacks his body and, becoming seated there, drains his life blood, or shatters his constitution and undermines his health, till but the ruin remains of that which was once the temple of his soul.

Yet loss of health is the least of the perils of culture. Irreverence for high and holy things too often follows the acquisition of knowledge, robbing the heart of its tenderest emotions. As a boy views a mountain towering majestically above him in all its mystery and grandeur, he is lost in wonder and admiration; but when he has scaled its rugged side and stands upon its summit, the mystery and grandeur vanish. Henceforth its magic spell is lost to him; he no longer experiences the feeling of awe that was wont to thrill him on beholding it.

Thus in after years he will oftentimes miss with sadness the feeling of reverence, that, to his boyish fancy, was due to everything noble and grand.

Loss of sympathy for those below him in intellectual attainments is an unavoidable peril to the man of culture. The illiterate cannot understand the exquisite joy that thrills him as he reads a delightful poem, or gazes upon a fine picture, or listens to soul-inspiring strains of music. Their minds have not been trained to appreciate the beauties of poetry beyond some pleasant story told in rhyme; nor of a picture, unless it is of some familiar object, or is striking in its effects; nor of music unless it is a lively air, or some sweet hymn known in childhood: and as they, in untaught language, awkwardly express their various emotions, what wonder if scorn mingles with pity as their uncouth expressions jar upon his appreciative senses! However his heart may recognize the goodness and honesty underlying these rough exteriors, and honor the uprightness of their lives, he can never repress a mental shudder as their ungrammatical phrases fall upon his sensitive ear, and their rude manners shock his critical eye. What torture, to a finely organized and highly cultivated nature, to be surrounded by men and women whose highest ambition is to accumulate money, or to appear in more elaborate costumes than their neighbors, or to be the first to learn and repeat the latest news;—people who can relate all the quarrels and scandal of the town, but who never have time to learn anything worth knowing.

Accompanying loss of sympathy are the perils of pride and conceit. As the learned man sees so many devoting all their thoughts and energy to the petty affairs of life, and taking no heed of anything higher; as he contrasts the narrow limits of their knowledge with the

broad scope which years of study have given him, it is but natural, perhaps, that he should look upon his own attainments with pride, and, at last, in his own mental vision, so magnify his importance that he becomes ridiculous even to the lowest of those whom he looks down upon. Thus he deprives himself of the respect due to his real superiority by meriting the contempt that the conceited always receive.

Ah, ye whose privilege it is to have received the light of culture, is it not your least peril that you are responsible for the use you make of your superior wealth? "Freely ye have received, freely give." Manfully accept the duties which you, whose blessings have been so great, owe to your Maker and your fellow-men. Through you the work that Christ began on earth must be completed. Ignorance, superstition, selfishness, idolatry, must still be fought against and conquered. To you are looking the youth that will follow in your footsteps, accepting you as authority in questions of religion, politics, and morals. Be cautious, be firm in the right, remembering that your influence is endless.

THE UNSENT MESSAGE.

O SWALLOW, borne on swiftest wing
To southland groves and flowers of spring,
A moment stay thy journeying;
To my far home a message bear,
And tell them that my heart is there.

Tell them that every frosty morn,
Each yellow sheaf of ripened corn,
The bright red berries of the thorn,
Show that the year is speeding fast;
The waiting-time will soon be past.

Tell them that when the trees are bare,
And gone are all the flowerets fair,
When the first snow-flakes float in air—
But see! vain are the words I say,
The faithless bird has flown away.

THE PRESENT THE IRON AGE.

THE present is an Age of Iron. By an Iron Age I mean an age of national transformation, a transformation such as establishes and welds together the institutions of a country, and fuses the hetrogenious elements of society into a national individuality. This period, therefore, is the formative period of a national literature, or, rather, it is during such a period that the national forces are molded for the creation of a literature.

That our country has already passed such an epoch, can be inferred only from our mechanical and scientific inventions, which in their wonderful perfection give us the *appearance* of a much older country. But when we penetrate below this, we find on every side traces proving that our country is still in its youth, and that society and literature are in a state not of absolute accomplishment, but of gradual formation.

To show this youthful transition of our country, we have selected three marked characteristics of the present age, namely: its physical, political, and social changes. The present era is unmistakably an era of physical transformation. Within a comparativly few years, we have grown from a nation of twenty millions to one of fifty, and extended our territory from a narrow fringe along the Atlantic, to the breadth of a continent. Meanwhile, that continent has been girt and regirt by iron rails, decked with rich and populous cities, and has seen its great centers of industry and wealth transferred from the East beyond the Alleghanies. In short, the whole physical aspect of the country has been completely reversed. The West, which twenty-five years ago was the junior partner in the wealth and industries of the nation, now controls the life current of our great cities of the East,—Boston and New York.

Nor has this change been marked alone by the creation of railroads and factories, but, both East and West, the public library, the college, and the church have been no less plentifully established. Yet this very munificence marks the youth of the nation. For a likeness to Hopkins, Peabody, and Cooper, we are carried back to the mediæval period, to the founding of Oxford and Cambridge, or again in Germany, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries to the establishment of Prague, Leipsic, and Heidleburg. These institutions were then, to those nations, what ours are now to us. The resultant of the early forces of their civilization has been largely attained, the resultant of ours is yet in the future.

Still more distinctly do our political conditions mark the transformation of our people. They truly represent an early age of a nation, a period in which her institutions are not yet welded together. We are forcibly reminded of this fact by our late civil war and its still pending controversies. Indeed, no period of our history has witnessed such political changes as the present. We refer not only to those resulting from the rebellion, but also to those arising from the new development of the West. Her rapid growth is fast re-adjusting political as well as industrial centers. She is daily becoming the *motor* power of the nation, and will inevitably fashion our future national destiny.

This transition is again marked by the newly agitated questions of finance and socialism. Such questions were presented to older nations centuries ago, but they have come upon us mainly within a quarter of a century. Before the war we had little practical knowledge of pauperism and the labor question. We then knew little of the theories and methods of finance, political economy, and social science, and our leading statesmen boasted that we should never need to know them. Yet to-day, these questions have gained such proportions among us as to test to the utmost not only the principles of these sciences, but the leading minds of the nation. In short they await a resolution according to our peculiar ideas of rights and equality.

Such are the physical and political transition of our country, and the social transition is largely resultant of these. We have said that an Iron Age is marked by the fusion of society into a national individuality. Now it is this peculiar feature which characterizes our present state of society. We have not yet attained, in any true sense, a national character. To the speedy attainment of this, our large foreign immigration has been, and for many years must continue to be one great hinderance.

But the chief hinderance to the attainment of this character has been our vassalage to European customs. Her social habits and prejudices were instilled into us during our colonial days, and fostered by us for many years of our independence. In fact, American society, politics, and literature for more than two centuries have been distinctly adjusted to a European criterian. But to-day the mind of the people is undergoing a great revolution. The nation is becoming socially Americanized. Under the influence of our increased territory, great mechanical inventions, and vast wealth, this European dependence in literature and science is fast passing away. And with it are also disappearing our old forms of business and of reverence. This transition we have all lamented. Yet it is

not so deplorable when rightly understood. The country west of the Alleghanies has become the body of the nation, and over her vigorously beating heart, New England's customs have no longer any restraint. As a territorial people we are just born, and are now, says an eminent writer, "feeling the instincts and tendencies peculiar to its vast territory and continental isolation." We at length start for the first time as an American people, and we shall in the future develop a character and literature peculiarly our own.

The assurances of this are already appearing. They are what the leading author of our country calls the hopeful signs of the future. They are manifest in the growing strength of higher education, in the increased confidence given to American scholarship, and in the voice of such authors as Emerson, Hawthorne, Whittier, and Longfellow. Yet their fulfillment will not be in this age. Americans, as a class, have been in haste to make a literature; but this is a thing of growth and not of manufacture. It bears to a nation the same relation that Spencer attributes to her great men. Such men, he says, "Along with the whole generation, ... along with its institutions, language, knowledge, manners, and multitudinous arts and appliances, are a resultant of an *enormous* aggregate of causes that have been operating for ages." Indeed what literature, created when we occupied a narrow fringe along the Atlantic, could represent the American people? Then we were largely English, now the heart of the nation is American, and it sends its renovating blood through a continent. It must be seen from our social change alone, that had our literature gone forward it would have had a poor maturity. Our delay in a national literature is rather to be welcomed than deplored. Upon a broad bases of preparation we begin anew, and, stimulated by a common language and culture extending over a vast territory, we shall in a century develop an originality and power in literature yet unattained.

The special character of this literature is not for us to divine. For, says Everett, "To divine its character would be to create it." Yet it will inevitably be marked by two features. The first, which we have already intimated, is that our literature must be in harmony with a distinct American character. As the peculiar ideas upon which our government rests individualizes our nation, so must the embodiment of those ideas individualize our literature.

The second is this, that it will be marked by the great innovations which the march of physical science has made upon our mode of thought and study. Until within a half century, the thought of the world from Homer down, with occasional variations in garb, has revolved in

the same circles. This fact Emerson well illustrates when he says: "The first book tyranizes over the second. Read Tasso and you think of Virgil, read Virgil and you think of Homer, and Milton forces you to reflect how narrow are the limits of human inventions." But now the discoveries of physical science are completely revolutionizing the mode and extent of our thoughts. The telescope, spectrum analysis, and the microscope, are daily crowding upon us new worlds of matter and of space, so that the mind everywhere deals with vaster measures of time and distance. And while these discoveries of the philosopher and the astronomer, by building our knowledge upon a surer foundation, have supplanted our most cherished convictions, they have also demagnetized our figures of speech, which were alone suited for the childhood of the world, have greatly defferentiated man in the scale of society, and vastly enlarged his conception of grandeur of the universe. And the body of our language also, in harmony with the great additions made to our thought, has been likewise expanded. So that the writer of the future will have to deal not only with a new and living vocabulary, but with readers who, in advance of any preceding age, have vastly grown in intellectual and moral status. In contemplation of this change, which is co-extensive with Christendom, one is lead to believe that the present is the Iron Age, not only of our country, but of the civilized world.

I. F. F., '80.

THE BATES STUDENT.

EDITORS.
W. H. JUDKINS, J. H. HEALD, F. L. HAYES, J. F. PARSONS, M. T. NEWTON.
BUSINESS MANAGER: H. L. MERRILL.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

WE should have preferred to speak of this subject in our last number, a more appropriate time, but could not; and we will take this opportunity to express a thought or two which we trust will be received in the spirit in which it is offered.

At the beginning of the term we heard considerable dissatisfaction expressed by some who wished to stay out and teach, and whose petition was not favorably received by the Faculty; and there were circulated in conversation "wars and rumors of wars," and threats of demanding tickets, etc. What the exact condition of affairs was, and whether rumor was correct, we do not say. But we know the condition of feeling in certain quarters was one of unconcealed dissatisfaction. The allegation brought was that the privilege of staying out depended on one's personal relations with the Faculty.

Now we shall not say that the Faculty did not act conscientiously in each particular case. Nor do we blame them for wanting every man on the ground all the time. It would be very desirable, if *possible*, that a law be enforced compelling the attendance of every student during every week of the school year, except in case of sickness. But the enforcement of such a law is not possible. Some of the students are obliged to teach. Let there be, then, we say, a plain law to govern such absences, printed in black and white, understood by every body, and enforced *every time*. Let every man know that if he stays out he has certain conditions to fulfill; that he cannot stay out and preserve his standing unless he fulfills them; and that if he does fulfill them he can stay out, no matter whether he be a "good boy," or a "bad boy." Whenever the Faculty act discretionally, there is a tendency to impugn their motives. The only way by which they can enjoy the loyal respect of their pupils, is to act in accordance with plain, reasonable law, and execute it at whatever cost.

Now we understand that the degree of A.B. is conferred on its

recipients to tell the world that they have completed a definite course of study, and have acquired a certain definite amount of knowledge in that course. It ought to be so. Now if a man can acquire that definite amount of knowledge and teach two terms a year at the same time, very well, let him teach; if not, refuse him the privilege. "Hanging round" an institution is not studying; and some will do more real study while teaching school, than others will do if present every week of the course.

When a student has been absent for several weeks, let his work be divided up into convenient parts; let him pass a thorough examination on each part; let a certain definite amount of rank be compulsory. If *any* student can fulfill the conditions, let him teach. Only make the conditions such that, if a student fulfilled them through his entire course, he would be worthy of his degree.

But a word about these examinations. Let them be conducted with care. "Bain can answer Bain," and "Storer can answer Storer," every time. Let every examination be made a test of real work; and we have confidence that such a plan as we have suggested will commend itself to the best judgment of every student.

With the exception of his home there are few places dearer to a man than the place of his honest toil. The laborer has his workshop, the business man his office, the editor his sanctum, the artist his studio; and has the student no place similar to these? Yes, he may and should have such a place,—a place that is at once to him workshop, office, sanctum, and studio:—it is his study. If a student has any good reason for being in college, surely the scene of his toil and his thought, the place where for four years most of his waking hours are spent, should become endeared to him. And it should be attractive to him, a place which he can leave with pleasant recollections and to which he can return with delight. But we fear this is frequently not the case. Even students who are working hard, who have high and worthy aims, frequently lack the comfort and the stimulus to be derived from an attractive study. Now this is not as it should be. To be sure, few of us can have all the luxuries we might desire; but many of us might have more of the comforts of life than we do have.

There are several classes of students that seem to fail in this direction. And, first, there is the very studious, buried-in-his-books student He comes to college to learn. He is after Latin and Greek and science. He fancies he lives on a plane altogether above the ordinary dwellers on earth. What does he care for the surroundings of his

study? He lives in books. Now studiousness is not so plenty an article with us that we can afford to depreciate its value. On the contrary, true studiousness is too noble a quality to be adulterated with any baser one, such as a morbid appetite for books. The student should not be a book-worm. What we mean to urge is that one cannot afford to be oblivious to his surroundings. He had better make up his mind to live *on the earth* for three-score years and ten, and try to live as a human being should. True manhood is what we want; and manhood ought to reach further than to the tips of one's fingers and toes; it ought to modify one's surroundings. As man improves he naturally makes his surroundings pleasanter and more beautiful. And can you, student friend, who are trying to improve yourself mentally and morally, afford to be oblivious to your surroundings?

But the too-bookish students are not by any means the most careless of their rooms. The don't-care students are worse and more numerous. So far from desiring to have his room neat and pleasant, the student of this class seems to take delight in disorder. You go into his room and find hats, coats, boots, and books mixed promiscuously together; and here he seems to live in a state of primeval bliss. We have even heard of this disorder getting so complete control of a student that he had in his room only one chair in which it was safe to sit down. Now this state of things would do very well for a newly married couple during their honey-moon, but for a matter-of-fact student it is going a little too far.

Some students seem to think it effeminate to love beautiful things and to seek to make their surroundings tidy and pleasant. If this be so, then be effeminate. But it is not true. It is manly to love the beautiful and to seek to have it near you.

We intended to have mentioned another class of erring students, but refrain for fear of making this article so long that no one will read it. We should like, also, to give our ideas of what the student's room should be, but refrain from doing so for the same reason.

But we cannot refrain from urging the importance of having a pleasant study. Education should develop the whole man,—not cultivate his intellect and leave him a boor. Almost every student looks forward to the possession of a pleasant home of his own. Let him see to it that his college course does not unfit him for such a home. Science has a good deal to say of environment and its influence upon man's development. We don't know much about science, but we can safely urge the importance of making so much of one's environment as is enclosed between the four

walls of his room, neat, pleasant, and cheerful.

We wish, for a few moments, to call the attention of the students to the work of our Literary Societies. Probably ere this the students of the incoming class have received invitations to the Societies, and have identified themselves with one Society or the other. Here, with a large number of Society members, active efforts cease. If they attend the meetings, it is only to listen, be amused, and criticise. Oftener they do not attend at all. We think it a fact, that a greater part of the work done in our Societies falls on less than one-fourth of its members. In society and government this is so, and necessarily so, because of the inability and disqualification of the majority of people to sustain a leading part satisfactorily to those around them, or creditably to themselves. But among college students this is not, or ought not to be so. Students are supposed to be literary characters. The student who cannot for ten minutes instruct or amuse such an audience as one may find in our society rooms of a Friday evening, makes a mistake when he goes to college.

The truth is, there is no such disparity of ability. Therefore, there is no reason for the exemption of so large a number of students from this kind of literary work. The laws of Political Economy maintain that self-interest will impel men to every labor that promises to be remunerative. Then, students either do not consider such work profitable, or they do not consider its advantages at all, or else the laws of Political Economy fall through. Is the work of our Literary Societies profitable? Or can the average student enter the pulpit or the bar without any previous training with the assurance of success, that he can with such training? If he can, why the many years of mental discipline? If training is unnecessary, why the many years' practice to reach perfection in the mechanical arts? Is the mind and voice any more obedient to the will than the hand and eye? Is their training of less importance? All the experience of time goes to show the importance of special training. It shows that no memorizing of rules, no comprehension of principles, no profundity of learning, can take the place of practice. Writing and speaking are arts, which, with most people, must be learned before they are known, and practiced before they are mastered. Practice in these, as in all other arts, is what makes perfect.

A large portion of the students contemplate entering a profession in which quite an important part is writing and public speaking. Even if they do not, it will not be time thrown away. For, under a government like ours, what can be of

more advantage to an educated man, than that he can, whenever called on, express his thoughts clearly and forcibly?

This can never be done without much practice. Where can this practice be obtained? Class debates, half a dozen in the four years are not enough. Two essays a term do not afford sufficient practice to a student who expects, during his life, to write two endurable sermons a week. Again, essays are too formal and stiff affairs. The subject is given out and all must write on it, whether it agrees with his taste and ideas or not. The average college essay consists of two parts: the subject and seven hundred words. Such a method as this does nothing to cultivate a clear, forcible, style. It makes machine-work.

But the Societies afford ample scope for all the practice one is likely to want. He has a chance to air his peculiar ideas, if he has any. He can take his own subject, write his own ideas, indulge his own style. Hence there is none of that stiffness of the school-boy composition; none of the verbosity, beneath which he seeks to conceal his lack of ideas; none of that studied phraseology by which he seeks to explain that which he neither cares about nor comprehends. Such writing is nothing but *writing*. Real writing consists of ideas, not words. The evolution of ideas is the end to be sought. This cannot be gained by learning the conjugations, nor repeating rules of rhetoric. To the professional man this end is of more real importance than all the technicalities of the ologies.

Students talk of the routine of college duties. They complain that they are driven along in the same old ruts, but at the same time they neglect every thing outside the routine, and carefully adjust their guage to the old tracks, while the most advantageous opportunities for collateral work are avoided.

A consideration of the question from every point of view shows clearly the benefits arising from this kind of work. The reason why so many neglect it is that they have never stopped to consider its advantages.

As a result of the new examination requirement put in force at the close of last year, besides the students that were dropped outright, more were conditioned than at the end of any previous year during the history of the College. This was expected. What was surprising however, is this, that not a few students, whose daily recitations gave unmistakable evidence of their inability to pass the examinations successfully, did pass them with flying colors. The correct inference can easily be drawn.

That some will get answers to questions, besides those stored in their own brains, is to be expected,

and, perhaps, cannot be wholly prevented. But it so happened that at the last summer's annual, opportunity was given and improved for an unusually large amount of such outside assistance. A number of students were obliged to leave College, at different times during the latter part of the term, before the time for the regular examinations. Accordingly they requested the privilege of taking their examinations in advance. Now, instead of sitting down in the presence of the professor and preparing the examination paper, some were given the list of questions and sent *alone* —with the text-books on the studies in which they were to be examined, under their arms—into the chapel, or an empty recitation room, and in some instances even to their own rooms. They neither asked nor expected it. But there is many a boy that under ordinary circumstances refuses to answer questions when he cannot do so from his own stock of information, who would not resist the temptation to refer to his book under such conditions. Indeed they might not unreasonably infer that the professor expected them to get what help they needed.

We repeat that the students to whom this leniency is shown, or perhaps it should be said, in whom this confidence is placed, do not ask it; and those to whom it is not shown, and who have to answer the questions without help, or not at all, do not like it. The Faculty will not find it difficult to imagine the feelings of the student, that either has not been able or has not been willing to be "sly," when he finds himself conditioned in a study in which his neighbor, whose daily recitations are much poorer than his own, has passed a successful examination because, while writing it, he had recourse to his book.

We are not asking teachers to put no confidence in their pupils; overconfidence is a less evil than suspicion. This article rather,—coming from a standpoint in which instructors have not the same opportunities for judging as students—is written to point out to the Faculty a matter in which they are in danger of leading students needlessly into temptation, and of giving others cause for thinking themselves unjustly treated.

Let the standard of requirement be fixed at a fair per cent., and the questions reasonable, and give all an equal chance to answer them, and students will not be likely to find fault with their instructors if they fail to pass.

It was past ten, and my weary sensorium had become comfortably settled in bed. Just before retiring I had read, in the Evening *Journal*, the frightful announcement that the city contained a desperate band of tramps. I was thus provided with an excellent subject for dreams during the night, and I no sooner got into the edge of a doze than I com-

menced operations. My first tramp was scarcely disposed of when I seemed to hear, half in dream, half in reality, a frightful uproar in the dim distance, like the shouting of men and the roaring of wild beasts. The noise soon became so loud that I knew it could not be simply in my mind. "Now," thought I, "here are drunken tramps in real earnest; let me 'get the big club ready' and if I escape this danger, I won't be caught another night without a six-shooter in my room."

Soon, however, I began to distinguish above the confused din such snatches as these: "As we go marching through Lewiston"; "Bates College is a jolly place"; "Vive la '81"; and then, distinct above all the rest, "B—a—t—e—s, rah! rah! rah!"—What a relief! Juniors after all." "Oh well," thought I, "they haven't worked off their Sophomoric exuberance yet, and are out on a tear. But why on earth can't they remember that at this time of night mankind in general has gone to bed? Ah! they, careless boys, have no thought of the poor little babies they are waking up out of sound sleep, of the anathemas that are even now being hurled forth from under honest night caps at 'them college boys.'"

But how different were my thoughts when I discovered, after long listening, and after bringing into use all my acquired perceptions of sound, that the Juniors were serenading their newly married classmate. Now, only thoughts of approval were known to consciousness. I could only wish that I also might be present to offer my congratulations to the happy pair. I afterwards learned the long delay and consequent uproar in the street was occasioned by the necessity of waiting for the young couple to array themselves in the habiliments of day.

The class is understood to have entered at length and to have enjoyed a pleasant hour. The Quartette of '81 sang a song or two, and the congratulations of the class were expressed by one of their number. At length they returned to the College and the world again slept, not grudging the Juniors the hour of sleep of which it had been deprived.

On Friday evening, Sept. 19th, at the College Chapel, occurred the annual public meeting of the Eurosophian Society. The following was the

PROGRAMME:

MUSIC—The Wolf is on the Hill.
Quartette.

PRAYER.

DECLAMATION—Sumner's Devotion to Principle.—*Storrs.* J. C. Perkins.

EULOGY—Oliver Cromwell. E. T. Pitts.

MUSIC—De Beriol's 6th Aire Varie.
Miss G. V. Babcock.

DISCUSSION.

Resolved, That the Democratic rather than the Republican Party Deserves the Support of the People.

Aff.—C. L. Nutting, D. McGillicuddy.
Neg.—W. H. Cogswell, H. E. Coolidge.

MUSIC—Alpine Melody.—*Mack.*
Miss G. V. Babcock.
ORATION—The Present the Iron Age.
I. F. Frisbee.
PAPER.
Mr. W. P. Foster, Miss E. H. Sawyer.
MUSIC—Theresen Waltzes.—*Faust.*
Miss. G. V. Babcock, Mr. B. J. Hinds.

The declamation was marked by polish in delivery and clearness in enunciation.

A new feature in meetings of this kind was the eulogy, which was pleasantly written, and agreeably and forcibly rendered.

The discussion was one of real interest, especially the arguments of Messrs. Cogswell and McGillicuddy. The former was such a one as would convince sober, thinking men; the latter one that by its magniloquence and sharp thrusts would be likely to win the approbation of the multitude.

The oration was a thoughtful, well-written production, delivered in an easy, dignified manner. The paper contained two or three articles of unusual merit, among which was a poem, that, unlike ordinary college effusions, contained the real, poetic spirit. The paper indulged in personalities rather more than is in accordance with good taste in so public an assembly.

The music was novel in its kind (chiefly violin solos and duets), and unusually well received by the large audience present. The entertainment, as a whole, gave evidence of scholarly preparation, and showed that the Eurosophians have a high ideal of Society work.

LOCALS.

An Orchestra!

An Archery Club!

A dowery! Oh??

New pins for the Bowling Alley.

Jack Frost was in too much of a hurry.

How much did you give for the Little Wanderers?

Prof. Rand and the Sophs have been getting the meridian.

A chemical Senior discovered the other day that arsenic was *poison.*

The term bills indicate that some have been faithful in "working out their tax."

The music for the Polymnian public meeting was under the direction of Mr. Cook.

On Wednesday evening, Oct. 1st, a party of students took a stroll around Auburn Lake.

The beautiful summer weather and harvest moon were charmingly improved by the boys.

A Senior, who has taken particular interest in Chemistry, has discovered that leather is ox(h)ide of feet.

T. J. Bollin, '79, writes of his safe arrival at Martinsburg, W. Va., and closes with "regards to all the boys."

During the absence of the Psychological Prof. some of the Seniors did a large amount of "collateral work."

One of the Freshmen has sent his girl a copy of the "Funny-graph."

The efficient elocutionary training of Mr. Stacy, our former instructor in elocution, is greatly missed.

The Seniors have been studying up eclipses. Their knowledge of the matter aptly illustrates the subject.

We find in the Catalogue the names of 47 Freshmen and 143 collegiate students. Besides, there are 18 Theologues.

A student who has tried it says: "Just as soon as a fellow swears off smoking, every fellow he meets offers him a cigar."

The betting at this archery practice is getting scandalous. Some men are reckless enough to put up as much as a cent.

Nichols, formerly of '80, has been at the College. He will go to Bowdoin, dropping back a year through absence from study.

Sunday evening, October 12, at the Main St. Church, Prof. Stanley read an interesting lecture on the "Last Days of St. Paul."

Supplemental slips for the Catalogues were distributed at recitation the other day. Every man came forth with from one to six on his back.

Two or three virtuous boys who had refrained from the foul weed, were astonished to find tuition on their term bills. But it was all an accident.

On October 13, the day of the moon's occulation, the moon's crescent and the planet Venus were plainly seen in broad day.

The three divisions of the Freshman class are drilled by Profs. Hayes, Angell, and Chase, in preparation for their prize declamations.

The College well is a decided failure. Some time since the bottom dropped out, and now the top is out. O for a hose to fit the hydrant!

It was amusing to see the dignified collegiates eat flapjacks at the late Androscoggin Fair. What a rare chance for "indigent students."

Friday evening, Sept. 26, the Eurosophian Society received nineteen new members; the Polymnian nine. Both Societies held successful meetings.

Mr. Pitts, of '81, who, within a period not long antecedent, became united in the holy bonds of matrimony, was serenaded a few evenings ago by his envious classmates.

The Mathematical Prof. has purchased a house lot on Frye Street. The domestic significance of the transaction is not yet evident; but all the eligible elderly maidens of the city are in a state of suspense, "as it were."

Do two negatives make an affimative? Not always. So, at least, says a certain Junior who asked two young ladies to go to the concert with him.

The receptivity of a student's mind will not equal that of his pocket, when County Fair Exhibitors will give him tea, yeast, washing powder, and hand-bills.

On Monday night, Sept. 28, a party of town roughs assailed the Gymnasium with brickbats, and began a noise in the Hall when a pistol shot dispatched them up Mountain Avenue.

At a late business meeting of the Reading Room Association, the article of the Constitution relating to the pay of the Secretary and Treasurer was amended, increasing the pay of the above-mentioned officer.

Freshman calling on *nice* young lady. Conversation fluctuates from fact to sentiment. Freshman—"Did you ever read Romeo and Juliet?" N. Y. L.—"No, I never read it, but I should so like to if I could only borrow Longfellow's works."

We have been trying ever since term began to keep College time, but have at last given it up as a bad job. We find it impossible to make our watch both gain and lose at the same time. Much of the fault may doubtless be attributed to that go-as-you-please college clock. The feats that it can perform are perfectly marvelous. But let us not be partial. Do not both clock and bell-ringer need regulating?

The class were discussing Plato: The professor asked what philosopher bore the same relation to modern philosophy, that Plato bore to the ancient; whereupon an eagar Freshman, bursting with pent-up knowledge, confidently responded —"O. N. Fowler!"

A student was standing with his lady love on a Main Street doorstep, engaged in an animated conversation on the festivity of their evening entertainment. Hark, the key turns in the lock. Powerful centrifugal forces operate. She darts in, and he dashes for Parker Hall. This is his exclamation, "Just my darned luck!"

There will be a meeting of the President and Trustees of the College, at Hathorn Hall, on Thursday, the thirtieth day of October, to see what measures shall be taken to raise funds to liquidate the floating debt of the College. This debt has already assumed quite alarming proportions. It was reported at the annual meeting, last June, to be over $86,000. We sincerely hope that adequate means will be found to wipe out this debt, in order that the College may be able to set apart

the entire fund from Mr. Bates as a permanent endowment. A good endowment fund is all that is needed to insure the future prosperity of the College. It already enjoys, to a high degree, the confidence of the people.

A self-sufficient father reproaching his son for his stupidity, said to him: "When I was of your age I knew something. I was called the smartest boy in town." "Well," drawled the son, "I'd rather be a fool when I'm little than when I grow up." [Exit father, apparently wrapped in thought.]

Saturday afternoon, Sept 20, the Lewiston High School nine played a game of ball with a nameless College nine, beating the latter 24 to 19. This was published as a "national" game. We don't quite understand its "nationality." September 29, the L. H. S. nine played with the first nine and got beaten 21 to 4. Not quite so "national"!

September 24, Mr. Brown of the city with Mr. Darrah gave an interesting sparring exhibition in the Gymnasium. After they had concluded, Mr. Skillings was loudly called for, who responded by exhibiting some of his sidewise and otherwise thrusts of marvelous dexterity and power. The combative sympathies of the students was not sufficiently excited to form a satisfactory class for Mr. Brown.

We can imagine how it may be highly entertaining to a college student to stone the windows out of college buildings; but we cannot conjecture why any one should choose those windows that are raised or lowered so that each stone will knock out two panes of glass. If we were going to break windows we would have the fun of breaking out each individual pane.

The Astronomical Seniors have discovered what they call three planets: Jupiter, Saturn, and "gory" Mars. Several fine constellations are now visible in the early evening. Bootes, with Arcturus for a leader, begins his diurnal dive down behind David's Mountain at about 7 1-2 P.M. At this time Pegasus may be discerned a little south of the zenith. Sagittarius at the same time will be seen drawing his bow in the south. At about 8 P.M. Taurus can be seen climbing the heavens over the Gymnasium with "gory" Mars in his back; and by an hour later "lordly Orion" will appear at the same point of the horizon.

Base-ball seems to be dead or dying. There is little practicing; none by the entire nine; no games are arranged that we are aware of. We know the disadvantage occasioned by the loss of our pitcher; but we see no use in doing nothing. The Association has been put at too great expense, and has incurred too

great responsibility for such inaction. Its members will soon be refusing to support an institution that can show no good results. Perhaps we are too hasty, but we think something ought to have been done in the way of games, to meet the next payment due for our grounds. The expense was incurred with that expectation. It is easy to predict a grumbling when the next tax bill is presented.

We present below the individual record of each person who played on the College Nine during last summer's campaign. In the batting record the per cent. is the proportion of base hits to the whole number of times at the bat. In the fielding record the per cent. is the proportion of chances taken to the whole number of chances.

BATTING RECORD.

	GAMES.	A.B.	1B.	T.B.	PER CT
Hoyt	5	23	8	9	.348
Wilbur	5	26	9	12	.346
Norcross	5	25	8	9	.32
Ranger	4	21	6	7	.286
Perkins	4	20	5	5	.25
Rowell	1	4	1	1	.25
Sanborn	5	27	6	10	.222
Lombard	5	27	6	7	.222
Foss	5	23	3	3	.13
Parsons	5	24	3	3	.125
Nevens	1	4	0	0	.0
Total	5	.224	55	66	.246

FIELDING RECORD.

	POS.	P.O.	A.	E.	PER CT.
Norcross	r.f.	3	0	0	1.
Perkins	c.f.	4	2	0	1.
Rowell	c.f.	0	0	0	1.
Ranger	2b.	13	8	3	.875
Sanborn	1b.	41	1	7	.857
Nevens	2b.	4	3	2	.778
Wilbur	c.	38	16	17	.761
Parsons	p.	4	28	12	.727
Lombard	3b.	15	10	10	.714
Hoyt	l.f.	8	1	7	.563
Foss	s.s.	8	10	15	.545
Total		138	79	73	.748

It is well known that the strength of our nine is in batting. This is shown by the above record. In comparing the record of our Nine with that of the Harvard Nine for the past season, we find our per cent. in batting higher than theirs, while our per cent. in fielding is decidedly below theirs. Of course the Harvards have had more scientific pitching to withstand than we have, and it is not our purpose to institute a comparison between the two nines. We only wish to show conclusively where our weak point is. And we submit this record, hoping it may be a guide to members of the nine in their practice.

We have heard of a boy, sent by his mother for a pair of hose, getting the hoes at the hardware store, but not till recently of a Freshman going to a milliner's shop to get his boots tapped.

Our Reading Room, which was threatening to become a bedlam and general nuisance, seems once more to have been restored to its old-time respectability. The man who could read in it as it was four or five weeks ago must have mighty powers of attention. The floor looked like a

carpenter's shop; the papers were strewed about in indescribable confusion, that is, what few there were to strew about; the whole scene appeared to resemble a bachelor's hall in which the official incumbent had been trying to live on mental food and was "about out." Especially, in the evening, the interior put on a poetic cast, as a few struggling rays from the moon (when there was one), penetrating the "tear-stained" window glass, illuminated the apartment and disclosed the existence of two or three lamps, whose light was vainly trying to show itself through the vast deposits of carbon on the chimneys. The scene is all very well to look back upon and we hope hereafter to view it in that relation. A change has certainly been made. We have once more located the old papers—our old friends—and we feel at home. We are glad to see so much activity in the management of the Room. We want to see every man invited to support the Reading Room. We want to see such a public sentiment in regard to it, that a man will be ashamed to stay here and not belong to the Association. The present labors of management are tending to produce that sentiment. Something remains to be done before we can call the Reading Room perfect; but we must congratulate all interested on results already attained.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—EDS.]

Editors of the Student:

Attention was called some time ago through the STUDENT, to a law regulating the public meetings of the two societies. Since this regulation has just been broken by the Polymnian Society, I call attention to it again. This law, adopted by the two societies, provides that their public meetings shall be holden on alternate or separate terms. It was in consideration of this, that the Eurosophian Society held their first public meeting in the fall term instead of the summer, which had been retained by the Polymnians for several years, as the term for their annual public meeting.

Again, although there had been no agreement between the two societies that the Polymnians should hold this term, yet there was a tacit understanding that it belonged to them by right of choice and custom. Accordingly, the Eurosophian Society selected the fall term in which to hold their annual public meeting.

Now, we do not call your attention to this because we care particularly whether the Polymnians hold their public meeting the fall term or the summer term. But we would like to see a little consistency displayed. If this agreement and usage is binding upon one Society, it should

be also upon the other. We respectfully ask that the rights and customs of the Eurosophians be respected, as they have respected those of the Polymnians.

A EUROSOPHIAN.

Editors of the Student:

Last year Prof. Stanton offered a prize for an "Inter-Society Debate." The disputants from each Society were appointed. The defection of the disputants from the upper class prevented the debate from taking place as a public debate. Those that remained prepared their arguments and delivered them as a class debate. As a debate it was a success. As an "Inter-Society Debate" it was a failure. Without inquiring on whom the responsibility of last last year's failure rests, we wish to know why debates beyond Sophomore year have been a failure. Sophomore debates never fail to bring out considerable forensic talent, but during the two remaining years it is never heard from.

For the last six years, Junior Champion Debate has been a dead letter, so that the last two years of the course there is no direct inducement to take special practice in debate.

Why, then, can we not have an Inter-Society Debate? There can be no lack of prize money, for Prof. Stanton has spared neither pains nor money to promote work in this direction. Such a debate would serve a double purpose. It would be a motive for effort among the best debaters, and would create a friendly rivalry between the Societies, and thus promote more interest in their work. Among fifty society workers there ought to be found three, "able and willing," to take part in such a debate. We ought to be sure that such a thing is among the human impossibilities before we give it up entirely. Shall we try again?

N.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'69.—Miss Mary W. Mitchell is at the head of a Day and Boarding School for young ladies, and children of both sexes, at West Chester Park, Boston. On the Visiting Board of the school, among others, are Prof. Wm. P. Atkinson, Institute of Technology, Boston, Mass.; Prof. John Trowbridge, Harvard College; Mr. A. Bronson Alcott, Concord; Rev. O. B. Cheney, D.D., President of Bates College; Mrs. Horace Mann, Cambridge. The school has the patronage of some of the most influential families of Boston and Cambridge, and the influence of some of the most prominent educators of the two cities. The following occurs in the printed circular, and indicates, to some extent, the object and scope of the school: "We

believe that children love learning and enjoy study when these are made aids to a natural development of the human powers. We shall aim to pursue those methods of teaching which will insure to the pupil, as our experience has proved, a progress more healthful and to parents a result more satisfactory than can be reached by the ordinary routine of school drill. While the course of study will be so extended that we may fit young men or women for the Sophomore year of any college, we wish particularly to undertake the education of young children, from homes in which our endeavors will be aided by the hearty co-operation of parents and guardians." Miss Mitchell's address is 34, Worcester Street, Boston, Mass.

'70.—Isaac Goddard has been appointed President of the Maine Dental Association.

'73.—Isaac C. Dennett has been chosen Professor of Greek and Latin in Colorado University.

'76.—At Yarmouth, Oct. 1st, Mr. Edwin R. Goodwin, Principal of the High School in that place, was married to Miss Emma R. Sargeant, also of Yarmouth.

'76.—J. H. Huntington has declined a position offered him on the *Boston Herald*, and intends to publish a monthly magazine at Haverhill, Mass.

'76.—Edward Whitney has been appointed Principal of the High School at Merrimackport, Mass.

'76.—John Rankin is Principal of the High School at Princeton, Maine.

'77.—Miss Carrie M. Warner is teaching in the Auburn Grammar School.

'77.—J. W. Smith is in an Insurance Office in Philadelphia. His address is 231, North Tenth Street.

'77.—B. T. Hathaway is Principal of the High School at Rock Island, Ill., at a salary of $1200.

'79.—W. E. Lane is studying medicine in Lewiston, instead of having gone West, as was once his intention, and as announced in the last STUDENT.

'79.—E. A. McCollister has commenced the study of medicine.

EXCHANGES.

With pleasure we greet our exchanges again. They seem to us now like old college friends, and we feel like saying, "How are you, old fellow? Glad to see you back."

Vacation has done the *Williams Athenaeum* good. We are glad to see that it is recuperating, and hope it will retain its vitality throughout the year. The rhyme of "The Senior's Sale" is very good. The editorials are short and to the point; and we are glad to see that the locals do not contain quite so much tired-out wit as commonly. We pronounce the number good.

The *University Courier* comes to us in new form. This number is

rather a budget of clippings than a college paper. But the editors promise something better next time. Let us wait in hope.

We welcome the *Columbia Spectator* once more. Some time ago the editors announced their purpose to make some alterations in the *Spectator*, with a view to improvement. They seem to be carrying out their resolution. We do not remember to have seen a better number than that of Oct. 1st. The poetry is unusually good. "A Mixed Essay," by Cornicula, is worthy of special attention. This writer is one well known to the college press. Some of his contributions thereto have been far from commendable, and most of his productions contain something which good taste would have left out. Yet we do not hesitate in ascribing to him his just due, viz., a ready wit and considerable talent for satire. The cartoon of this number is entitled "Thoughts on Co-Education," a subject suggested, perhaps, by the rumor that ladies were to be admitted to the full advantages of the course at Columbia. The cartoon is very good, and is, in its way, an addition to the paper.

The *Berkeleyan* comes to us somewhat reduced in size. Some very sensible plans of reform are proposed. These reforms have not yet been instituted, but it is hoped that the next number will manifest them. The poem, "Fear and Faith," is good. The notes on exchanges are written in a pleasing, sprightly style. But, on the whole, this number is rather below the average standard of the *Berkeleyan*.

The *Collegian*, from Cornell College is a thirteen-page monthly. The September number opens with a Commencement oration written in verse. This is a novel manner of writing Commencement parts, but the success of this experiment does not warrant its repetition. The metre of the poem is correct, the rhyme is good; but when we have said this, we have said all there is to say. The prose article, "Pillars of Government," is very well written. The editorials, though not very spirited, are of fair merit. The style of the personal items is decidedly puerile.

The *College Courier* congratulates itself on having completed its twelfth year, and having recently freed itself from a long-standing debt. In the September number, the editorials are well written and practical. The locals are especially good. The *Courier* takes a good position among our Western exchanges.

Our Vermont neighbor, the *Undergraduate*, has just arrived. In glancing over its columns, we find that it contains two very good editorials on practical subjects (and we are inclined to think the editorials, more than anything else, determine the real value and importance of a college paper.) The literary articles

of this number are not so good. "Progress Universal" contains some good thoughts and well-written paragraphs; but, on the whole, the article lacks strength.

OTHER COLLEGES.

CORNELL.

'83 boasts of having the largest class ever entered.

A professorship of Anglo-Saxon has been established.

Nine hundred and fifty dollars, in prizes, are open for competition to members of Eighty-one alone.

DARTMOUTH.

Active measures have been taken to revive boating.

Daniel Pratt recently paid a visit to Dartmouth. He received a grand ovation from the students.

HARVARD.

Two hundred and nine Freshmen.

A movement is on foot to start a College Archery Club.—*Ex.*

A Chinese Professorship has been established, and Ko Kum-Huo has been elected to the chair.

Harvard, Yale, and Princeton are making energetic preparations to contend for the foot-ball championship.

The new Gymnasium is nearly completed. It is said to be "the most magnificent building, for its purpose, in the country."

WILLIAMS.

Sixty-five men in '83.

Term began September 9th.

Cushions on the chapel seats is the latest improvement.

Twenty-four Juniors have organized a Protection Club, with constitution and officers.

A game of base-ball between the Juniors and Freshmen resulted in a victory for the latter by a score of 11 to 5.

Foot-ball is said to be attracting considerable attention. It is hoped that a good team of 11 or 15 can be selected.

There are good prospects for a successful year in base-ball. The Freshman class contains an unusual number of good players, and measures are being taken to put a good nine into the field.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Two Indians have entered Union. —*Ex.*

The University of Colorado has begun the year with 100 students.

Amherst has 109 Freshmen, Cornell 125, Princeton about the same number, Yale 228.

Hillsdale opens under auspicious circumstances with about one hundred new students.

Michigan University has had in all departments 1043 applicants for admission. Of these 211 are in the department of Literature, Science, and Art.

Trinity has 23 Freshmen, Union 57, Wesleyan 60, Brown 80, and the University of California 90.

The student who enters Wellesley this year, best fitted in Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, receives a prize of $250.

The university students in Spain this year number 16,889, of whom 6,823 are studying medicine and 6,409 law.—*Ex.*

Since 1872 the number of students at Cornell University has decreased from 700 to 403. Of this number 53 are ladies.—*Ex.*

There are twenty-three colleges admitting gentlemen exclusively; three, ladies exclusively; and eighteen co-educational colleges. It is a significant fact that all the State universities and all the colleges under the fostering care of the Methodist Church are co-educational.

The Private College for Women begins its career with bright prospects for future success. As many as twenty candidates have presented themselves for admission, and among them students from Vassar, Smith, and Wellesley, in spite of the fact that those colleges claim to offer to their students all the advantages of Harvard.—*Harvard Crimson.*

From an exchange we clip the following statements taken from Mr. Nightingale's book on "The Requirements for Admission to Colleges:" The Roman pronunciation in Latin is used by twenty-two colleges; the English, by eighteen; the Continental, by one, and a mixed pronunciation by two. All the Roman Catholic Institutions use the Continental. Yale still adheres to the English.

CLIPPINGS.

What is the resemblance between the French "u" and wealth? Most people fail to get either.

Professor (to student in natural history)—"Mention six animals of the frigid zone." Student (eagerly)—"Three polar bears and three seals."—*Nassau Lit.*

Gin Sling is the euphonious name of a Chinese Freshman at Yale. Who knows but at some time in the dim future Gin Sling may become one of the ornaments of the American bar.

"Mother what does H. M. S. P. stand for?" "Be me troth," answered the affectionate mother, "it'll sthand for *his mither spanked Patrick*, an' ye don't stop pestherin' me with questions." Now let the old ship sink.—*Nassau Lit.*

An evening interview: "Good evening." "This is a pleasant evening." "A very nice evening." "May I see you home this evening?" "Well, not this evening." "Good evening." "Good evening." Thus evening matters all around.—*Ex.*

"My son," said a fond father, "emulate the mule; he is always backwards in deeds of violence."—*Ex.*

Dialogue between Professor and Senior delinquent: P.—"What is the difference between a sidereal and a solar day?" S.—"Four hours, sir." P.—"How would you find celestial latitude and longitude?" S.—"I think I should take an eclipse of the sun." P.—"Can you state Kepler's Laws?" S.—"I know nothing about *Nepler's* Laws." Exit student, claiming that the best way to pack a trunk is to put the books at the bottom.—*Hamilton Lit.*

It is related that Prof. Blackie, of Edinburgh, once had the occasion of placing this notice on the door of his Greek class room: "Professor Blackie regrets he is unable to-day, to meet his classes." A waggish student, spying this, scratched out the initial letter of the last word of the sentence, and made it appear that the Prof. was regretful of his inability to meet those fair specimens of humanity familiarly known outside the college quadrangles as the "lasses." The keen-eyed old old man, noticing the prank that had been played on him, quietly erased another letter.—*Ex.*

DROPPED.

Rattle his Bohns
Over the stones!
He's only a Soph,
Whom the college disowns.

—*Spectator.*

Riding a horse
Throughout his whole course,
Is the gay Junior's
Only resource.
Cribs in his fingers
And specs on his nose,
Oh! he shall scoop maxes
Wherever he goes!

—*Spectator.*

BY BOAT.

Dear papa, do speak to that youth sitting there,
On deck in the moonlight alone;
He's a Freshman, I know by his innocent air,
And he's going from home among strangers somewhere
And trials that yet are unknown.

He is lonely, I'm sure, for all the rest
Are chatting right sociably;
But he sits apart, his chin on his breast,
And watches the moon as it sinks in the west,
So still it is painful to see.

And, pa, if you find he is pleasant and nice,
You must bring him to Jennie and me;
For I know I can give him some wholesome advice,
And it's horrid to sit and be frigid as ice,
When a word such a kindness would be.

Dear papa, don't try to look shocked, if you please;
You know you will do as I say.
And suppose I've not met him; on trips such as these
A girl must be kind to the people she sees.
Now go,—there's a kiss for your pay.

O Jen, he's a Senior, so handsome and sweet!
I have seen him before, you must know.
But wasn't my talk to pa discreet?
A Freshman indeed! I would like to repeat
It to him,—how mad he would grow!

But pa's coming alone: why, what can it mean?
I declare, I scarcely can keep
From giggling to ask. Well, pa, have you seen
The poor boy? What! O Jen, how silly I've been!—
And the stupid old thing was asleep.

—*Harvard Advocate.*

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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VOL. VII. NO. 9.

NOVEMBER, 1879.

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1879.

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VOL. VII. NOVEMBER, 1879. No. 9.

A TEACHERS' CONVENTION IN THE JUNGLE.

BY JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

WHY not? We have been having them for ten years. It is the proper thing in America, and why shouldn't it be the proper thing here in India? Twenty miles from the beautiful city of Midnapore, away in the wilderness to the north-west, stands the little Santal village of Bhimpore. Surrounded by real jungle, the home of wild and ferocious beasts, these simple Santals build their huts, till their miniature farms, eat, drink, and are merry, thinking little of the life that now is, and less of that which is to come.

In a small company of friends a student (not a Bates' man of course) once volunteered to elucidate this word jungle, which I had occasion to use several times while talking of India. He told the good folk that it was like his father's park, in the rear of his home, where their friends often rambled or rested of an afternoon, a sort of pleasure ground, a nice place to stroll in the evening, just the spot for an after-dinner nap, etc. Let the reader take warning at the start, this Santal jungle is no such place. You may hunt bear and tiger here. Not many furlongs away from the building in which our educational convention is held, while we were living at Bhimpore, a poor market woman was picked off by the hungry tiger, whose head-quarters are in that dense jungle a little west of us.

Enough for this side of the picture. Now see the other. Here stands a nice mud chapel, which serves as school-house, too. Only 21x27 feet, this comfortable meeting-house, which probably did not cost the native Christians $20, has enter-

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BY JAMES L. PHILLIPS.

WHY not? We have been having them for ten years. It is the proper thing in America, and why shouldn't it be the proper thing here in India? Twenty miles from the beautiful city of Midnapore, away in the wilderness to the north-west, stands the little Santal village of Bhimpore. Surrounded by real jungle, the home of wild and ferocious beasts, these simple Santals build their huts, till their miniature farms, eat, drink, and are merry, thinking little of the life that now is, and less of that which is to come.

In a small company of friends a student (not a Bates' man of course) once volunteered to elucidate this word jungle, which I had occasion to use several times while talking of India. He told the good folk that it was like his father's park, in the rear of his home, where their friends often rambled or rested of an afternoon, a sort of pleasure ground, a nice place to stroll in the evening, just the spot for an after-dinner nap, etc. Let the reader take warning at the start, this Santal jungle is no such place. You may hunt bear and tiger here. Not many furlongs away from the building in which our educational convention is held, while we were living at Bhimpore, a poor market woman was picked off by the hungry tiger, whose head-quarters are in that dense jungle a little west of us.

Enough for this side of the picture. Now see the other. Here stands a nice mud chapel, which serves as school-house, too. Only 21x27 feet, this comfortable meeting-house, which probably did not cost the native Christians $20, has enter-

tained not a few conventions of one sort and another since it was built in 1870. Don't smile at this, for you should know that these Bhimpore Santals erected the very first chapel in this mission field, that went up without a single cent of American or foreign cash in it. God bless them for the example they have set the Hindoo converts. The church here in the jungle has a membership of about seventy souls, scattered over quite a broad area, and coming together seldom save at these semi-annual conventions. There are saints here who never saw a city, and never will on earth, but who are looking like Abraham of old for a "city which hath foundations, whose builder and maker is God." Is it not blessed to think that some of these who have all their lives long dwelt with the beasts of the jungle, shall yet see the king in his glory?

And who comes to this convention in the jungle? Upwards of sixty Santal teachers, who have learned enough to teach their ignorant countrymen the rudiments of knowledge. In their schools, distributed over the great Santal country to the north, north-west, west, and south-west, they are teaching but the mere elements of what is called "a common school education." But many of these men are far in advance of their pupils, and we mean they shall be, however much their pupils may learn. All experience verifies the motto of Guizot, that "Every teacher should know far more than he will be called upon to teach; for the more he knows of everything the better he can teach anything." The physical appearance of this company of teachers would create a stir, were they to be suddenly seated before the Faculty and students of a New England college. Many of the faces wear a dull look, but this is wonderfully enlivened by the thinking machine inside, as you could not help perceiving, were you to watch the effect of questions on their favorite points. Dressed mostly in the Hindoo style, with one cloth around the loins and another over the shoulders, they are sitting on the date-leaf mats spread over the mud floor, books, slates, etc., ready at hand for quick work. There are men in this motley group that have the intellectual power to hold and harangue a multitude in their own wild, weird vernacular. I have stood surprised and charmed under the incisive utterances of men, whom, judging from outward appearances alone, you might have counted *non compos mentis*. God has work for such men here.

The secular examinations occupy six days. There is a printed programme, or schedule of subjects on which these men are to be examined. This was furnished them full four months ago, so that every man might come up to the convention prepared.

Still, there are men here as there used to be at Bowdoin, who seem rather to enjoy "taking a dead." Such men drop off, or slough off, one by one, and better men take their places. Is not this so the world over, wherever there is earnest work to be done? I wonder what these men will do, when they come up to the final examination! The subjects this summer were the following: Reading, spelling, writing, grammar, arithmetic, geometry, surveying, book-keeping, geography, history, physiology, and the first three Gospels. The reading comprises both Santal and Bengali, and both prose and poetry. The arithmetic is of two widely different sorts, the purely Hindoo and the European. There is a spelling match for which a generous slice of the dictionary has been assigned, the victors to the number of three to receive handsome prizes in books. The writing covers both composition and penmanship, each taking rank in the final estimate. The Bible lesson in the synoptical Gospels consists of a series of questions on the life and work of Christ and His apostles. Besides the above-named parts, there is a normal lesson at each of these conventions. This time it was on "How to teach grammar." On nearly all of these topics we now have text-books in the vernacular, but much concerning each of them has to be imparted orally. There are four classes in this teachers' institute, and the studies are graded accordingly. There are men in our first class whom I should not fear to match with the general grade of common school teachers at home. And there are men in the fourth class who are a long way below the first, still we hold on to them, because they hold on to the boys and girls whom we would reach. It is by no means the case that the cleverest scholar is always the best teacher. Some of our very best schools are kept by men of the second and third class. There is a ladder here for all agile, intellectual climbers. Prof. Huxley puts a good thought well when he says that "No system of public education is worthy of the name unless it creates a great educational ladder, with one end in the gutter and the other in the University."

I have often thought it a serious defect in our teachers' institutes at home, that there is hardly any time allotted to religious instruction. With a view to this, we devote all the evenings to religious services, save one, which is regularly occupied by a wide awake temperance meeting. Drinking to intoxication is a common weakness of these denizens of the forest, and we do all in our power to create a healthy and strong temperance sentiment among the schoolmasters, who are beginning to mould public opinion not a little in their jungle settlements. Besides the evening meetings, there

is a half-hour of prayer and praise in the chapel at early dawn daily. The Christian teachers attend this, and so do others, and this initial service of every day has been truly a means of grace to us all. A short, plain sermon, followed by simple testimonies, interspersed with verses of sweet hymns of faith and love, sung with a hearty good will, constitutes the usual order of exercises in the evening. How I wish I could have a telephone for my Christian readers, so that they might hear some of these strong, sturdy utterances of faith from the lips of men who but a few months or years ago were hardly above the level of the wild beasts they live among. When Edison invents one that will translate Santal into English we may try this, not minding the little matter of distance and intervening oceans. These evening meetings have often been blessed to the conversion of Santal young men, and this year there was no exception to the rule. The convention is bounded on both sides by Sabbaths. Beginning on Sabbath morning, it closes on the eighth day, on Sabbath evening. This gives us a fine opportunity for religious work. This year several of the Santal students from the Bible School aided us much by entering heartily into the work of instructing their countrymen in the gospel.

Another thing I have often wondered at when attending religious or literary conventions at home, is, there seems to be no time for rest or relaxation, no opportunity for physical exercise. How many a hard headache has to be suffered on the last day or two of these meetings, just because men and women will forget their bodies in their zeal for mental and spiritual culture. In this climate we try to avoid these evils by giving proper time to bodily exercise. Before I had learned this, it was not an uncommon thing for half a dozen of these teachers to be down with fever, or something else, during the week of our convention. To avoid these temporary illnesses we have a regular hour set apart every afternoon for physical recreation. Sometimes we have jumping, vaulting, racing, marching; but this year, thanks to Mr. Burkholder's experience in this line, we had the popular American game of base-ball. The State College Nine of Pennsylvania would have had a hearty laugh, could they have seen this new missionary with his scant vocabulary of Bengali words training these Santals in the rules of this exciting game. Suffice it to say, that on the sixth day we had a fairly representative game of base-ball. All seemed delighted with it, and in time this will become a popular game here. The Bible school students present had learned it at Midnapore, and aided much in teaching the others. After your "Bates Nine" has gotten the victory over the Bowdoin, Colby, and other State clubs, they may wish to chal-

lenge our Santal nine in the jungle. For one, I am fond of plenty of good, hearty, physical exercise. Here I can have all I wish, but I often missed it at home. What medicine could not do for my partially palsied, afterwards broken arm, that "struck work" three years ago, obliging me to train the left hand to writing and other duty, I can here testify that horseback exercise, particularly "Polo," is doing; so that now I am able to use the right hand with comparative ease. Let all students care better for their bodies. IT PAYS.

Two men whom we met here six months ago are not in this convention to-day. Both were promising teachers, one particularly, who has been teaching for ten years or more. Both died of a malignant type of malarial fever. Of one of these young men I often spoke while in America. He was for years a secret believer in the Lord Jesus Christ. For fear of the persecutors he never made a public profession of his faith. His very earnest words as we were leaving for our home furlough in 1875 will not be forgotten: "Teacher, don't forget to pray for me, I shall always pray for you, and I shall try to do right." He has gone with many of like faith to his final account. His death removes a stumbling block from the path of a few who made him their religious guide. May these who remain have the courage to suffer for Christ's sake! Though there is no such caste among the Santals as among the Hindoos, still the offense of the cross has not ceased. Some Santal converts have been much afflicted by the determined persecution of relatives. We are looking forward to the day when not merely ten or a dozen of these teachers, but all of them, will be devoted followers of Christ. Then will our work move on more rapidly in the jungles.

From these very jungles and from these thousands of fertile fields now covered with the tender rice blades, and from these great centers of population teeming with human life, and humming with human industry, there comes up such a plea as no words of mine can voice, for more laborers. Having spoken of one department of a missionary's educational work, I need not prove that this plea has a special significance in it for our Christian scholars in America. Will the young men of Bates College turn a deaf ear to our cry for help? How long must we wait for their representative on this field? Must the uplifted hands of millions of benighted men and women plead longer yet in vain? Christian scholar, brother, friend, "beloved, we are persuaded better things of you . . . though we thus speak."

CRITICISM OF IVANHOE.

IF we consider what Ivanhoe is, and the varied and difficult circumstances under which it was produced, we must pronounce it not only Scott's best work, but one of the most brilliant achievements in all literature.

In some respects its production was difficult. The author entered a new field. Hitherto he had dealt exclusively with Scottish subjects. Ivanhoe was his first English work. He was, moreover, oppressed with debt, which must have sorely wounded his manly pride, and might reasonably have been expected to hamper his genius. His success, therefore, appears the more striking from being won over such odds.

In this work Scott had, no doubt, several objects in view. He certainly wished to write a popular novel; for the more popular his work, the more debts it would pay. But his integrity and nobility of character would not permit him, for a moment, to cater to low, popular taste. On the contrary, it was his works which helped to reform the prevailing low taste of his time, and to restore to the English novel its present high character. In short, his object was to present the literary market with a product that should teach historic truth, enforce the highest standard of morals, and have genius enough in it to be popular.

With this object in view, he chose the rough but chivalric period of Richard the Lion-hearted as the scene of his plot. The choice was an excellent one for him, though it would have been fatal to one of less versatile genius and fewer resources. The period chosen was rugged and unorganized. Every conceivable character was afloat: Slave, Franklin, Baron, Ecclesiastic, Jew. It was a period when England was neither Saxon, nor Norman, nor anything else; when it was uncertain what she would become, or whether she would become anything that was civilized and law-abiding.

The great difficulty of treating such a state of society will at once appear. The task demands a universality of powers; vast and varied historical knowledge, a healthy, acute, and vigorous imagination, and the utmost exercise of thought and construction. Only such resources could have made Ivanhoe a success.

The plot, in its general features, was admirably chosen. It may be said that throughout the author has kept his object steadily in view. All the varied characters of that agitated period successively appear, speak, and act. No history could so faithfully portray them; for no history could make them so individual. With truth, the Ecclesiastic is corrupt and hypocritical; the Templar is sensual

and degenerate; the Norman is overbearing and insolent; the Saxon is irritable and proud; the Jew, avaricious and mean. Every one is himself; every one has the best chance to be himself. Not a character that I remember is introduced, but has a fair opportunity to be noble or base, honorable or dishonorable. Each one seems to be right or wrong rather by a natural growth and development of character, than by any volition of the author.

I mention, therefore, among the best features of his work, the skill with which he introduces and manages his characters. Take the character of Cedric. He is first presented to us in his own hall. The whole scene is life-like. His Saxon nature has full scope and freedom of expression. Soon he has company, the Templar and the Prior of Jorvaulx, two Normans. Here you see him under contrasting circumstances. Thus, in fifteen pages Cedric has had a chance to show what he is, and to make for himself a character which he must thereafter maintain.

In introducing Rebecca, similar skill is exhibited. In her, Scott wished to present a character that was at once gentle, beautiful, courageous, firm,—a model, an ideal. He gives her the best chance possible to make her appearance. In the tournament of Prince John, when all the knights and eclät of the kingdom were present, when beauty and magnificence of person would be admired if ever, we see her for the first time. The impressions there received accompany her through all her subsequent wanderings.

Another marked feature of his work—one which a successful novelist must possess—is his descriptive power. Description is to the novelist what stage scenery is to the dramatist. The phenomena presented to the eye and to the ear must harmonize. An incongruity here is fatal. In this Scott is highly successful. We look and we listen; we find but one harmonious scene. Says Blackwoods: "In mere description, it is true, he yields to no poet, not to the highest of ancient or modern times. The landscape almost lives in his page."

The style of the work, if examined by conventional rules, might be called faulty. It is verbose, and deals largely in abstract figures. The practice of using such figures is possibly carried too far. But, in general, these are only apparent violations. The interest never flags; the thought is natural and clear; the words are always expressive and often melodious; and the abstract terms, occurring mostly in dialogue, give a dignity and stateliness of manner, as necessary as they are rare.

The resuscitation of Athelslane, however, appears to me a serious blemish. There is nothing else like it in the whole romance. It

was not demanded either by the interest or by the propriety, of the narrative. It is a solitary, bad feature. In justice to the author it should be said, that he introduced it only through the vehement entreaties of his friend and printer.

The moral tone of this work deserves a more than passing notice. The temptation to be immoral was great. Public taste was depraved; creditors were calling for pay; something had to be written that would sell, something that the masses would want to read. Yet, throughout, we mark an uncompromising standard of morals. Suffering virtue is made always preferable to successful vice. Ivanhoe, disinherited and friendless, is more chivalric than the Templar. And Rebecca—what shall I say of her? Did maiden ever have temptations greater? Were they ever more nobly resisted? Mark her reply to the Templar: "Submit to my fate! and sacred Heaven! to what fate?—embrace thy religion! and what religion can it be that harbors such a villain . . . I spit at thee, and I defy thee. The God of Abraham's promise hath opened an escape to his daughter—even from this abyss of infamy!" I never read a grander reply.

Upon the whole, it must be said that Ivanhoe is unqualifiedly a success. Its popularity is as great as ever. The general public read it for its thrilling interest; the man of letters studies it for its artistic excellence; and the historical scholar animates the dry facts of that by-gone time with the living historical spirit of the narrative. Every noble soul can appreciate its excellence.

W. H. JUDKINS.

THE BATES STUDENT.

EDITORS.
W. H. JUDKINS, J. H. HEALD, F. L. HAYES, J. F. PARSONS, M. T. NEWTON.
BUSINESS MANAGER: H. L. MERRILL.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

THE time has again arrived in the steady course of events when the student of pluck and poverty is about to set forth on his yearly pedagogic mission. Some educators of excellent judgment have deprecated the necessity which compels many of our students to be absent even during a part of the winter term for the purpose of teaching. We are inclined to think, however, that the question has favorable as well as unfavorable aspects; and that the most ambitious students will find much to console them in their necessitated absence from study.

Emerson once said, with England in view, that the best test of national greatness is success. We know of no better test for individual greatness. You can theorize on a man's abilities till the millennium; you can call him good-looking, good-minded, and studious, with a half-dozen of other pretty sounding adjectives thrown in; it will be all theory till he has *done* something. The rustic maxim is here in point: "You cannot tell by the looks of a toad how far he will jump."

To have taught one successful term is to have *done* something, is to have exhibited a power to *do* something. The world in which we live is, in one view, a world of theory. Very true, the student who demonstrates his capacity and willingness to perform the routine duties assigned him, has made himself a success to that extent. Nor would we belittle such success.

But the real world for most of us is to be outside college walls, where there are struggles of endless variety, where there are blows to take as well as give, where we must rely on the impulse of the moment for the bold and brave act. Life has no prescribed curriculum. There everything is elective. We need follow in no ruts, until we have made them.

To teach one term brings us directly into real life. We are reminded of a different world from that in college; and are warned that, in our little world of theory, we must not forget the big world of reality. If we are attentive, we can discover wherein we are forming wrong opinions, acquiring fatal habits, or in any way unfitting ourselves

for the "go-as-you-please" race of life.

There are a vast number of educated men, with good minds and good purposes, who fail to put themselves in sympathy with the throbbing current of life. They perceive that their little theoretical world will never be realized this side of Heaven. Therefore, they feel as if they were throwing away time living on earth; and they fail thereby to do the good and get the happiness which they might. The only remedy that we know of for such constitutional theoretics is for the patient to go out into the bustle of life, and let the world bunt him about. Some of his fine-spun theories will likely emerge from the contest in a dilapidated condition. It is, indeed, a harsh remedy; but such cases are always critical, and need strong treatment.

The student should not overlook in this connection the value of reviewing the studies of the common school. He will discover that there is much which he has forgotten, and more which he never learned. He will find it possible to remedy much ignorance of which he might some time have just reason to be ashamed.

We think, therefore, that the necessity of teaching, incumbent on many students, is only a blessing in disguise, and that all would find some labor of this kind during their course to be of incalculable benefit.

The following extract from the *Oberlin Review* is worthy of our attention:

"There has seemed to be a fault creeping into our societies of late. It is rumored, and we believe with truth, that certain members of the different societies are using every endeavor to bias lower class men in regard to which society they should enter. For any one to assert with the view of influencing new men that his society is the best, is bare-faced presumption, and for him at the same time, for the same purpose, to disparage another society, as some have lately done, is most contemptible. Such practice we believe to be contrary to the spirit of our societies, and we have no doubt that every fair-minded society member condemns it most heartily. Each society is glad to get the best men from the lower classes, but it ought to be a matter of principle with each that new members should be gained not by society electioneering but by society merit."

The literary societies at Oberlin have had in the past an enviable degree of success. Their success, it would seem, is due in great measure to the fact that they have hitherto maintained a healthful rivalry based on the *merits* of the respective societies. And they may well regard with alarm the appearance of a selfish partisan spirit.

Have we a little lesson to learn from this? Is not the same fault to be found among us? One society accuses another of using unfair means to obtain members; the accused retaliates with a like accusation. We do not take the position of an arbiter between the two societies. Both are to be blamed. And

wherever any such small partisan spirit is manifested, we say with the editors of the *Review*, it is "most contemptible." Unless we can rid our societies of such a spirit, let us cease to call them *literary* societies.

One of the most important acts of a man's life is choosing his occupation. It is one on which his after happiness in a great measure depends. At his occupation is where the greater part of his waking hours are spent. It is on this that he centers all his ambition. If it be congenial he is happy whether he is successful or not. He is contented to work hard, and willing to wait long for his reward. But if not according to his taste, he takes no pleasure in his labor, every obstacle he meets only increases his disgust and destroys all probability of his success.

To the student the choosing of an occupation is even more important. He has enjoyed unusual opportunities. He has spent four years in college. He has been to much expense. His friends are ambitious and wish to see him do something great. He has enjoyed great advantages he ought to. Probably he has entered college without any idea of what he is to do in life. But as a Freshman this does not trouble him. He thinks he has enough ability and is about qualified for any of the professions. He imagines there is a vacant space "at the top" waiting for him. And then, there is such a long time before he need think about it. The Sophomore thinks not how he shall distinguish himself when he gets out of college, so much as how he may cover himself with glory while in college. The Junior has become reconciled to the situation. He judges the future by the present. He does not worry himself into a state of excitement by thinking of the far-off future. When he has fulfilled his whole duty to the present he is amply satisfied.

When he becomes a Senior he suddenly arouses himself. The solemn fact is forced upon him that he is almost through college, that shortly he must enter upon his life work. He has not the capital to go into business. He has had a liberal education, and therefore it is not expected that he will enter mechanical pursuits, or work at manual labor. He must have a profession. Of course the law is his first choice. He will be a lawyer. He goes to the reading room. This is the paragraph that first catches his eye: "Boston has 3,200 lawyers, and the law school together with private offices turn out 300 per annum." He goes down town, on every hand he sees shingles on which he reads: "Counselor and Attorney at Law." He goes to the court room. He sees thirty or forty young barristers tipped back with their feet on the rails,—nothing to do. By this time he begins to think that the law is not his calling. He wanders back

to his room and there sits down and enjoys a run of the blues. After being in this condition a few days he feels sufficiently humble to enter the ministry. This thought sets him to reflecting on his own moral and spiritual condition, how much he is willing to forego for the good of humanity, etc. All know how such a course of reflection will result. In about two days he is no longer a candidate for holy orders.

So with medicine. And in a week he is no nearer a choice than at first. To select a profession is easy enough. But to follow it in the face of all the obstacles incident to any and every course of life is another thing. All the professions are full of men, but there is still room for talent. Gaining a profession is not the work of a day. To the man of talent, who will work and wait, the professions do and always will hold out great inducement. Without doubt, to mediocrity it is more difficult to become established in a profession than it was fifty years ago. But now, as in the time of Webster, "There is room at the top."

On the evening of Oct. 17th occurred the annual public meeting of the Polymnian Society. Notwithstanding that the weather was somewhat unfavorable, a good audience assembled at the College Chapel to listen to the following programme:

MUSIC—Moonlight on the Lake.—*White.*
Quartette.

PRAYER.

DECLAMATION—An Empty Theatre.—*Talmage.*
O. H. Tracy.

ROMANZE—Sybille.—*Brinley Richards.*
Miss Grace V. Babcock.

DEBATE.

Resolved, That our present Protective Tariff is beneficial to the People.

Aff.—R. Robinson, C. A. Strout.
Neg.—H. B. Nevens, G. L. Record.

TRIO—Morgenblatter Waltzes.—*J. Strauss.*
Miss Grace V. Babcock, C. S. Cook, E. N. Dingley.

ORATION—Originality. W. H. Judkins.

PIANO SOLO—Rain of Blossoms.—*F. Spindler.*
Miss Lilla M. Bailey.

PAPER. F. L. Blanchard, Miss E. J. Clarke.

MUSIC—Die Fantästen Waltzes.—*Zikoff.*
College Orchestra.

The declamation merited and commanded the close attention of the audience. Mr. Tracy's merit as a declaimer was not so much in the mechanical execution of his part as in the force and energy of his delivery. He made the declamation his own.

The subject of the debate was not one adapted to win popular esteem, but the speakers succeeded well in holding the attention of the audience. The speakers differed radically in style of debate, each having his own peculiar merits, and, of course, faults as well. We refrain from personal mention of any, but pronounce each part good.

The oration aptly illustrated its subject, "Originality." It abounded in wit and humor, as well as serious and earnest thought, and won repeated applause from the audience.

The paper contained less fun than it ordinarily does at our private meetings; but, while it did not provoke so much merriment as it would if it had been of a more personal character, it commended itself to the audience by the good taste man-

ifest in its preparation. A poem illustrative of flirting, and an article on "Flunking," were especially good.

The music was varied and pleasing. We are, however, inclined to doubt the propriety and expediency of employing musicians outside the College on such occasions.

On the whole, the exercises passed off pleasantly, and we think those who attended will agree with us in placing this among the successful meetings of the Polymnian Society.

This year, for the first time in the College annals, the Freshman Class was large enough to require its separation into four divisions for the public declamations. Heretofore, two speakers have been chosen from each of the first two divisions to contend for the prize with the members of the third; but this year four were selected from each division to contend for the prize in a division by themselves. Another new feature was the taking of the judges for the first three divisions from the Senior class, instead as formerly, from the professional men of the city.

The exercises of the

FIRST DIVISION

took place Tuesday evening, Oct. 21st. The following is the programme:

Reply to Corry.—*Grattan.*
Daniel N Grice.
The Advantage of Knowledge to Working Men.—*Everett.*
William F. Cowell.
Charles Sumner.—*Schurz.*
Orison L. Gile.
Visions of the War.—*Ingersoll.*
Edward N. Dingley.
Eulogy on Charles Sumner.—*Phillips.*
Fred E. Foss.
Proclamation to South Carolina.—*Jackson.*
Oliver L. Bartlett.
Battle-Flags.—*Schurz.*
Oliver L. Frisbee.
Joan of Arc.—*DeQuincey.*
Henry O. Dorr.
Incentives to Duty.—*Sumner.*
John A. Crowley.
The True Grandeur of Nations.—*Sumner.*
Fred H. Files.
The Revolutionary Rising.—*Reed.*
Willie H. Barber.
Liberty.—*Brush.*
Galen M. Beals.
Plea for Dartmouth College.—*Webster.*
Clifford J. Atwater.
Committee of Award.—J. A. Plummer, J. H. Heald, C. H. Deshon.

Music for the occasion was furnished by the Junior Quartette, assisted by Miss M. E. Mitchell, Miss E. M. Hall, and Mrs. A. J. Tukesbury.

The committee elected Messrs. Grice, Dingley, Frisbee, and Dorr to contend for the prize in the last division. The declamation that came next in order of merit was delivered by Gile.

The declamations of the

SECOND DIVISION

were delivered Thursday evening, Oct. 30. The following is the programme:

Speech of Pontius.—*Selwyn.* F. E. Manson.
The Administration of Jackson.—*Parton.*
J. B. Ham.
Duties of Massachusetts at the Present Crisis.—*Sumner.* J. D. Lennan.
What America has done for the World.—*Verplanck.* E. P. Marston.
The Ride of Jennie M'Neal.—*Carlton.*
Miss E. S. Bickford.
The Presentation of the Statue of Wm. King.—*Blaine.* E. P. Jordan.
Caius Marius to the Romans.—*Sallust.*
A. C. Harlow.
Eulogy on O'Connell.—*Phillips.*
M. A. Johnson.
Zenobia's Ambition.—*Ware.*
Miss N. R. Little.
Await the Issue.—*Carlyle.* L. B. Hunt.
Unjust National Acquisition.—*Corwin.*
H. M. Lord.
America and Washington.—*Phillips.*
F. B. Lothrop.
Committee of Award.—O. C. Tarbox, A. L. Woods, E. E. Richards.

Music was furnished by the Junior Quartette, assisted by Miss M. E. Mitchell, Miss E. M. Hall, and Miss H. M. Coleman.

The committee presented the names of Miss Bickford, and Messrs. Jordan, Harlow, and Lothrop.

The audience, in general, was also much interested in the declamations of Miss Little and Mr. Lord.

The exercises of the

THIRD DIVISION

occurred Tuesday evening, Nov. 4. Below is the programme:

Count Eberhard's Last Foray.—*Thomas Collier.*
H. H. Tucker.
Extract from a Plea.—*Daniel Webster.*
E. F. Holden.
Reply to Mr. Flood.—*Henry Grattan.*
E. F. Smith.
Loss of the Arctic.—*H. W. Beecher.*
R. W. Nutter.
Rome and Carthage.—*Victor Hugo.*
K. W. Spaulding.
Concord and Lexington.—*Geo. W. Curtis.*
C. E. Sargent.
Duty of America to Greece.—*Henry Clay.*
F. E. Perham.
Significance of the Contest.—*Geo. S. Hillard.*
E. Remick.
Has the Capitol been Captured?—*Wm. P. Frye.*
F. A. Spratt.
Sumner's Devotion to Principle.—*Storrs.*
J. L. Reade.
Extract on the Death of Abraham Lincoln.—*H. W. Beecher.*
B. F. Wright.
Oration.—*Wendell Phillips.*
A. E. Tinkham.
Our Honored Dead.—*H. W. Beecher.*
A. E. Millett.
Committee of Award.—W. H. Judkins, C. H. Deshon, W. A. Hoyt.

Excellent music was furnished by a quartette, composed of Miss M. E. Mitchell, Miss E. M. Hall, Mr. C. B. Reade, and Mr. A. K. Ordway, assisted by Mrs. A. J. Tukesbury, pianist.

The names of Messrs. Nutter, Spratt, Wright, and Tinkham, were presented by the committee. The order of the names presented at this and the second division was the same as that in which the names occurred on the programme, without reference to comparative merit; but at the first division the names were given with reference to comparative excellence.

In the third division, besides those mentioned by the committee, the declamations of Messrs. Remick and Reade were especially excellent. The former only lost his place among the honored four because of haste in his whole delivery; otherwise there was scarcely a defect.

Much interest was felt in the

FINAL CONTEST,

and a full house greeted the contestants on Friday evening, Nov. 7th. The programme was as follows:

Caius Marius to the Romans.—*Sallust.*
A. C. Harlow.
Visions of the War.—*Ingersoll.*
E. N. Dingley.
Extract on the Death of Abraham Lincoln.—*Beecher.*
B. F. Wright.
Presentation of the Statue of Wm. King.—*Blaine.*
E. P. Jordan.
Oration.—*Phillips.*
A. E. Tinkham.
Has the Capitol been Captured?—*Frye.*
F. A. Spratt.
Reply to Corry.—*Grattan.*
D. N. Grice.
Battle-Flags.—*Schurz.*
O. L. Frisbee.
America and Washington.—*Phillips.*
F. B. Lothrop.
Loss of the Arctic.—*Beecher.*
R. W. Nutter.
Joan of Arc.—*De Quincey.*
H. O. Dorr.
The Ride of Jennie M'Neal.—*Carlton.*
Miss E. S. Bickford.
Committee of Award.—Rev. W. H. Wallace, Rev. W. H. Washburn, Prof. J. W. V. Rich.

Harlow's declamation was free from prominent defects, the only really noticeable failing being the disposition to turn his head in the direction of each gesture. With this exception, the speaker undertook nothing in voice or gesture

that he did not appropriately carry out.

Dingley's mechanical execution was almost perfect. There was not a faulty enunciation, mispronunciation, or bad emphasis, but his delivery lacked soul.

The prominent merit also of Wright's part was in mechanical execution. A little more thorough appreciation of the sentiment would have made of it a fine declamation.

Jordan improved somewhat upon his first rendering.

Tinkham has a strong, deep voice and a graceful bearing on the stage. His delivery was spirited, and commanded the strict attention of the audience, from beginning to end.

Spratt's rendering was not only free from defects, but it had those positive merits that attend a thorough appreciation of the sentiments of a declamation, and a purpose to make others appreciate them: perfect enunciation and emphasis, appropriate gesticulation, and effective modulation of tone, from the easy, conversational, to that of stinging irony.

Grice has the general bearing and delivery of a born orator. Like the previous speaker, he evinced a keen appreciation of the sentiment of his declamation, and rendered it as if he were advocating his own cause, instead of another man's. Frequent faulty enunciations, however, somewhat marred the general effect.

Every word of Frisbee's part came forth clear-cut and well emphasized. His strong voice was forcibly handled, but failed somewhat to be modulated according to the sentiment.

Lothrop's gesticulation is emphatically graceful as well as effective; his pronunciation and emphasis are equally perfect. He has a fine voice, but does not use it always with perfect naturalness.

Nutter's pronunciation and emphasis were good, and his voice melodious, but his manner was more violent than the character of his declamation required.

Dorr delivered his selection with vigor and secured good attention.

Miss Bickford rendered an interesting selection in an entertaining manner, winning the good opinion of the audience.

The prize was finally awarded to Dingley, with honorable mention of Spratt and Frisbee.

Very entertaining music was provided for the evening by the Mozart Quartette, consisting of Mrs. Wiggin, Mrs. Darrah, Mr. Jones, and Mr. Goss, with Mr. Pennell as pianist.

LOCALS.

Tucker got tucked.

Foss is to be manager of the STUDENT for the next year.

One of the Juniors is said to have got his head examined and sent the chart to his girl.

Miss Pike, of '81, is to leave college at the end of this term.

Quite a number of students have gone to their winter schools.

One of the Juniors in Parker Hall has gone to taking boarders.

Davis, of '81, who has been away teaching this fall, has just returned.

There has been "hardly" anything going on in the city during the last month.

Is it not reasonable to suppose that Cicero's teacher, Scarvola, the augur, was a bore?

The Juniors report much interest in the lectures and experiments in Natural Philosophy by Prof. Stanley.

A postal card, on which were written 600 words, came through the Lewiston post-office a few days since.

Freshman Declamations are over, and the howls that have rendered Freshman quarters hideous have ceased.

A Freshman is said to have tried three drug stores in vain for bay rum. This is carrying the "Maine liquor law" too far.

A Senior recently found his chum in a room where the lamp-smoke was so thick that it had to be ladled out, reading "How to Enjoy Life."

A plain man's idea of declaiming: It is one thing to execute a declamation, quite another to murder it; some never learn the difference.

The surface of reading matter in the Reading Room has lately been increased fifty-five square feet, by the addition of the *Chicago Tribune.*

If there were a sufficiently long hose to the water faucet, what a chance there would be for some wicked Sophomore to dis(ex)tinguish himself.

A local poet thus immortalizes the contest:

The Freshmen arose in the verdancy of youth,
The Sophs in their muscle and "their mind;"
They all braced up with a hearty good will,
But the Freshmen came out *behind.*

Monday evening, Nov. 10, Prof. Stanley gave the Juniors an interesting lecture on electricity. Quite a number from the other classes attended it.

Some of the Juniors fancied that they had "coded" the Professor into believing that it was the Seniors who broke the settee. But it was all "in their mind."

Emulate the presence of mind of that Senior who, having entered a store to make a purchase and forgotten what he wanted, quietly bought a spool of thread and left.

It is said that when cold weather first came on, two piles of wood in the cellar kept twenty fires running in the Hall. Of course every man *owned* a pile of wood in the cellar!

A young gentleman who evidently was contemplating matrimony in the immediate future lately instructed one of the down-town jewelers to inscribe a napkin ring "to my almost wife."

The Seniors have elected the following Class Committee: Deshon, Hoyt, Woods. The election of the remaining officers will be reserved till there can be a fuller attendance of the class.

The following STUDENT editors for the ensuing year have been appointed by the Faculty from the class of '81: Foster, Drake, Strout, Brown, and Coolidge. We heartily commend the appointments.

An entertainment of some sort is to be got up during the coming winter, the proceeds to go to the Base-Ball Association. The following committee have the matter in charge: Martin, '80; Foss, '81; Blanchard, '82; Dingley, '83.

Inasmuch as any one entering the Chapel at morning exercises after the bell ceases tolling will be marked absent, we suggest that it would be in better taste for such delinquents to stay out, rather than disturb the exercises by coming in.

In a Greek recitation not long since, a Soph, who had left his old seat near the stove, and was detected in mischief, was invited to his former warm quarters, on the recommendation that they would be a needful preparation for the future!

The Junior class have taken up with the offer of Prof. Stanton concerning a champion prize debate, and have chosen six men to participate in the contest. The prize offered is twenty dollars. The men chosen are McGillicuddy, Strout, Drake, Haskell, Foster, and Nevens.

On the evening of one of the Freshman declamations, a Soph arrayed himself in his best and started down street after his lady. About three-quarters of an hour afterwards he entered his room solemnly remarking to his chum: "I've decided not to take her up to the declamations to-night."

At last the privileges of the water works have been extended to the inmates of Parker Hall. The water pipe has been laid into the cellar, and a faucet placed there, the only available place to have it during cold weather. The assiduous use of the faucet indicates sufficiently the favor in which the improvement is held. No inhabitant of Parker Hall has now any excuse for drinking anything but clear cold water.

Monday evening, Nov. 2d, the Senior class made an unexpected call on Prof. Stanley. They carried with them a nice easy-chair which was presented to the Professor in a neat speech by E. E. Richards, who fittingly referred to the pleasant relations existing between the class and the Professor, and to the labors of the latter in behalf of the class both in and out of recitation. After an hour in social conversation and being refreshed with cake and coffee they departed, feeling well pleased with their reception.

On Friday morning, Oct. 31, immediately after prayers, a brief meeting of the students was held in the Chapel, on the adjournment of which a rush took place between the Freshman and Sophomore classes. The two upper classes had passed out in the usual manner, when some of the Freshmen, in defiance of custom, attempted to pass out ahead of the Sophomores. The latter class to a *man* (we believe there was a lackey or two who got out of danger and looked on) stoutly opposed the presumption of the Freshmen, who, after making a second ineffectual attempt to be in a hurry, came out in the customary way. The settees fared hard, and the poor old stove was annihilated.

If we should follow the example of some of our honored predecessors or of several of our esteemed exchanges, we should devote several pages of our portfolio to giving advice to the Freshmen. We hardly have the time to devote to such a worthy object, and are afraid, too, that such advice would not be appreciated. We presume the Freshmen have already enough "good easy reading." We had a great amount of such advice during Freshman year but we venture to say that the editors who gave it never saw a very great reformatory movement begun in the class. Our little experience teaches us that any class will be best satisfied with its course for the four years, which acts according to its best judgment, without accepting too much gratuitous advice, or allowing its "ears to be rubbed" on every little occasion.

On Wednesday evening, Nov. 12, the annual supper was given by the Main Street Society to the students of the College. A large delegation of the students was present, who appeared to heartily enjoy both the profuse collation prepared by the ladies, and the literary exercises, which consisted of a reading by Miss Pike, and a description, given by Dr. Bowen, of the most interesting objects seen by him in Rome. The latter was especially entertaining. We hope Dr. Bowen will be induced to give publicly in some form, perhaps in lectures, a full account of his late foreign travels. We believe that such a literary treat would be enjoyed and appreciated by the College students and the general public. We take the liberty to extend the thanks of the College students to the society for the entertainment offered the former.

During the past month the students have had the pleasure of listening to four lectures on historical subjects, delivered by Mr. John Fiske of Cambridge, Mass., formerly Professor of History in Harvard College. His subjects were: "The Discovery of America," "French and Spanish Explorers," "The Thirteen American Colonies," and "The English Race."

These subjects, embracing, as will be seen, a historical field of unlimited extent, were treated in a very entertaining and instructive manner. The speaker's style was, for its purpose, a model. It was distinguished by simplicity of language, by purity of diction, by exquisite humor, by a cultivated imagination, and by a vast breadth of knowledge and thought. A clear and expressive utterance gave additional interest to the presentation of his lectures. We cannot, of course, present any extracts that would do them justice. We wish that we could have the privilege of attending similar lectures every term.

We hasten to correct a mistake, made by us in a previous number, respecting the amount of the College floating debt. The amount stated by us was $86,000. This sum included certain incumbrances on property owned by the College, which are not properly a debt. The debt in round numbers is $50,000. This sum pre-supposes the sale of unproductive lands to the amount of $6,000. A meeting of the Trustees was held on Thursday, Oct. 30, when action was taken to this effect:

"1. We recommend that the lots of land mentioned in our annual report be sold, whenever they will bring a fair price.

"2. That the Treasurer be directed to collect the money on as many as possible of the promissory notes in his hands.

"3. The raising of a special subscription for the purpose of extinguishing the floating debt; and that every friend of the College, both here and elsewhere, be earnestly urged to give according to his ability.

"4. That said subscription be in charge, and under direction of the President, and that he be authorized to employ such aids as he may deem expedient.

"5. That all revenues above the legitimate expenses be used for the liquidation of the debt."

Recently a lady of Olneyville, R. I., mother of Dr. Bowen of the Main Street church, has endowed a scholarship in memory of her late husband, Nathaniel Bowen, Esq. And we hear that another lady, Mrs. Irons, belonging to the same church, has commenced payments on a similar endowment to be called, probably, the "Anthony and Irons Scholarship." This is good news. It is understood to be the determination of the trustees that no student, whose scholarship and character warrant the outlay, shall be compelled to leave College from inability to pay tuition, but that this end shall be secured not by non-payment of tuition, but by the endowment of more scholarships. Several years since a Rhode Island gentleman commenced the endowment of a scholarship, making the proviso that in bestowing its benefits preference should be given to students who had suffered in consequence of American slavery. He did not live to complete it, but somebody may yet do so.

BOOK NOTICE.

We have received from the well-known press of G. P. Putnam's Sons "A Pocket Classical Dictionary," which is a model for its purpose. The main facts are given under each name, all, perhaps, that the average student would remember, should he read "Anthon." The price, we understand, is 75 cents. If any student does not own "Anthon," and wishes a neat, concise, trusty, handy, classical dictionary, he can do no better than to purchase a copy.

CORRESPONDENCE.

[All our readers are requested to contribute to this department. Communications should be of interest to the students, courteous, and accompanied by the real, as well as the fictitious names of the writers.—EDS.]

Editors of the Student:

I noticed that on the plot of the College Grounds, exhibited at Douglass & Cook's by a member of the Sophomore class, the lot on the corner of College and Frye Streets, between President Cheney's and Prof. Stanley's, was included as a part of the College possessions. Is that a mistake, or has the lot been purchased by the College? INQUIRER.

The lot belongs to the College, having been purchased of Prof. Stanton in 1874. We understand, however, that the Trustees are desirous of selling it.—[ED.]

Editors of the Student:

In answer to the complaint of "A Eurosophian" in the last number of the STUDENT, we submit the following statement: At a meeting of the Polymnian Society in the summer term of the last collegiate year, the question of changing the time of the public meeting came up for decision. A half-hours' thorough discussion of the advisability of this action, failed to elicit from any member the slightest allusion to any agreement or "tacit understanding" between the societies relative to the time of holding their public meetings. That such an arrangement had ever been made was entirely unknown to the Polymnian Society or to any member thereof. This will not seem strange when it is known that a former President of the Eurosophian Society declares his ignorance of the existence of any such agreement.

Therefore, while unhesitatingly admitting, upon the strength of "Eurosophian's" assertion, the existence of said agreement, we simply say that, in changing the time of the public meeting, the leading society of the College supposed that it was exercising an undoubted prerogative. In resolving upon the action in question, the society acted in perfect good faith, with no intention of violating any understanding, "tacit" or special, and with no thought that the change would be objectionable to its rival society.

That no discourtesy or offense was intended or, in fact, given, is substantially admitted in a subsequent statement of our somewhat

contradictory critic, to the effect that it made no particular difference to the Europhians that we had changed the time of our public meeting. Some persons might be so unkind as to declare that to somewhat bitterly complain of a certain action, and, in the same breath, to protest utter indifference in regard to that act, is a flat contradiction in terms, and especially unfortunate in occurring in an article of a champion of "consistency." We, however, would not be guilty of the discourtesy of such a suggestion. A person carried away by society partisanship might venture to insinuate that the contradictory combination of statements referred to above, is a mere cover for an ill-concealed fear that the inevitable comparison between the public meetings of the societies, resulting from their occurrence in the same term, might be anything but favorable to the society of our jovial professor of "consistency." For our part, we disclaim any such sentiments. An inconsiderate person might, in a moment of haste, intimate that the self-constituted judge of our acts, having upheld the members of his society in circulating among unsuspecting and confiding Freshmen, unmanly and unfounded statements reflecting upon the Polymnian Society and its management, was in no position to lecture that society for any apparent lack of courtesy or "consistency." And we have heard persons thoughtless enough to declare that the cool assumption of injured innocence in the gentleman's closing request, that "the rights and customs of the Eurosophians be respected even as they have respected (?) those of the Polymnians," is an exhibition of "cheek" decidedly colossal and eminently Eurosophian. We, however, carefully refrain from indorsing any such opinions.

Finally, if the members of the Eurosophian Society do not like the idea of being brought into contrast with their rivals, and will declare through their constituted authorities their preference that the Polymnian public meeting should occur on some other than the fall term, we take it upon ourself to say that our society will immediately put itself in accord with their wishes in this respect. "We can say no fairer than that."

POLYMNIAN.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'70.—A. L. Houghton returned Nov. 2, to his labors in Lawrence, somewhat improved in health.

'74.—Mr. F. P. Moulton, of New Hampton Literary Institute, recently made a visit to the college, where he was warmly welcomed by his friends and former pupils.

'75.—A. T. Salley was, on Oct. 31, ordained, and installed pastor of the

Roger Williams Free Baptist Church, at Providence.

'75.—H. S. Cowell has commenced his fourth year as Principal of Francestown Academy, N. H. The school is increasing in numbers, and a large class will graduate next summer. On June 12, 1879, Mr. Cowell was married to Miss A. Flora Cobb, at Lebanon, N. H., the home of the bride. She has been his assistant at the Academy for three years, and will remain his assistant for life.

'77.—P. R. Clason has resigned his position as Principal of the Gardiner High School, and is studying medicine in that place.

'78.—C. F. Peaslee is to teach this winter in Augusta.

'78.—B. S. Hurd is Associate Principal of Francestown Academy.

'78.—M. F. Daggett, Principal of the High School at Chatham, Mass., was recently in town on a visit to his friends.

'79.—L. M. Perkins is teaching in Farmington.

'79.—E. W. Given is teacher of the High School at Mechanic Falls.

EXCHANGES.

We would call the attention of the *Targum* and some other exchanges to the fact that the "suggestive little verse," "The Senior blacks his boots, etc.," belongs not to the *Volante*, but to the BATES STUDENT.

The *Concordiensis* has begun the third year of its existence. Considering the difficulties under which the paper has labored, it has done remarkably well. The last number is rendered interesting by the variety and vivacity of its contents.

The *Oberlin Review* publishes a little poem that we consider worth quoting:

BESIDE THE SEA.

"A little blossom by the sea
All tempest torn looked up to me
And shook its bright head smilingly:
'I will love, I will live,
And be glad in the world,
Tho' the sweetest part be gone.'

"The stone was cold, the sea waves beat
In endless surge about her feet,
But still I heard the winds repeat:
'I will love, I will live,
And be glad in the world,
Tho' the sweetest part be gone.'

"Beside the sea, the barren sea,
Tho' beats my heart rebelliously,
I breathe, O life, a song to thee:
'I will love, I will live,
And be glad in the world,
Tho' the sweetest part be gone.'"

We are inclined to think the arrangement of the contents of *Lasell Leaves* was effected by shaking up the articles in a sunbonnet. Now we admire the young ladies of Lasell for calling themselves "*girls*," but are not some parts of their paper a little too girlish?

The *University Magazine* (Penn.) has an amusing account of a pretended meeting of college editors at Columbia. Though the article is thoroughly good-natured, it contains some sharp thrusts at various college papers.

The *Centre College Courant* has

improved in appearance and in contents. Let it go on improving, for still there is room.

The *Argus*, from Wesleyan University, loudly complains of the political grievances of the students. It seems that the Democratic authorities of the town have caused nearly all the registered names of students to be stricken from the voting list. We heartily sympathize with them in their grievances, and hope they may obtain redress. It would, however, have been more to the credit of the *Argus*, as a college paper, if its editors had not allowed their indignation to get the better of their style. The first number of the *Argus* for the ensuing year comes to us reduced in size to a six-page paper, and is to be published every ten days during term time.

The *Collegian and Neoterian* notes among recent reforms at Lawrence University, the fact that Freshmen are now admitted to the library. We are surprised to learn that within recent times Freshmen have been subject to such restrictions. The October number of the *Col. and Neo.* is interesting. The arrangement of the contents is peculiar and rather disorderly, but has the virtue of avoiding sameness. The "locals" are animated and therefore entertaining.

The *Penn. College Monthly* has a very sensible article about the spelling-reform rage. It is, as the article hints, high time that a little more common sense were displayed by those who are trying to re-cast the English language.

The *Vassar Miscellany* has been a regular and welcome visitor during the past year, and we must not let pass the opportunity of giving it the credit due. In our esteem the *Miscellany* takes high rank among the best college publications of the country. It excels them all in one respect, viz., in purity of thought and taste. We have, indeed, a right to expect this; but some praise is due for not disappointing legitimate expectations. The October number, which is before us, we have read with pleasure. The literary articles are good, but lack the particular excellence and peculiar interest that many of the *Miscellany's* productions have possessed. The department which is headed "*De Temporibus et Moribus*" constitutes the best part of the magazine. More "Home Matters" and "College Notes" would be a great addition. But, before we pass on, we wish to thank the editors of the *Miscellany* for furnishing us during the year with so interesting a publication, as well as for what they have done toward elevating the standard of college journalism.

OTHER COLLEGES.

COLUMBIA.

The Freshmen and Sophomores have had a cane-rush in which the Sophs claim the victory.

'80 will graduate with 61 men.

The celebration of Class Day, which for several years has been omitted, will probably be revived by the class of '80.

The foot-ball team is active. Games have been arranged (and before this played) with Princeton, Yale, and the University of Pennsylvania.

WILLIAMS.

Class Day elections passed off harmoniously.

A Dramatic Club has been organized. It is to hold monthly meetings through the year, and to give two public entertainments.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Columbia College has an endowment fund of $5,000,000; John Hopkins University, $3,000,000; Harvard, $2,500,000; Princeton, $1,000,000; Wabash, $900,000; Yale, only $350,000.

There are in this country sixty College Christian Associations with a membership of 2000. The colleges at which these Associations exist report 500 conversions during the past two years.

A movement is understood to be on foot in New York to establish an University for colored men, whose future work should be directed towards the elevation of the South. $200,000 are already pledged. Let it be located at Okolona, Miss.

In respect to throwing the ball, eight colleges have made the following records, in feet and inches: Trinity, 360; Bowdoin, 332.3; Yale, 326.7 1-2; Michigan University, 324.10; Dartmouth, 318.11; Marietta, 315; Virginia, 313.11; Syracuse, 300. In an exhibition throw, the ball was sent 377.6 feet from the starting line.—*Ex.*

Dartmouth College Park, which includes thirty-two acres, and has a fine growth of trees imported from Europe, is to be improved by planting hedges, constructing carriage ways and walks, terraces, rustic seats and arbors. The citizens of Hanover furnish the teams, and the students do the work, thus saving all expense to the college.—*Ex.*

Of the thirty-five seniors at Williams College, twenty-four are Free Traders, seven are Protectionists, one is a disciple of Ruskin and one of Malthus. Nearly one-half of them have embraced the philosophy of Dr. Hopkins, four incline to Common Sense, and the rest are divided among Transcendentalism, Optimism, Nihilism, Sentimentalism, Ideal-Realism, Hobbes' System, and Berkley's System. There are fifteen Congregationalists, eleven Presbyterians, four Episcopalians, one Methodist, one Quaker, and two Liberals. In politics, twenty-four are Republicans, four Democrats, four Independents, one is on the fence, and one rises high and dry

above all parties. Two are to become lawyers, five physicians, nine ministers, and four teachers; four are to be business men, one is to be a journalist, and nine are still undecided.—*Ex.*

CLIPPINGS.

A Senior, conditioned in Orthography in Freshman year, says that he is "spell-bound."—*Cornell Era.*

An exchange says: "In the race of matrimony, it is not always the girl who covers the most laps that wins."

One of the editors was overheard courting a young lady in the following style: "Miss ——, will you have *us?* *We* will do all in *our* power to make you happy."—*Ex.*

Prof.—"We will take up the subject of Cubical or Solid Bodies, Mr. Z. Can you mention some Cubical or Solid Body, sir?" Prep. (from Illinois)—"David Davis, sir!"—*Acta.*

Scene: Four examiners sitting on the body of one more unfortunate, at the divinity schools. Innocent of anything Scriptural, was he. "Is there no text in the whole Bible," said one, in grim despair, "that you can tell us?" A light beamed in the young man's eye. "Yes," he said, with a steady gaze, "I do remember one: 'I looked up and saw four great beasts.'" That young man was plowed.—*Ex.*

It is seldom that sentimentality enters into American politics, but now that Butler has taken the field in Massachusetts, can any one deny the existence of a spoon-ey element?—*Acta.*

Junior (after a lengthy discussion on the deceitfulness of man and woman)—"Well, upon the whole I should feel just as safe to trust myself with a man as with a woman." Juniora—"So should I, and safer too."—*Ex.*

Respectfully dedicated to the *Niagara Index:* An Irish newspaper says: "In the absence of all the editors, the publishers have succeeded in securing the services of a gentleman to edit the paper this week."—*Ex.*

Freshman (confidentially)—"I say, Smith, didn't you find Greek plaguy hard when you were a Freshman?" Senior (nonchalantly)—"Greek? No, Greek came pretty easy to me." Freshman (awestruck)—"What! Didn't you find Greek hard?" Senior (meditatively)—"Hold on. Lemme see. Greek? is Greek the stuff with the funny little crooked letters?" Freshman (in astonishment)—"Why, yes!" Senior (emphatically)—"Oh! yes. Greek was deuced hard!"—*Amherst Student.*

Almost every young lady is public spirited enough to have her father's house used as a court house.—*Aurora.*

A student in the preparatory class in Latin astonished his professor by the following translation: "Vir, a man; gin, a trap; virgin, a man-trap."

"What quantities of dried grasses you keep here, Miss Stebbins! Nice room for a donkey to get into." "Make yourself at home," she responded, with sweet gravity.

An editor being asked, "Do hogs pay?" says: "A great many do not; they take the paper several years and have the post-master send it back marked 'refused.'"—*Index.*

Prof.—"Mr. ——, what is the last half of that equation going to give you?" Mr. ——"I don't exactly know." Prof.—"Well, it is going to give you away if you are not careful."

Father (who is always trying to teach his son how to act while at table)—"Well, John, you see that when I have finished eating I always leave the table." John—"Yes, sir; and that is all you do leave."—*Ex.*

DISAPPOINTMENT.

I followed the Moon through the darkness,
The great, pulsing heart of the night,
Till it wained on the distant horizon,
And melted in mists out of sight.

And the winds, through the sensitive silence,
Came, whispering soft on their way
Of hopes unattainable, dying
Like the Moon's fading glory away.

Of bright visions and high aspirations
Of youth:—vain illusions that fade,
And vanish, absorbed in the darkness,
Like the Moon that is sunk in the shade.
—*Olio.*

There was a young student in chapel
Said: "I think that a snug little nap'll
Do me more good
Than a sermon could."
And his snores softly rose in the chapel.

There was a young tutor behind him,
For ten seconds glared wildly to find him;
Then he took out a book,
With his happiest look,
And seventeen marks he assigned him.—*Ex.*

SERENADE.

I fain would woo thee, love, to-night,
(By Jove! how these mosquitoes bite.)
When sleeping nature by the moon's pale ray
(Confound those frogs! she can't hear what I say.)

Is softened, and the little elves in fairy ring—
(Thunder! there goes another string.)
Gleeful, chant praises on thy beauty rare—
(A bug or something's got into my hair!)

* * * * * * * *

At last she comes, and opens wide her lattice,
What's that? She wonders where that cat is?
She *can't* refer to *me;* it's just her fun;
And yet,—do I behold the old man with his gun?
Farewell, dear little heart, I think I'll run.
—*Columbia Spectator.*

When with humility I walk the night,
And on the golden tracks
See myriad suns, with crowns of quivering light;
Why creeps some thought, athwart this vision bright,
Of Parallax?—*Ex.*

BATES COLLEGE.

FACULTY OF INSTRUCTION AND GOVERNMENT.

REV. OREN B. CHENEY, D.D.,
President.

REV. JOHN FULLONTON, D.D.,
Prof. of Ecclesiastical History and Pastoral Theology.

JONATHAN Y. STANTON, A.M.,
Professor of Greek and Latin Languages.

REV. BENJAMIN F. HAYES, D.D.,
Professor of Psychology and Exegetical Theology.

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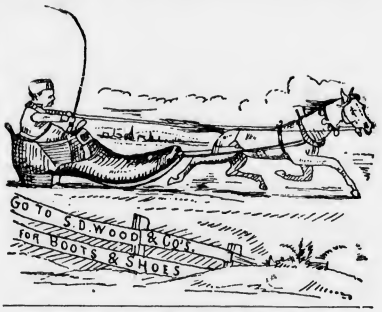
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VOL. VII. NO. 10.

DECEMBER, 1879.

LEWISTON:
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MACAULAY.

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By a skillful use of these materials, his nephew, appearing himself through the book only incidentally, to fill up a gap here and there, has given us a biography that is complete and unstudied, that gives not only the outward acts and ostensible motives, but the private life and emotions of a man who for thirty

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years played a leading part in the great political contests of England, and at the same time stood in the foremost rank of the literary men of his day.

Born on the twenty-fifth of October, 1800, Thomas Babington Macaulay was in many respects a type of the century with which he grew to manhood. From his earliest childhood he lived in books, and having a memory that never lost a fact or word that it once received, it is not strange that he developed rapidly. He never enjoyed the games of other boys, perhaps less from any lack of sociability than because he could always find something pleasanter between the covers of a book.

At eight, or thereabouts, we find him writing an epic poem of considerable length and wonderful smoothness and rhythm for a child of his years, besides which he tried his hand at innumerable other literary feats.

He went through the ordinary school routine, fitted for the university at a private establishment taught by a Mr. Preston, and at eighteen entered Trinity College, Cambridge, from which he was graduated at the age of twenty-two. While in college he was distinguished as a brilliant debater, a fine conversationalist, and a hard student of the classics and general literature, though to mathematics, which he detested, he paid little attention. He bore off several of the highest prizes, and was chosen a Fellow of the University after his graduation. Three years later he took his Master's degree, having in the meantime read law to some extent, and in 1826 was called to the bar. The total amount of fees received by him in his chosen profession was, I believe, one guinea. Not long before his admission to the bar an event occurred which changed the course of his life, and made it impossible that he should devote his future to Coke and Blackstone.

In 1825 he contributed to the *Edinburgh Review* his article on Milton, and from that time it was evident that his life must be devoted to literature. This production of a young man, only twenty-five years of age, compared as it must needs be, with the handiwork of Lord Jeffrey, Brougham, and Sidney Smith, won for Macaulay instant fame and established position as an essayist. Illustrative of its popularity and effect, Trevelyan relates an anecdote, which was most pleasing to Macaulay himself, how "Robert Hall, the great preacher, then well nigh worn out with that long disease, his life, was discovered lying on the floor, employed in learning, by aid of grammar and dictionary, enough Italian to enable him to verify the parallel between Milton and Dante!" From this time for over twenty years Macaulay continued to be a contributor to the *Review*, and never lost his popularity.

In 1830 he went to Parliament, where he continued four years, meeting with great success as a speaker. It was about this time that his portrait was given in *Blackwood's Magazine* by Christopher North, who, by the way, was a Tory while Macaulay was a staunch Whig. With a little allowance for the undue color imparted by spirit, which then ran even higher and was even more addicted to personalities than it is in our Pine Tree State at the present time, we may accept this as a fair likeness.

"The son (Macaulay) is an ugly, crossmade, splay-footed, shapeless little dumpling of a fellow, with a featureless face too,—except indeed a good expansive forehead,—and sleek puritanical hair, large glimmering eyes, and a mouth from ear to ear. He has a lisp and a burr, moreover, and speaks thickly and huskily for several minutes before he gets into the swing of his discourse; but after that nothing can be more dazzling than his whole execution. What he says is, of course, mere stuff and nonsense; but it is so well worded and so volubly and forcibly delivered,—there is such an endless swing of epigram and antithesis,—such a flashing of epithets,—such an accumulation of images,—and the voice is so trumpet like and the action so grossly emphatic that you might hear a pin drop in the House. Manners Sutton himself (the Speaker of the House) listens."

In 1834, finding some more lucrative office necessary to secure him the independence he desired, he accepted the position of member of the Supreme Council of India, a most important office, of which the salary was ten thousand pounds a year. He returned to England in 1838, and in 1839 was sent to Parliament from Edinburgh, where he continued till 1847, when, having voted contrary to the will of his constituents on a certain bill, he failed to be re-elected. Meantime his pen was busy, and besides numerous essays on miscellaneous subjects, he found time to write and publish his "Lays of Ancient Rome" and to commence the great work of his life, "The History of England."

After losing his seat in the House he had time to devote to this task and it progressed rapidly. Its success was unprecedented. The editions were sold faster than they could be printed, and within thirty years after its first appearance more than 140,000 copies had been sold in Great Britain alone.

In 1852 he enjoyed the triumph of a re-election to Parliament, by his old constituents who had come to repent their former action, and that, too, without any movement on the part of Macaulay, either in canvassing or spending money; an unheard of thing at a time when popularity depended more on length of purse and number of promises than anything else.

In 1857 he was made a peer, with the title of Baron Macaulay of Rothley. From this time to the end of his life he devoted himself unremittingly to his beloved history. In 1852, at about the time of his re-election to Parliament, he had been

seriously ill with a disease of the heart, and from that time expected death at any moment. He was taken one day with a violent fit of coughing, and died suddenly at his home, Dec. 28, 1859.

He has the grand old Abby, where the great ones of England have laid for centuries past, for his tomb, and Johnson, Goldsmith, and Addison for his companions in the long sleep.

The space allotted to an article in the STUDENT is too limited to allow me to say as much as I would wish of Macaulay's works, or to enter into any lengthy discussion of their merits. They are for the most part well known to persons fairly versed in literature.

What strikes us most forcibly about his style is his self-assertion, or better, positiveness. There is little guess work in his method of dealing with men and books. He speaks as one that knows whereof he affirms, and as we read his sentences and feel the force of his words as they fall like hammer strokes, we are very much inclined to accept his judgment and believe as he does without arguing the question.

His method is deductive rather than inductive in its process. He does not first give us his facts and then show us his conclusions, but tells us his idea, and ranges all the forces of history on his side to support it. Critics complain that he lacks depth and fails to go back to first principles on which to base his conclusions. Grant this, and what follows: by no means that the conclusions are wrong; only that the same truth may be shown in different lights.

One philosopher shuts himself in his closet and, after wrestling with the problem sufficiently, arrives at the conclusion that kings have no divine right to ignore the rights of their fellow-men. Another looks at mankind and at society as it is, and watching their movements and weighing their interests, reaching out to the past and drawing from it lessons for the future, says a king is but a man,—that "he cannot understand the common phrase, a good man, but a bad king,"—that he "can as easily conceive a good man and an unnatural father, or a good man and a treacherous friend." Who can say that of these two methods of solving the same question one is not as correct as the other? Yet, because Macaulay weighs his characters and principles in the balances which history has marked as reliable, instead of going to first principles, as it is called, he has suffered much unjust criticism.

For my own part I am glad that Macaulay wrote as he did. For otherwise we should have lost some of the most brilliant essays and the most readable history the world has ever known. Of all men he was perhaps the best fitted by nature and education for the method of hand-

ling a subject of which he made choice.

His memory was marvelously quick and retentive. When a young man he learned Paradise Lost by heart, and when far advanced in life he made the statement, no doubt true, that if every copy of the work were lost he would undertake to replace it from his memory. Everything national was specially entertaining to him and he could repeat innumerable ballads, with many of which he alone in England was familiar. To this memory he added a curious power of reading quickly. He would take in the contents of a printed page of ordinary size about as fast as one could turn the leaves. And this in such a manner as to be able to give a synopsis of it with accuracy.

As a result of these powers, being constantly in company of books, always gaining, never losing, his mind must have been a wonderful store-house of facts. Trevelyan gives a quotation from Thackeray that will bear repeating, illustrating Macaulay's wealth of information: "Take at hazard," he says, "any three pages of the Essays or History, and, glimmering below the stream of the narrative, you, an average reader see one, two, three, a half score of allusions to other historic facts, characters, literature, poetry with which you are acquainted. Your neighbor, who has *his* reading and *his* little stock of literature stored away in his mind, shall detect more points, allusions, happy touches, indicating not only the prodigious memory and vast learning of this master, but the wonderful industry, the honest, humble, previous toil of this great scholar. He reads twenty books to write a sentence; he travels a hundred miles to make a line of description." This is high praise from such a pen, but Macaulay surely deserved it.

It is, to a great extent, this knowledge of his subject, deep, far-reaching, but accurate, that enables him to speak in a manner that would seem to us dogmatic and ill chosen in a man of less information. But allowing much weight for this we must not forget how much of his charm lies in his peculiar style and command of words. The sentences are every one clear and forcible. To some extent we may say of them as Macaulay says of Milton's,—"Change the structure of the sentence; substitute one synonym for another, and the whole effect is destroyed." He delights in sharp antitheses. For instance, speaking of Boswell's Life of Johnson, he says: "The Life of Johnson is assuredly a great, a very great work. Homer is not more decidedly the first of heroic poets, Shakespeare is not more decidedly the first of dramatists, Demosthenes is not more decidedly the first of orators, than Boswell is the first of biographers. He has no second. He has distanced

all his competitors so decidedly that it is not worth while to place them. Eclipse is first and the rest are nowhere." Now this sounds very well and would undoubtedly pleased Mr. Boswell much if he could have read so far and stopped; but read what comes next: "We are not sure that there is in the whole history of the human intellect so strange a phenomenon as this book. Many of the greatest men that ever lived have written biography. Boswell was one of the smallest men that ever lived and has beaten them all." Who will attempt to change these sentences for the better?

But this power of writing in paradoxes is a dangerous one and no doubt tempted Macaulay to occasional efforts that were injurious to his writings, and this was especially the case in his earlier writings, where occasional bursts of rhetoric appear, that his own maturer taste condemned. Nevertheless, throughout all his works there is a tendency to make startling propositions and state facts and theories in an odd manner. This adds much to the freshness of his style, and is the thing I believe that most of his imitators have accepted as the secret of his success, and in trying to catch which they have always failed of success. To my mind it must needs be so. For no man could use Macaulay's weapons successfully who lacked his mental acquirements. Nor does any man estimate Macaulay's success rightfully who believes that even with his knowledge, could any ordinary man use his sentences with success. For much depended on his arrangement of matter. He is like a general who, overlooking a well studied battle ground, plans beforehand the work of every regiment, foot, horse, artillery, and knows how each part of his army shall support the other. If we examine we shall find that Macaulay's skill in arrangement is as great as his address in making use of it, and that to change the position of one of his propositions would injure his whole argument.

To these three qualities, then, his information, his brilliancy, and his masterly arrangement, and not to any one alone must we ascribe the effect of Macaulay's style. Others have probably excelled him in some one of these qualities, but we recollect no writer who, by the union of all, has equaled Macaulay in the class of composition on which his fame rests.

H. W. O., '77.

HEROISM IN COMMON LIFE.

THE world no longer believes in heroes. The Heroic Age, the poets tell us, is far in the past. They are fond of calling the present an age of trade, of paltry striving for money and place. Yet, I believe that if we examine closely we shall find that the world was never so full of heroic lives and noble deeds as to-day. So common have deeds of heroism become that they no longer affect us, or attract only a momentary attention, which is a sufficient proof that the age is heroic. We have become like the atheist, who cannot see God although he is everywhere and in everything.

Heroism no longer boasts itself as in the age of Chivalry. It no longer mounts a horse and postures before the world; but, in these days, it has a habit of quietly dying at its post, without a word and without a sign; its only monument an occasional paragraph in an obscure corner of a newspaper.

Other ages have built temples to their heroes. The Norsemen provided a separate abode for the souls of theirs, in Valhalla, with its forty and five hundred doors. The Greeks consecrated to their heroes a lonely mountain top, and, setting them there apart from men, out of this love of the heroic which is in us, they made a religion. But we, who have become a race of scoffers, at ourselves and our deeds as at everything else,—we ascribe to the dead hero, motives and purposes that shall take away the grandeur from his deed. Yet, to die heroically is just as noble to-day as it ever was. And such a death shows a man godlike and raises and broadens the lives of men, as it ever has; whether the hero be crushed under the wheels of a locomotive, or be suffocated by the fire-damp in endeavoring to rescue his fellow-laborers, or die in a bank, at dead of night, defending his trust from the attack of burglars.

Our heroes die quietly, without parade, often without a word. And perhaps this is the reason that the world, so hard to hear and so slow to see, goes on its way without ever knowing the jewels it has lost. Some of the commonest of these god-men are those who toil themselves to death for others, give up hope and ambition and labor for loved ones till their lives go out at last without a complaint.

The heroes of the past have been mainly those of war. And happy is he, who, looking back upon that period, sees only its heroes. They are the jewels upon the breast of

Time; and without them, it would be ignoble to be alive. To-day's heroes are of all occupations and trades in life. Be assured they are never idlers. Some of them are conductors upon railroads and, like Conductor Bradley, give their lives to save the train. Some are engineers and, like Guild, are found under their engines dead by the passengers they have preserved. Or, like the engineer upon the train which was wrecked at Ashtabula, they prefer to die at their posts rather than escape the destruction which overwhelms others. Some are reporters who tramp across Africa to save other men's lives. Some are pilots upon Mississippi steamboats who are burned to death in the discharge of their duty. Some of them are nurses in hospitals. And some are physicians and surgeons who go down to fight the yellow fever scourge in the South, and to die.

And just now there comes the memory of that foggy night in the British Channel and the wrecked steamer, Normandy; and that sea-captain, Harvey, who went quietly forward, pistol in hand, superintending the embarking in the boats, first of the women, then of the children, then of the passengers, and, lastly, of the sailors. And when it was found that there was no more room, he remained to go down with his ship. And as the boats went rowing away, in one of them his wife, six months a bride, who pleaded to go back and die with her husband, he was seen standing firmly on the deck and looking out into the fog with a sad, stern face; and so he went down. The night was dark in the Channel, no star shone there, but the pale face of that dying hero lights up the gloom for those of us who remember it.

THE BATES STUDENT.

EDITORS.
W. H. JUDKINS, J. H. HEALD, F. L. HAYES, J. F. PARSONS, M. T. NEWTON.
BUSINESS MANAGER: H. L. MERRILL.

EDITORS' PORTFOLIO.

NOTES.

WITH the issue of this number the present corps of editors conclude their management of the STUDENT. Without indulging at any great length in valedictory effusions, we may truthfully say that our editorial labors have been uniformly pleasant, and will ever be so remembered.

The STUDENT has demanded considerable of our time and labor, but this outlay has been well rewarded in the experience and information that we have gained. Without considering the many useful hints and the practical knowledge to be acquired in the publication of even a college magazine, we should not overlook the knowledge we have gained of the ever widening college world with which, through our exchanges, we have been always in contact.

During the year we have made some changes in the STUDENT which, we have just reason to believe, have commended themselves to the judgment and good taste of our readers. Without making any enumerations, we would say that there are other changes which we should have been glad to make, but were by circumstances prevented.

In justice to ourselves we wish to say that we have tried to conduct the STUDENT in the spirit of true liberality. It was and has been our purpose to manage it in the interest of the whole college. Knowingly, we have had no particular friends to please, no particular foes to irritate.

In conclusion, we wish to express our thanks to all with whom we have been associated for their favor and support, to our subscribers and patrons to whom our financial success is due, to all, both in and out of college, who have favored us with their contributions, and especially to the class of '80, whose hearty support we have uniformly enjoyed. With this deserved expression of thanks we surrender the management of the STUDENT to the incoming board, accompanied by our best wishes for their success.

Since the present treasurer and collector of the Reading Room As-

sociation has been in office he has collected, we understand, about $75. Since these were old notes, some outstanding for three years, we regard the collection of so much as quite a financial feat. The credit of the Association, which had, to all appearances, been hopelessly shattered, has been at least partially restored. The faithful collection of all taxes for one or two years to come would run the Reading Room successfully, and meanwhile pay all the debt.

Two considerations naturally stand in the way of the successful financial administration of all our *voluntary* associations: First, treasurers lack either the ability or the willingness to attend to their duty; and, second, members lack either the ability or the willingness to pay their dues. The operation of either or both of these causes will contract a debt. Two associations, at least, in college illustrate this truth.

Experience demonstrates this fact of human nature: some men will not pay their debts unless they have to. Treasurers now in college have notes against graduates of one, two, and even three years' standing, unless the former, in the hopelessness of collection, have destroyed the notes. One case we have heard mentioned several times, in which the party, during his four years' course, belonged to both the Base-Ball and the Reading Room Associations, but never paid a due to either. Nearly twenty dollars, not reckoning interest, are due from him; we presume they always will be.

But there is one way, in case all other resources fail, in which we can conceive the Reading Room dues might be collected. The dues could be appended to the regular term bills and be collected by the authorities of the college. Mail dues have been, we believe, so collected. And there would be further reasonableness in this measure; because the Reading Room is, we consider, as necessary an appendage as a Gymnasium or a recitation room. In case some such measure as we have suggested were adopted, the students could still have the general management, as at present.

But we would not advocate any change, if the Association can be conducted in a business like manner. We should far prefer that the students have the entire management. What we do object to is this: The compelling or even allowing twenty or thirty men to pay their dues, and run an institution just enough to run it into debt, while forty or fifty others, never known to pay a due, enjoy equal benefits.

Everybody knows that "All the world's a stage," etc. It is likewise true that in watching the drama of life we generally use an opera-glass. When we look at the past, all objects seem very near; but when we turn about to look at the future, we

generally get our glass reversed, and, as a consequence, everything seems very distant. Under this delusion we make many erroneous judgments. If, taking life as a unit, we compare with it a year just passed, the year seems an insignificant fraction. But, taking our college course as a unit, a year assumes startling proportions. We begin to think a year is something we cannot afford to lose after all.

We will venture, at least, to ask attention for a few moments to a subject of no greater importance than a *year*.

Well, what of the year now almost completed? The all-important question to ask is, Has it been a successful year? And, in order to answer this question, we shall be obliged to ask and answer another: What is success in college life? Perhaps it is getting along easily and having a good time; possibly it is taking a high position in one's class; more likely it is cramming one's mind with knowledge. But we doubt if any or all of these constitute success. It may be that the purpose of the college is the same as that of the spring-board which the circus athlete uses when he wants to jump over four camels and an elephant. But again we should express a doubt. We suspect that a college is a place to live in for four years; and success consists in living a sensible life during those four years. Indeed, the life of the college student differs from that of the rest of plodding mankind mainly in opportunity; the college student can attain more nearly to the ideal standard of life, or fall more shamefully below it.

What the success of individual life in the college may have been during the past year, we do not pretend to say; but of the aggregate college life we can tell much. Considering the college as one big man, and applying that conclusive rule, "By their fruits," etc., we can judge quite satisfactorily. And, without flattery, we think this man has acted more like a human being during the past year than we ever knew him to do before. We have seen this man go through some strange performances. Sometimes the feet would try to go in opposite directions. Then, perhaps, there would be trouble between a hand and a foot, and they would fall to pounding and kicking each other shamefully. With this state of affairs the head would generally interfere, whereupon the hands would take a spite against it, and do their best to disfigure the face with the finger-nails, and to scratch out the eyes. Of course the head never retaliated like for like, but would very authoritatively command that the hands be tied or cut off. But during the past year the hands and the feet have, for the most part, worked together harmoniously as hands and feet should. And the hands have been

less demonstrative toward the head, while the latter has assumed its more proper function of guiding all the members of the one body. In other words, to drop our crude figure and use plain speech, there has been harmony among the students, between the upper and lower classes, and there has been little difficulty between the students and Faculty. As somespecial proofs of this harmony among the students, we have seen them work energetically to free the Reading Room Association of the large debt under which it was languishing, and to make the Reading Room itself attractive and profitable. We have seen them taking steps to free the Base-Ball Association from debt. In short, the various organizations of the students have been put into better working condition.

Men are made social beings, intended to live in accordance with certain social laws. And, when their relations to one another are what they should be, their individual lives are generally about right. From the harmony and union that have prevailed during the past year, we conclude that the College has attained a fair degree of success.

Whatever success we, as a college, have enjoyed during the past year has been due, in great measure, to sympathy. In the future, our approximation to the ideal college life must be proportionate to the development of our sympathy. If the college has advantages to offer, let every one feel that they belong to him, and *to every other student as well.* If the college has defects, let us feel that they, too, belong, in a sense, to us, not to be denied, nor jeered at, but to be recognized and, as far as possible, to be remedied. There is likewise room for more sympathy among the students. They should work together in their various enterprises. Why, for instance, should not every student feel a personal interest in the welfare of the Base-Ball Association? Whatever is done under the auspices of that organization to promote muscular energy in college, and to give us the reputation for it out of college, is a benefit to us all. Whatever the literary societies do to unite intelligence to practical common sense is a benefit to every one of us. A student can belong to but one society, but both of them can belong to him. And whatever is for the true interest of either society is for the interest of every one in college. Likewise, whatever the Christian Association may do to promote true manhood in college is a benefit to us all, whether members of that Association or not. The man who is too bookish to take any interest in the athletic sports of the college, or too partisan to rejoice in the success of a society to which he does not belong, or too narrow to welcome an organized effort toward manhood, may well examine himself and learn wherein

he may become more of a man.

Let us, then, have sympathy in all things. It is the antidote to all college difficulties. Without sympathy with the students, teachers can not possibly fulfill their high office. Without sympathy with instructors and with one another, students have no good reason for being in college.

It is an idea, quite prevalent in this country, that there is some magical or supernatural power in adverse circumstances to develop character. We often hear it asserted, with authority, that adversity instead of being a hinderance to success and advancement is a positive aid. This is the American idea. The European idea is exactly the opposite. It is a surface view of society in each of these countries that gives each of these impressions. In America a very large proportion of the population are in comparatively easy circumstances. By doing a fair amount of labor they may obtain a good living. There is no necessity for great exertion, for without it each has all that man needs or requires. Not so in European countries. The greater part of the people are but little above slaves. Necessity impels them to ceaseless exertion. At even the thought of relaxation, starvation stares them in the face. Here is adversity, and such adversity as ought to move men to all the exertion they are capable of, to develop whatever of power or greatness there may be in them. If want of a purpose makes people indolent, we should find no indolence among such people, for they have everything to gain. But what is the fact in the case? Where do we find men of the greater power and capacity? Where do we find men of the greatest skill, and of the best developed minds and bodies? Not surely among the overworked European laborers, but among the more favored Americans. Among whom do we find the best developed moral character? Is it among those who have met obstacles at every step, whose lives have been a constant struggle, to which the only cessation was submission to circumstances? Surely not. Character and capacity, like everything else earthly, grow best under favorable conditions.

But although hundreds fall victims to hostile circumstances where one proves himself superior to them, still the advocates of this idea cling to their opinion. The lives of our great men are shown as proofs. But let them examine carefully the lives of those men. Washington is called an orphan boy. But he never knew what poverty was. He had better opportunities of education than most boys of his time. Webster is called poor, but his parents possessed the means of giving him a collegiate education. Sumner could devote himself exclusively to study.

But how many Websters have

lived and died in obscurity for lack of an education! How many Lincolns have always been railsplitters for want of Calhoun's advice! How many Greeleys have spent their lives at the types for want of a Coggshall to furnish capital to start a *Tribune!* The countless number of those whose "noble rage chill penury has repressed," and whose "genial current" adversity has frozen, far more than counterbalances the few who have succeeded, not because of their unfavorable circumstances, but in spite of them. If we wished to find men of great physical development, we should not look for them among a class of laborers whose situation compelled them to continually overtask their strength, but among those who labor in more favorable circumstances. In just the same way, we should not look for men of well disciplined wills and well developed characters among those whose position required all their powers to conquer opposition, but among those whose circumstances allowed them to make the most of their abilities.

During the fall term the Sophomore class held four prize debates. The first occurred on Tuesday, Nov. 11, and the others followed at short intervals. At the opening debate the question was discussed whether Lincoln's place would be as distinguished in history as that of Washington. W. H. Dresser, J. C. Perkins, L. T. McKenney, and S. A. Lowell affirmed, and H. Carpenter and L. M. Tarr denied. The committee of award,—Messrs. L. H. Hutchinson, J. W. V. Rich, and T. E. Calvert,—awarded the prize to Carpenter, whose debate was superior to the others because, instead of dividing his argument into two parts, the first a biography of Washington, and the second a biography of Lincoln, he was successful in making his whole argument a comparison of the two men, keeping them both continually before the minds of the audience. The argument of Mr. Lowell also bore the impress of careful preparation.

At the second debate Messrs. Harlow and Chase argued that New England colleges devote too much time to the classics, and Miss Davis and Mr. Tracy denied it. The two best arguments were delivered by Chase and Tracy. The argument of the former showed wide reading and scholarly preparation, and was clinched at the end with a telling list of quotations from eminent authorities. The argument of the latter covered well the ground, and being pleasantly written and abounding in figurative illustrations, was quite entertaining. The committee, Prof. Stanley, and Messrs. Frisbee and Judkins of the Senior class, awarded the prize to Tracy.

The third division discussed the question whether the United States will maintain its present form of government a hundred years. Messrs.

Snow, R. H. Douglass, and Blanchard argued that it would not, and Messrs. Skillings, Nutting, and Clark that it would. This debate was rather more interesting than the previous one, nearly every speaker holding, throughout, the close attention of the audience. The rhetoric, the oratory, and the sentiment of Mr. Nutting's part combined to make it really eloquent. Mr. Clark went straight to the point at every step, and every argument he used was thoroughly fortified. He was awarded the prize.

The finest debate of all was the last one, which occurred Nov. 20. The question, "Was Jefferson's theory of government superior to that of Hamilton's?" was discussed in the affirmative by Messrs. Mansur, Thompson, and Norcross, and in the negative by Messrs. Twaddle, Merrill, and Cogswell. All the parts were real arguments, so that to be the best meant no small degree of merit. The committee, Hon. F. M. Drew, L. H. Hutchinson, A. M., and T. E. Calvert, Esq., awarded the prize to Merrill, and the applause with which the announcement was received indicated the emphatic approval of the audience.

The first three debates were seriously marred by the failure on the part of some to thoroughly commit their parts. If there is anything that is likely to lose for a debater the sympathy of the audience it is the drawing forth from some spacious recess about the person, a ponderous roll of manuscript and searching, during a long silence, for the right place to start anew. It is to be hoped that the debaters in '83 will arrange to finish writing their parts at least two weeks before time for delivery. For it requires much greater familiarity with a part to repeat it without blundering, before a crowded house than in the privacy of one's own room.

This may be an appropriate place to speak of one other thing. While in every division there are one or two whose debates are arranged on a systematic plan, the majority have neither order nor system. Now would there not be an evident improvement in this respect if the Sophomores, before beginning to prepare their debates, should listen to one of the lectures on the proper arrangement of an argument, delivered in course usually to the Juniors?

It seems to be taken for granted by many educators, among whom may be reckoned a majority of the Faculties of our Colleges, that either college students have not the ability to pursue a practical study of poetry, or that proficiency in writing poetry is not worth special study. We have been required to declaim both select and original articles, to debate, to write essays on a variety of topics, etc.; prizes are offered for proficiency in these

directions and in general scholarship; but no prizes are offered, and no special effort made, to secure a cultivation of what poetic talent the students may possess.

The theoretical value and importance of poetry has been repeatedly presented to us. We have been told that the greatest minds of all ages were poets; that a poet's mission, to their nation and their race, is the grandest offered in any department of literature; that in poetry can be won the most honorable distinction and the purest fame. If such reflections be not the "residence of a too luxuriant fancy," we are failing to get any practical knowledge in the most important department of literature.

Now we have in mind no special machinery for the magical manufacture of poets; but we do believe that a little practical study in the direction indicated might have some slight tendency to remove the massive pile of poetical ignorance that exists in the minds of the "educated." Most of the latter class know positively nothing about poetry. They are ignorant even of the mechanical part, and still more of the practical rules of the art. Whatever poetical talent any individual of this class may possess lies unimproved for lack of knowing how to use it.

Now if lectures could be given on the art of writing Poetry, as they are now given on the art of writing Prose, if an interest could be excited, either through the offering of a prize or the making compulsory some labor in this direction, we believe more poetical talent would be manifested than most prosy souls think exist.

No one has a right to say what could be accomplished by such a method before trial has been made. To make a man a speaker, you train him in declamation and in debate; to make him a writer, you school him in essays and criticism; to make him a scholar, you drill him in all departments of knowledge; but to make him a poet, you do nothing but repeat "Poets are born, not made."

The plan we have in mind would do this if no more. It would teach every graduate the mechanical part of poetry, and the more simple rules of the art. It would tend to awaken a love for the study of Poetry, and a rightly directed appreciation of all that is beautiful therein. It would tend to develop whatever poetic talent the scholar has, by giving such talent a chance for exercise. Even these advantages, we believe, are worth the trial.

LOCALS.

Vacation.

Holidays.

"Do you smoke?"

The Senior club of last term was run to the tune of $2.32.

All the pedagogues are now wielding the rod.

J. H. Heald, '80, drove to Lewiston, from Lovell, Tuesday, Dec. 16.

Oliver L. Frisbee, '83, is teaching the ungraded school on Lincoln St.

W. S. Briggs, of the Latin School, is spending the winter in Washington.

L. M. Thompson, '82, is spending the vacation in Ohio, at his former home.

Nichols Latin School opened Tuesday, Dec. 16, with a good attendance for the winter term.

The pedagogue has gone forth to swing his cane and air his learning in the country district.

"A man he was severe, and stern to view."

The Seniors will study the history of Philosophy during the first four weeks of next term. We mean all that are here.

W. J. Brown, '81, takes the place of the Principal of the Lapham Institute, at North Scituate, R. I., for the winter term.

At the closing dinner of one of our clubs, one student ate so much turkey that his fellow students pronounced him a *gobbler*.

A solitary light is occasionally seen in one end of Parker Hall, and doleful sounds, issuing forth at intervals, show to passers by that the Spirit of Music (?) still haunts the place.

The thanks of '80 are due Mr. Plummer, who so successfully acted as Manager of the STUDENT in the absence of Mr. Merrill.

"There is nothing new under the sun." Seven years ago Barnum offered a thousand dollars for a new joke. No one has yet called for the reward.

Josh Billings says: "Everybody loves to phool with chances, for everybody expects to win. I am authorized to state that everybody don't win."

The Seniors have voted that those who do not teach shall treat those who do, when the latter have returned from their schools. No backing out either!

Student (relying on cheek thus translates)—"His own death caused *him* more grief than any of the others." Prof.—"That would be very natural." Class roars.

It was an Irish barrister who, growing eloquent in his plea, exclaimed: "When we look back on the paths of the future we see the *foot*prints of an almighty *hand*."

In the Gymnasium the other day a reckless Junior lost the peanuts on a bet that he could hit a door knob once out of a hundred shots. We don't know whether he has paid them, but we hope that he has, just for the sake of contrast to about a score of others whose betting never costs them anything.

An obdurate bachelor, having entered matrimony, and being asked how it happened, replied that such were the circumstances that his affections got the upper hand of his judgment.

The meteoric display announced by Prof. Proctor for Thanksgiving evening was rendered invisible by the intervening clouds, much to the disappointment of the astronomically minded.

"What is a ninepence, my dear?" said a fond mother to her daughter just returned from boarding school. "I don't know, we didn't have that question in the *Geography* that we studied."

The weather of the last week of the term reminded one of stern winter. We hope, ere another term opens, that the "powers that be" will carefully insert the missing window glass.

An old negro, who walked three miles to hear a regular ordained minister, rather than stop and hear a theological student, said he wasn't going to have green hands experimenting on him.

Examinations were not so bad after all. But we trust no "Globe Commissioner" will make a "still hunt" after the inaccuracies. Even if he should there is no "going behind the returns."

Two reckless students bet a cent each on his own ability to tell the biggest lie. The first one thus began: "Once a rich old country parson"—"The money is yours. There could not possibly be a bigger lie than that."

The Hetero-Scientific Society intends to offer a chromo as a prize to the one who can break out the most squares of glass with one stone. Now is the time to practice up. The trial will probably come off next summer term.

During the late icy period a student who had the misfortune to slip down, turned the joke from himself upon the unfeeling crowd by nonchalantly taking a cigar from his pocket and lighting it before arising from his seat.

The few who will be in at the beginning of next term may have a chance to flunk twice at the same recitation. We hope the boys will improve all their opportunities. We have great confidence in their ability and willingness.

Our readers will bear in mind that it has been exceptionally difficult to fill the local column of this number. *We* are not to blame for a dry column, for we have taxed both memory and imagination to their fullest capacity.

An admirer of Virgil sends us the following poetry (?), which we have entitled, "The Wail of the Unavenged Manés of a Murdered Virgilian Sybil":

> "The descent to Avernus is easy,
> The way lies open and clear;
> But to return again to the sunlight,
> This is work, this is labor severe."

A Parker Hall inhabitant who is often compelled by his absent chum to go to bed alone, has learned the following solo from No. 3, which he sings with chattering teeth between naps: "Are you coming home *to-night?*"

We understand there is to be introduced into the present Congress a bill allowing, in all parts of the Union, specie to be carried as freight. If this bill passes, probably Bates students will travel considerably during the coming year.

Quite a number of students remain in Lewiston during the winter vacation, engaged in "collateral work." A few glide noiselessly through Parker Hall, with muffled feet, as if feeling guilty at disturbing the sacred silence of the classic old walls.

For the benefit of our prep readers we insert the following question, taken from the programme of one of the societies of a neighboring preparatory institution: "In earth's valhalla is the nich allotted to Euterpe as important as that to Ulysses' statue?"

Prof. G. C. Chase is reading and making quotations for the "Philological Society's English Dictionary." The Society hope to have a first part of four hundred pages, containing the letter A, ready in 1882, and the whole Dictionary in ten years. Mr. Chase has undertaken to read two of Chaucer's poems, "The Squyere's Tale," and "The House of Fame." J. R. Brackett, of the class of '75, is also engaged upon Chaucer work for the Dictionary. Mr. Brackett is now at Yale, where he will complete his post-graduate course with the present college year.

During the last week of the term quite a number of books were "scooped in" by somebody. If these "tendencies of character" are to continue and become permanent, we hope the State will run the club in which these gentlemen (?) take their meals.

The Professor in Psychology gave the Sophomores a few rules to aid the memory. In one of these, "Employ whatever helps the nature of the subject may allow," the boys thought he included "ponies," and were very jubilant over this official recognition of such aids.

The class of '80 have elected the following officers: President, H. L. Merrill; Vice President, A. A. Beane; Secretary, O. C. Tarbox; Treasurer, I. F. Frisbee; Orator, W. H. Judkins; Poet, J. H. Heald; Historian, E. E. Richards; Prophet, J. A. Plummer; Parting Address, F. L. Hayes; Chaplain, J. F. Parsons; Odists, Miss E. H. Sawyer, Miss L. W. Harris; Toast Master, C. B. Rankin; Marshal, W. P. Martin; Curator, E. H. Farrar; Class Committee, C. H. Deshon, W. A. Hoyt, A. L. Woods.

With pleasure we take this opportunity of expressing to those with whom we have been associated at the *Journal* Office, our appreciation of their accommodating attention and gentlemanly bearing. Our relations there we shall remember as always courteous and pleasant.

The class or the Faculty, one or both, we don't know which, have chosen the following Sophomores to participate in the Junior champion debate of next year: H. H. Chase, W. G. Clark, W. H. Cogswell, J. F. Merrill, I. M. Norcross, C. L. Nutting, O. H. Tracy, W. V. Twaddle.

Prof. Stanton, the College Librarian, assisted by Mr. Hoyt, has made, since the close of the term, important changes in the arrangement of the Library. That changes were needed, every one who has used the Library to any extent knows. We hope the day is not hopelessly in the future when we shall have a Library Catalogue.

Some time during last term the Sophs interviewed a Lisbon Street merchant to find out, if possible, for how much he would furnish a dozen or more fur caps. After a very critical examination of the price list, he finally came to this conclusion: "I will furnish them to you for two dollars a piece, and throw in a collar for each one of your class."

We had the pleasure of listening to the lecture of Hon. Geo. R. Wendling on his recent visit to this city. His subject was "A Reply to Ingersoll." His was a striking contrast to the ironical and sarcastic manner of that gentleman. He had a sound logical argument, such a one as would commend itself to all thinking men. His eloquent passages elicited frequent applause.

If the expression of the mouth is any measure of the abundance of the heart, that organ in many must be in a chronic state of biliousness. Take, for instance, the late week of review. If at first glance a lesson assigned seemed too long, to see the dark shadows flit across the countenances of a class, and to hear the unsuppressed sighs, you might be led to think that they had suddenly discovered that a guillotine was being erected for them. But, if the Professor rightly interprets their looks and cuts off a page from thirty or forty, sunshine succeeds the shadows, and the class apparently take a new lease of life.

About half of the students are teaching this winter. Those who left their address at our "office" we publish. Quite a number teach in the indefinite "somewhere."

SENIORS.

C. H. Deshon	Farmingdale.
L. W. Harris	West Minot.
I. F. Frisbee	Lewiston.
F. L. Hayes	New Gloucester.
M. P. Judkins	Bowdoinham.
W. H. Judkins	Frankfort.
H. L. Merrill	Weld.
J. F. Parsons	Lewiston.
J. A. Plummer	Winterport.

O. C. Tarbox.....Foxcroft.
A. L. Woods.....Searsport.

JUNIORS.

H. E. Coolidge.....Canton.
W. P. Curtis.....Yarmouth.
O. Davis.....Winterport.
O. H. Drake.....Boothbay.
W. P. Foster.....Georgetown.
J. H. Goding.....Leeds.
A. D. Gray.....Dover.
J. E. Holton.....Leeds.
J. H. Parsons.....Newburyport, Mass.
W. B. Perkins.....Hartford.
B. S. Rideout.....Garland.
R. Robinson.....Garland.
E. D. Rowell.....Brunswick.
C. P. Sanborn.....Carthage.
C. A. Strout.....Oxford.

SOPHOMORES.

H. L. Bullen.....Monroe.
H. Carpenter.....Houlton.
H. H. Chase.....Unity.
J. W. Douglass.....Hermon.
R. H. Douglass.....Jay.
W. H. Dresser.....Greene.
B. G. Eaton.....Brewer.
W. S. Hoyt.....Georgetown.
S. A. Lowell.....Canton.
A. W. Mansur.....Ashland.
C. E. Mason.....Prospect.
L. T. McKenney.....Camden.
J. C. Perkins.....Livermore.
J. H. Snow.....Stoneham.
O. H. Tracy.....Minot.
G. G. Weeks.....Fairfield.
B. W. Murch.....Stetson.

FRESHMEN.

G. M. Beals.....Greene.
A. C. Harlow.....New Gloucester.
E. J. Hatch.....Wells.
O. L. Frisbee.....Lewiston.
E. P. Jordan.....Lisbon.
H. M. Lord.....Thomaston.
F. B. Lothrop.....Leeds.
F. E. Manson.....Litchfield.
A. E. Millett.....West Minot.
R. W. Nutter.....Dexter.
F. E. Perham.....North Tisbury, Mass.
C. E. Sargent.....Pittsfield, N. H.
K. W. Spaulding.....Milton.
F. A. Spratt.....Hermon.
A. E. Tinkham.....Monmouth.
H. H. Tucker.....Solon.

PERSONALS.

[Persons possessing information of interest in regard to the whereabouts or positions of the Alumni, will oblige by forwarding the same to the Editors.—EDS.]

'69.—L. C. Graves is studying for the ministry at Bates Theological School.

'72.—Rev. C. A. Bickford recently paid a visit to his friends in Maine.

'76.—"The friends of Rev. A. L. Morey, pastor of Lisbon Falls F. B. Church, visited him Friday evening, Nov. 21, and gave him a hearty good pounding. Revs. Geo. Plummer and S. Wakely were also present."

'76.—Married, on the 4th inst., Mr. I. C. Phillips to Miss Ida Whitney, of Lewiston. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Mr. Burgess, assisted by Rev. Dr. Bowen.

'76.—George F. Adams has received the degree of M.D. from the University of Burlington, Vt.

'77.—O. B. Clason has been engaged to take charge of the Hopkinton (Mass.) Academy the present year.

'77.—C. V. Emerson is now teaching in West Auburn.

'77.—The class of '77 will doubtless be glad to know of an addition

to their number by the birth of Silas Oliver, son of P. R. Clason.

'77.—Miss Carrie M. Warner was recently united in wedlock to Mr. H. S. Morehouse, of Washington, Conn.

'77.—Stuart has bought property in North Anson and proposes to remain there.

'78.—E. B. Vining has closed a successful term of High School at Phillips.

'78.—J. Q. Adams of the Theological School preaches, during the vacation, at Hallowell.

'78.—F. D. George is teaching in Augusta.

'78.—D. M. Benner is teaching in Coal Valley, Ill.

'78.—The class letter belonging to '78, described in the STUDENT for June, has just reached C. F. Peaslee.

'78.—F. O. Mower says he is happy.

'79.—Married, in Portland, Nov. 25th, by Rev. C. S. Perkins, Mr. Walter E. Ranger and Miss Mary Snowman.

'79.—Bollin has a good place as clerk for a large firm in Washington, D. C.

EXCHANGES.

The time of parting has come; and we are expected to heave a sigh, drop a tear upon the page, and utter mournful words expressive of our grief. But we don't propose to do any such thing. To tell the truth, we are rather glad our editorial duties are at an end. Why not? Should one be sorry to get a thing done that was worth doing? Very likely you, brother editors, will be equally glad to part with us. Why not? You will thus be doing as we should do by you. New editors are always welcomed by the college press. There is always a hope that they will improve on the work of their predecessors; at least there will be a change. We have heard of but one board of editors that were not glad to relinquish their editorial duties when their term of office expired. You all know, of course, that we mean the editors of the *Amherst Student*. And the college press never indicated that it would be sorry to part with them. Poor fellows! it must have been a matter of conscience with them (you needn't laugh), we seriously think so. What else could have induced them to hold their office another year? The inducement certainly was not pecuniary. Was it fame they sought?

> "Of all the phantoms fleeting in the mist
> Of time, though meagre all, and ghostly thin,
> Most unsubstantial, unessential shade"

is the fame to be gained by editing a college paper.

But (if perchance any brother editor may have read thus far) we fear lest we be misunderstood. We do not mean that there is no pleasure or profit to be gained from this edi-

torial work; on the contrary, there is much of both to be gained. We only mean to say, we have had enough of a good thing. It is really a good thing to associate, through the columns of the college papers, with college boys throughout the land. In the college paper the college boy strikes the happy mean: he is neither old-manish, nor excessively boyish; he is just his own thoughtful, yet unrestrained and free-spirited self. We say we have enjoyed associating with him through the medium of the press.

Yes, there is much that is pleasant in the work of an exchange editor, and there is somewhat that is disagreeable. The duty to criticise exchanges impartially often leads him to read articles that he would choose to pass by. Many college papers contain articles having no apparent mission but to fill up. But the faithful editor is not to cast the article by after a few cursory glances: he must search faithfully in the refuse heap, if, perchance, we may find some nugget there. But after searching for such articles in vain the poor editor is apt to consider his position unenviable.

But let us have a few friendly words of parting with our various exchanges. Toward the majority of them, we feel much as we do toward our casual, common-place college acquaintances: good fellows; nothing against them; wish them success. These exchanges have paid their regular visits; we have been glad enough to see them, and, after a few moments' notice, to pass them by. But many of our exchanges have called forth stronger feelings of regard.

And now they come dropping in to visit us for the last time. Here comes the venerable *Yale Lit.*; it never seemed quite like a college acquaintance, but more like a young-hearted old man, that loved to talk over his youthful days. Next comes the *Nassau Lit.*, with the *Hamilton Lit.* treading close upon its heels; they were always welcome.

Yet our less literary friends were always pleasanter companions for a half-hour chat. There in the corner is the *Chronicle*, our staid, matter-of-fact friend from Ann Arbor; it always has something to say,—so much, in fact, that it cannot afford to be garrulous. And there by the window, gazing pensively at the sunset, is our California friend, the *Berkeleyan.*

We do not overlook our eastern friends: there are our Columbia acquaintances, the *Spectator* and the *Acta*, which have such a pleasant way of discoursing nonsense. There, too, are the *Advocate* of "*culchaw*" and the *Record* of the doings of "good old Yale." Nor do we forget our meek and unpretending sister from Vassar, who always had something to say, and said it in a manner so simple and unaffected as to win our regard. And many other

pleasant acquaintances throng about us, of whom we cannot now personally speak, but of whom we cherish pleasant recollections.

We thank all our exchanges (*Niagara Index*, of course, excepted) for the kind and courteous treatment they have given us. And there is no exchange whatever toward which we do not cherish the most friendly feelings.

OTHER COLLEGES.

COLUMBIA.

The endowment fund is $5,000,000.

The Freshmen have organized a Walking Club.

The Literary Societies report an increase in interest and membership.

"By the new rule, a man absent from a monthly examination is marked zero for the same, unless he obtains permission from the Faculty to make the same up."

DARTMOUTH.

The college is to have a Law Department.

Senior elections resulted in disagreement between the Academics and the Scientifics. As a consequence the Scientifics have withdrawn their editors from the editorial staff of the *Dartmouth*.

HARVARD.

The Library corps consists of one librarian, three assistants, ten ladies, and four pages.

Of the 654 magazines and periodicals taken by the Library, 284 are devoted to General and Miscellaneous topics; 248 to Science and Technology; 7 to Agriculture and Horticulture; 15 to Fine Arts; 13 to Law; 34 to Mathematics and Astronomy; 23 to Medicine; 30 to Religion.—*Advocate*.

PRINCETON.

The foot-ball game between the Harvard and Princeton teams, on Nov. 15, was won by the latter.

"The Democrats in college had their jollification before election; the Republicans had theirs afterwards."

The *Princetonian* proposes a scheme for making an artificial lake, and claims that this scheme can be executed without great expense.

VASSAR.

"Gymnastic classes are being organized."

"The new Laboratory is a thing of beauty and a joy forever."

"Halloween was celebrated by candy-pulls, phantom-parties, and other harmless amusements."

The Sophomores have given the Freshmen a reception, carried them to ride, etc. It is a good thing for sisters to dwell together in unity.

YALE.

Senior election was harmonious, several officers being elected unanimously.

The Thanksgiving Jubilee holden by the Alumni Association in New York, on the evening of the 28th, is said to have been a grand success.

Yale has beaten Columbia at football, is at a tie with Harvard, and the final game with Princeton resulted in a draw. Who holds the championship?

MISCELLANEOUS.

The Choctaw Nation pays for the education of twenty-two students at various colleges in the states.

Harvard has had an entailed bequest of $800,000 left her by a Mr. Hastings of Boston. Amherst also rejoices in $100,000.

The Freshman class at Michigan University has divided its class offices equally between the ladies and gentlemen of the class.

There are in the United States four hundred and twenty-two colleges; of these twenty are in New England, while the State of Missouri has twenty-three, and Pennsylvania twenty-nine. As to church or other control, there are twenty-seven State Universities, and forty-eight other non-sectarian colleges; while the Roman Catholic institutions number sixty-seven; the Methodists of various kinds, sixty-five; while many less sectarian denominations have each a few. Michigan University has the largest total number of students, amounting to 1,367; but excluding the strictly professional courses, Harvard with 836, and Yale with 753, far exceed all others. One hundred and eighty-three institutions admit both sexes, three are exclusively for women, and the rest admit gentlemen only.—*A. F. Nightingale's "Miscellaneous Addenda."*

CLIPPINGS.

Senior German. Prof.—"Mr. P., what is the meaning of *einschlafen?*" P.—"To sleep, with an idea of motion."—*Yale Record.*

When a baby stuffs his toe into his mouth, he little realizes how hard it will be for him in later years to make both ends meet.—*Ex.*

Professor in English Literature—"I will now show you some exceptional feet. Mr. S. will you please come forward."—*Cornell Era.*

Our librarian has in his possession a volume which has been eaten through and through by book-worms. The title is "The Reformation of Luther," but the inside, he says, *is the diet of worms.—Ex.*

Tutor—"This is a beautiful line, gentlemen, where the poet speaks of 'The balm of childhood, bringing sweet repose.' Can any of you tell me what he means by this exquisite figure?" Learned Freshman—"Well, I should say, sir, that he meant Soothing Syrup." (Gone to meet the twenty-three Juniors.)—*Acta.*

Prof.—"Now, what in the Roman army corresponded to a major in ours?" Soph (who belongs to the Glee Club)—"F Sharp minor, sir."—*Ex.*

At the suggestion of one of our Professors we insert the following conundrum: "Why is necessity like some of our law students?" Because it knows no law.—*Ex.*

Why is a lame dog like a sheet of blotting paper? Because a lame dog is a slow pup, and a slope up is an inclined plane, and an ink-lined plane is a sheet of blotting paper.—*Œstrus.*

Scene at a recitation in German. Instructor (to Snodkins who is reading at sight, but whose progress is cut short by the word "Schneider-maisterlein")—"Come, Mr. Snodkins, what does Schneider-maisterlein mean?" Snodkins (hesitatingly)—"Little dog marker."—*Advocate.*

The *Chemist and Druggist* says that it was Herbert Spencer who made the following definition of evolution: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity, to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations," and it was the mathematician Kirkeman, who translated the definition into plain English: "Evolution is a change from a nowhowish untalkaboutable, allalikeness, to a somehowish and-in-general talkaboutable, not-at-all-alikeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations."

AT THE WINDOW.

"Frank, what is the name of that beautiful star
Sinking so fast out of sight?"
"It is Murcury, darling, he's speeding afar
Like a maiden afraid of the night."

"Then what is that one in the east, I pray?"
"My darling, that's Saturn, you know,
Fond as a maiden of silly display
He has rings ever ready to show."

"And Frank, do tell me, that planet up there
Quite close in the horns of the moon?"
"That's Mars, in the arms of Diana, my dear,
Folly conquers the bravest so soon."

"Cruel Frank! but there's one I've forgotten, I fear,
"I don't see it now—oh, what is it?"
"Venus, you mean?—It's too cool for her here.
She has gone farther south on a visit."
—*Advocate.*

The following is taken from "My Chum's Portfolio," in the *Cornell Era:*

I've firmly, boys, made up my mind
That when I marry,
The girl I choose shall be a kind
Of kitchen fairy.

A saint of course in soul and looks,
(Though men are sinners)
But she must be a saint who cooks
Delicious dinners!

Beauty and brains—and I'll not mind
Sage conversations.
But one thing I'll expect to find—
Regular rations!

"I think I must have been hungry when I wrote that, Max," said Chum in a shame-faced way. "I should think as much! I've a notion to write a reply. How will this do as a sample?"

The maiden fair said through her tears,
With these perfections—
Steak-cooking somewhat interferes—
It spoils complexions!

You want an angel, do you say,
For your housekeeping?
I fear wings would be in the way
When one was sweeping!

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All candidates for advanced standing will be examined in the preparatory studies, and also in those previously pursued by the class they propose to enter, or in other studies equivalent to them.

Certificates of regular dismission will be required from those who have been members of other Colleges.

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Candidates for admission are required to furnish testimonials of good standing in some Christian church, and to give evidence of their duty to prepare for the gospel ministry, certified by the church of which they are members respectively, or by some ordained minister.

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COMMENCEMENT, Thursday.....JULY 1, 1880.

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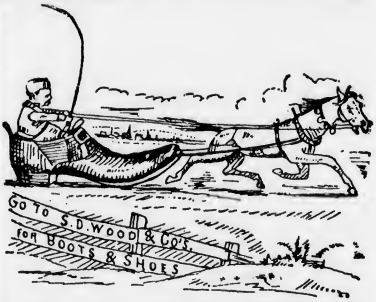
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